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MACLEAN'S

"Canada's National Magazine"

An Article by

Lord Northcliffe

"Federation After the War"

Another Article on
Big Smuggling Frauds

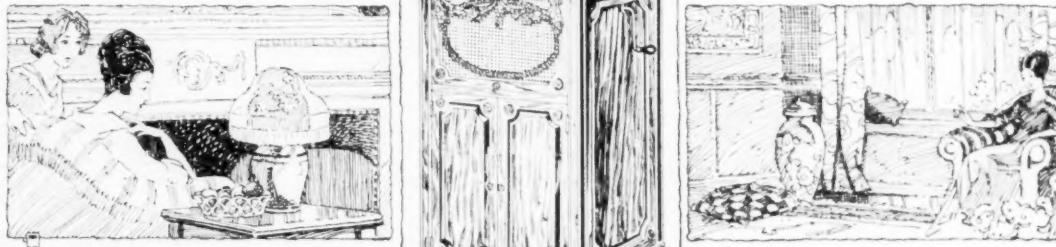
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SEPTEMBER

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By W. W. WASHBURN

THE average man has stored in his brain sufficient knowledge to win for him the rich rewards of success if he but uses that knowledge in the right way. The average man has in his body enough potent energy to overcome all illness—if he but uses it in the right way. But the trouble is that only one man in a thousand develops his brain and bodily energy to a point that would make him far superior to other men.

Brain energy is the secret of wealth—cells energy is the secret of health. Yet there is an interlocking dependence which nullifies both, if one is lacking. The man with a powerful physique—without an ache or a pain anywhere—is a ditch digger if he has not developed his brain. The man with a powerful brain cannot put his ideas over if he hasn't cells force and stamina.

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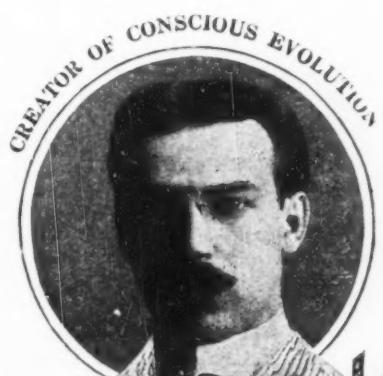
Unfortunate is the man with great mental energy but with puny physical fitness. Doubly unfortunate is the man with great physical qualities but with a feeble mentality. Trebly unfortunate is the man with neither; for the world's riches, the best and greatest gifts of humanity come to those who not only out-think competition among men but to those who can endure competition among humanity.

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Swoboda

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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

THE crop situation holds the centre of interest at the present moment. A month ago it looked as though the country would show bumper yields in most crops, but conditions since have not been as favorable as had been hoped. The lack of rain, both east and west, but especially in the West, has been a deterrent feature. As it is, however, the outlook is a hopeful one, and it is assured that the total production will show a substantial increase over 1916, though it may not equal the record of 1915. The outlook is sufficiently good to justify an optimistic viewpoint. Oats, barley, rye, hay, beans and potatoes have increased acreage all over Canada, and at present writing better than a normal yield is promised in all lines. It follows that the food supply derivable from these crops will be largely in excess of last year's, probably the total will be the largest on record. Wheat will probably be about the same as last year. Some reports indicate a slight increase, but it is too early to speak confidently on that score, and the best advices do not hold out hope of any increase.

However, the outstanding fact is that crops are good. Canada has not produced the hugely increased food supply that was so vehemently demanded in the early months of the year. Considering, however, the shortage of labor and the unfavorable weather conditions which have prevailed at certain stages, we have not done badly. It must be borne in mind also that the vegetable yield of city backyards and corner plots will be no inconsiderable factor. There will be an abundance of potatoes, beans, tomatoes, turnips and carrots. It is quite impossible to attempt any estimate of the amount actually available, but there can be no doubt that most families will buy fewer vegetables than before. This will make possible the sending of food overseas, and, what is perhaps more to the point, the conservation of other sources of food supply. So it develops that the amateur gardener has really done a valuable patriotic duty this year. The labor which has caused the vacant lot and the unused backyards to yield abundantly has been a real factor in our win-the-war efforts.

THE business situation is briefly this: The country is busier than ever before in every way, but a real money pinch is being felt. The shortage of money has come up on the horizon like a storm cloud, and it is much larger than a man's hand. It does not spell disaster, but certainly it demands caution and conservation.

The fact of the matter is that the war is costing us a tremendous sum, and it is going to entail close financing and considerable sacrifice, both national and individual, to pay the piper. Sir Thomas White went to Washington to negotiate his last loan in the United States because it was apparent that it would be difficult

to raise the money in our own country. The last war loan had not been entirely assimilated and the banks and investment houses were openly fearsome of the effect of going to the country with another loan. Sir Thomas was successful in his mission, but he had to pay a stiff rate before Uncle Sam loosened his purse strings. It is estimated that the cost to our government will be nearly 8 per cent. It will be recognized that such a bargain would not have been entered into had not the need for it been very pressing.

However, the result has been highly beneficial. It is now likely that the Finance Minister will not need to bring on another loan until the first of the year, and this will give the public a breathing spell. When the next loan comes, the money will be in sight and, in the meantime, the banks will be enabled to attend adequately to the demands of regular business and to finance the crop; the latter a most important consideration indeed.

The consent of the Washington Government to the launching of a Canadian loan in the United States is a tangible evidence of the great good will which now pertains. True, a shrewd bargain was driven before the matter was closed, but it must be recognized that Uncle Sam has financial problems of his own, and, that, with another Liberty loan pending, he has to carefully conserve his money resources. In the present relations lies the promise of much closer and more friendly trade relations after the war is over. Canadian business men should not fail to recognize this fact. The war has opened the way to a broader amity and a more complete understanding between us. It is inevitable that our trade and financial relations with the United States will be closer, more cordial and more extended. The business man who fails to shape his course accordingly, will be judged guilty of shortsightedness.

FROM the industrial standpoint, Canada is still abnormally busy. The heavy burden of munition-making, added to the activity always found when the individual citizen is prosperous, keeps industrial Canada hard at work like a modern Sisyphus, striving to roll the heavy stone of Supply to the top of the steep hill of Demand. Despite government caution, despite the earnest promptings that come from so many sources, people continue to buy what they like when they like. The bigger-than-usual wage continues to burn a hole in the pocket of the average Canadian, and consequently the demand for all luxuries is still heavy. It follows that our motto has become more-business-than-usual.

The shortage of money already noted has not yet filtered down to the pocket of the average man. Even the high cost of everything has not put any pinch on

the average pocket yet. The salaried man feels it, but the wage earner finds so much more in his envelope that the old spectre of the High Cost of Living has lost some of the fearsomeness of its aspect.

That the pinch will come is almost certain unless the public can be awakened to a sense of the impending danger. If the individual can be induced to save, save, save, the crisis which now looms on the horizon—far off yet, but still there—may be averted. For, if the individual saves, the deposit in the savings departments will increase and the banks will have the money to finance the ever-increasing demands of business. Furthermore, the money will be available then for war loans.

Unquestionably the main consideration in viewing the future is this matter of economy. We must have economy—in our homes, in our offices, in our Government departments at Ottawa. With economy will come abiding prosperity; with continued carelessness and extravagance will come doubt, uncertainty, perhaps even a very serious situation.

The Policyholder and Railroad Bonds

IT is unfortunate that the general public takes so little interest in what might be termed matters of high finance—the financing of railroads, the management of big corporations, etc. The average man has refused to take more than a cursory interest in such matters because he feels that it is of little concern to him. He is mistaken. As a matter of fact, he is a shareholder in the railroads, and, in a sense, also a bondholder in the big corporations.

Look at it this way. The big insurance companies and the banks are in no very unreal way the owners of industrial corporations and railways. They do not hold control of the stock, but they are the ultimate owners in the sense that they hold or control big blocks of securities. It was recently given out in the United States that railroad securities in that country were held as follows: Life insurance companies, \$1,550,000,000; savings banks, \$840,000,000, marine and fire insurance companies, \$679,000,000; trust companies, \$865,000,000. Figures are not available at the moment for Canada, but there can be no doubt that the securities are held here in somewhat the same proportion.

In turn, the insurance companies are, in a certain sense owned by their policyholders and the banks by their depositors. It is interesting to quote from a recent speech by J. W. Stedman, of the Prudential Life Insurance Co. (American) delivered, as a matter of fact, before the Interstate Commerce Commission, when the discussion of higher freight rates was on:

I want to say at the outset that I represent the Prudential Insurance Company of America, which is a mutual concern and is owned by over 11,000,000 policyholders scattered all over the United States. Ten million of these policyholders are members of hard-working families of moderate means; over 40 per cent. of the assets representing their good money consists of railroad securities, recognized by the various States in which we do business as legal investments for

Continued on page 9.

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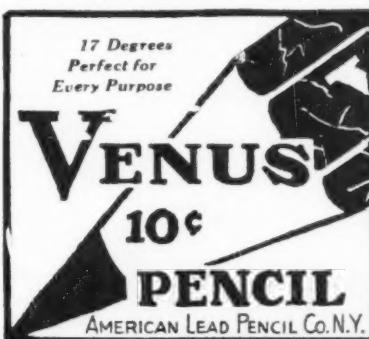
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White's Order

White did it one day last month—sold Kendrick & Co. a Cyclone Exhaust Head. He had been trying to make the sale for months, but Kendrick's manager, Waldron, "couldn't see it." He saw it, however, when the roof began to leak, and had to be repaired. It cost \$500.

"A stitch in time saves nine," White had said more than once. He pointed out to Waldron that the escaping steam, in which oil vapors were present, when condensed on the roof, was doing damage to the roof and walls. Waldron wouldn't admit it, and declared it to be all poppycock—until one day the roof leaked, and repairs had to be made.

The damage to the roof was of considerable area, for the shifting winds had carried the escaping steam over all the roof, and spread the condensation rather widely.

"White," said Waldron, when he phoned, "come and tell us what size exhaust head to instal."

"Don't need to go to you," said White. "You require size 9, cost \$105. I've a memo here which I made the first time I called. But what's the matter? Roof gone bad?"

"Yes, consarn you, and it will cost us \$500 to fix it and another \$100 or so for you—Now, don't go and say—I told you so—but get one of those Cyclones here as quick as you can"—and Waldron rang off.

White smiled, because not only had his judgment proved right but he knew that Waldron would be more attentive to him in the future when he urged other steam specialties, everyone designed and guaranteed to save money in more directions than one.

* * *

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W. JOHNSON QUINN, Manager
Managed by a Canadian

The Investment Situation

This is the idea of investment that MacLean's Magazine desires to present: That men and women should save carefully, putting their money in the bank; should carry endowment and life insurance; should make a will, naming some good trust company as executor. When these matters have been taken care of, the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages, but the average man or woman who is not in close touch with values would be unwise to put money into mortgages at the present time, except indirectly through investment in some of the good loan companies' shares. Men and women, and particularly young men, whose incomes are above the average, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to secure a larger return on their money, may buy shares in financial and industrial companies. MacLean's Magazine does not care to advise readers on any particular securities, but with the aid of the editor of THE FINANCIAL POST will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on new flotations.—The Editors.

A SUBSCRIBER writes: "Is the yield on bonds likely to go higher than at present?" This question is one that is being discussed freely at the present time. A census of the security houses would probably lead to the conclusion that municipal bonds are likely to be cheaper before prices stiffen up, which would mean, of course, that larger yields would be obtained. There are many, however, who believe that the market has now reached its lowest point, that the prices obtained for bonds are bound to stiffen. They point out that 6 per cent. on municipal securities has become a commonplace and that during the present year a very large volume of business has been done with the investing public at terms which yielded over 6 per cent. This has not been for low-grade securities by any means. It used to be possible to secure 6 per cent. by buying, say school debentures of Pondonia, a flourishing town on the western prairies—with 120 population and a big future when the railway got in. Nowadays, the investor gets first-class stuff at terms to yield him more than the once fabulous 6-bonds of western Ontario cities for instance. Winnipeg Greater Waterways is typical of the trend of the market. This proposition, secured by the City of Winnipeg itself, and therefore, secure to a gilt-edged degree, netted anywhere from 6 1-3 to 6 1/2 per cent.

The man who believes that prices have reached the bottom puts forward the argument that municipalities cannot afford to pay more for their money than they are doing now. It is costing them now close to 8 per cent. in many cases, when all expenses and commissions are figured. Anything above this would be prohibitive and municipalities would simply have to give up further improvements until the money market moderated. "Buy now," is the advice of those who hold this view. "Bonds will never be obtainable at a more satisfactory figure."

On the other side it is possible to show that money is extremely scarce at the present time, and getting scarcer. The continual drain of war expenditure is drawing huge sums out of circulation. Much of this goes back to the manufacturer of war supplies and from the manufacturer it filters back into the ordinary channels of trade. A large proportion of it, however, goes abroad. In addition, the higher cost of labor and raw material has made it necessary for businesses to have more capital to operate on. As a result the banks are hard pressed to find the funds for the demands of their customers. Money, in fact, is scarce. When a municipality comes along and asks for, say, \$100,000 to build new sewers or lay pave-

ments, it finds a market prone to hang on to every penny because there are plenty of uses ahead for every penny. The municipality can get that \$100,000 only by making an attractive offer. During the past few months there have been numerous cases where municipalities have called for tenders on projected bond issues and have not had a single bid—because the terms were not sufficiently attractive. It is certain that money is going to become scarcer as time, and the war, go on. It follows that the difficulties met with in securing money for municipal purposes will increase, and it is perhaps not unreasonable to assume that municipalities will have to sell their bonds at still lower figures—thus giving bigger yields. It is not feasible to suppose that all improvement work can be stopped. There is a great deal of work that must be done no matter how great the cost.

On the whole, therefore, the weight of argument seems in favor of the probability of cheaper bonds. In view of the splendid yields now obtainable, however, it would not be advisable to "hold off." The probable improvement in yield that the future may bring would not likely offset the loss in interest entailed in delay in purchasing.

AND, AFTER all, is it not logical that yields should be larger? The man who lives on the yield of his labor or his brain has found it necessary to get a bigger yield in order to keep pace with the advanced cost of living. The man who depends on his investments is in the same position. He could not make the old rates of 4 1/2 per cent. and 5 per cent. do what they used to do for him. The purchasing value of the dollar has shrunk too far for that during the past six years, but more particularly during the last three. The investor is on all accounts entitled to a larger yield. He is getting it; and, if the cost of living continues to advance, he is going to do still better.

CERTAINLY the investment market at the present time is highly satisfactory from the standpoint of the investor. Big yields are obtainable. It is now possible to get 6 per cent. and better on long term stuff; and, if after the war the cost of living recedes, as it probably will, that yield will look bigger all the time.

War loans offer a doubly attractive method of investment, combining high yield and government security with the fulfilment of patriotic duty. Every person with money to invest should figure on war loans first. A certain share at least of the funds available for investment

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should be put into war loans. From the purely business standpoint an investment in war issues is most attractive because this alone of all sources of revenue will be exempt from the new income tax.

The Policyholder and Railroad Bonds

Continued from page 7.

life insurance companies, having a par value of \$184,000,000. Feeling myself as one of the future trustees for these people who, all unconsciously, may face a large financial loss, I am glad to see this opportunity.

The man on the street who has savings in the bank and life insurance policies does not reason out their connection for himself. He believes that what he holds is a policy or a pass book; he does not see that in reality he holds a financial interest in railroad and other bonds.

It has frequently been urged by MACLEAN'S that the investor should take a real interest in the affairs of the concerns in which he has placed his money. In fact, no man is safe in investing his money with any concern which he has not carefully studied or in a field which he does not understand. This necessity for interest on the part of that individual can now be extended to the insurance policyholder and the bank depositor. The possession of a policy and a pass book means that the ups and downs of the biggest corporations become matters of personal concern.

A Strange Race in the Balkans

The Customs and Characteristics of the Albanians.

THE world knows little of Albania. The other Balkan races have become familiar to the world at large and we know much of the customs and characteristics of Serbs, Roumanians and Bulgarians. But Albania, the little mountainous corner resting on the Adriatic and hedged in by Montenegro and Greece, is a practically closed book. An interesting picture of Albania and the Albanians is given by a native writer, one Ismail Kemal Bey in the *Quarterly Review*. He writes, in part:

Between the Adriatic, the Pindus, the range of the Balkans and the Dinaric Alps, on the dividing line between East and West, where history has witnessed the meeting of so many wandering peoples and so many nascent civilizations, Albania stands like a formidable rampart. Protected from foreign invasion on three sides by its circle of mountain peaks, and on the fourth by the sea, Albania was formerly inhabited by a race whose origin dates from Pelasgic times. Though not strangers to the civilization of the Greeks, this race nevertheless preserved its own character and the pride of its pre-Hellenic origin. In the second century B.C. the country became the refuge of all the Macedonian and Epirote tribes who, refusing to bow before the Roman domination, fled before the legions of Æmilius Paulus. In its outward aspect, the country of Albania is somewhat forbidding. But, once in the interior, one finds sites and contrasts of great beauty and charm. Between two mountainous chains of

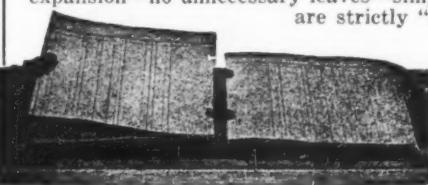
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barren heights, which from afar seem unattractive enough, there lie pleasant valleys and extensive plains of great richness and fertility. Behind that curtain of rocky peaks and steep acclivities there stretch wide expanses of field and forest covered with green or gold, according to the season. At the very threshold of gloomy gorges or narrow defiles in the mountains, one comes suddenly upon delicious oases covered with rich vegetation. Thundering torrents pouring down the mountain side are replaced a little further on by limpid brooks noiselessly meandering through aromatic valleys, while great clumps of evergreen trees and bushes are scattered on the emerald hill-side. Along the sea coast, bays of limpid blue and serene, bottomless gulfs lie at the foot of mountains whose peaks are bathed eternally in the drifting clouds.

Such is the country where for centuries have lived the 'Shkupetars' (the 'Men of the Eagle'). Dwelling in a sort of isolation, they were variously grouped under the generic name of Macedonians or Illyrians, according to the caprice of different conquerors. But they themselves, profoundly indifferent to these arbitrary arrangements, which did not interfere with their race, their language or their national character, seemed hardly to be aware of the fall of Empires or the changes of frontiers. Proudly they preserved the independence of which no power could deprive them. On the fall of the Roman Empire, they reappeared on the world's stage to prove that they were of a race whose solidarity time could not affect, and whose national genius custom could not pervert. Since those days, whenever an attack has been made upon their liberties, they have been found as intrepid as in the far-off times when they followed Alexander the Great or Pyrrhus; and to-day they display the singular and interesting spectacle of a nationality preserved pure and undefiled through the centuries, in spite of so many successive conquests by Romans, Byzantines, Normans, Bulgarians, Serbs, Italians and Turks.

In spite of the religious and other consequences of the Turkish domination, the Albanians have remained faithful to the customs and habits of their ancestors. The three principal objects of an Albanian's devotion are his honor, his family, and his country. The notion of honor is inculcated in him from the earliest age. He prefers death to an insult that has not been wiped out. No consideration of interest stands higher in his estimation than the 'bessa' (or word of honor). In the presence of the corpse of father or brother, he will respect the very murderer to whom he has given his 'bessa' on receiving him in his house. The stranger will enjoy the united protection of all the inhabitants of a village or the members of a tribe if one of them, even the most humble, has given his word of honor. Closely connected with this sense of honor is that of personal dignity. It has been erroneously stated that Albania is a feudal country. But feudalism is incompatible with that sense of personal honor and independence which is characteristic of the Albanian, and which is carried to such lengths that the humblest consider themselves the equals, man for man, of the highest. Obedience to the chief is simply a form of showing respect, a duty inculcated in every one from the earliest age.

Family ties are very strong among the Albanians. The head of the family is lord of the household, but not its despot. He it is who directs all the affairs of the community and executes the decisions taken in council. The sons and grandsons, even after marriage, continue to live together in a group. There are families whose members, living together under the same roof or in the same enclosure, number sixty or eighty people. Each region of the country consists of a considerable stretch of territory in which the different villages are considered to be composed of members of the same family. But the word 'family' in Albania has a much wider meaning than elsewhere. By the word 'fisse' is understood a group of families descending from a common stem, while by the word 'far' is meant the closer relationship existing among the members of one or several of these families; and these family ties are so much respected that the inhabitants of the



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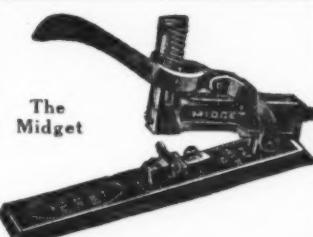
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same village, whether Mussulman or Christian, never intermarry. The depositary of local authority is by right the oldest member of the principal family; and his councillors are the older men of the other families. Among certain tribes, like those of the mountains of Upper Albania, the real chiefs are the 'Voivodes' and the 'Bairaktars' (or standard-bearers); and the council consists of the elders, whose number varies according to that of the families. After them come the 'Dovrans' (or guarantors), and the 'Djoibars' (a kind of bailiff). The chiefs and their councillors or, in the mountainous parts, the 'Voivodes' and the 'Bairaktars' watch over local interests and apply the law. The 'Dovrans' meet and consult with the council whenever a crime has been committed or local interests are in jeopardy. It is they also who issue the call to arms in case of need. It is the task of the 'Djoibars,' chosen from among the bravest and most influential of the families, to carry out the decisions of the Council.

Nowhere does woman enjoy more consideration or influence than in my country. As wife her individuality is completely subordinated to the authority of her husband, but this is not the case as regards her acts in common or public life, for she is always consulted on questions relating to family or country. She is less proud of her beauty, her birth, or her wealth than of the number of her sons and their merit, which she considers redounds to herself. The mother of a number of children is an object of veneration. In spite of these privileges the Albanian woman is never seen in public with her husband. She carries her Stoic qualities so far that she is never present at the departure of her husband on warlike expeditions. But should the country be in danger, either through invasion or by an arbitrary act of the Government, it is the women who first raise the alarm and urge their menfolk to defence or revolt.

The Albanians, who value highly both the ties of relationship and the pleasures of friendship, find many occasions of strengthening these bonds and of observing the traditions attaching to them. For instance, the new-born child is presented to the chief of the family and to all the members, the oldest of whom chooses his name. When the child is seven days old, all the relatives and friends are invited to a dinner, where a special sweet dish made for the occasion is served. Another intimate ceremony, which is carried out with a certain amount of pomp, is the cutting of a lock of the child's hair in the course of its first year. The father chooses a friend to do this—a Christian if the father be a Mussulman, and vice versa. The lock of hair is placed in a purse as a souvenir. This act is supposed to create a spiritual relationship between the family of the child and the friend, and by it they contract obligations towards each other of mutual aid or vengeance in case of outrage. This kind of alliance is held in especial honor among the mountaineers, where Mussulmans and Christians both call it the Saint-Nicolo.

Every young Albanian has a foster-brother (called 'vlam'), either of the same religion as himself or a different one, who is considered as an actual member of the family and takes part in its joys and griefs and its vendettas. There is no instance of such a tie having been broken through animosity or treason; and in many parts these engagements are considered so sacred that the children of the two families do not intermarry. The ceremony of contracting this relationship of the 'vlam' differs in different parts of the country; but usually the two foster-brothers, after taking oaths of fidelity before relatives and witnesses, cut each other slightly in the finger and then suck each other's blood.

"The Pawns Count"

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
A Stirring Tale of the War
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However badly you have treated your skin this summer, you can restore its loveliness and give it the charm you have always longed for.

Your skin, just like the rest of your body, changes every day. As the old skin dies, new forms. Your complexion depends on how you take care of this new skin. By the proper external treatment you can make it just what you would love to have it.

Summer brings to many women a browned complexion, which, though attractive in summer, becomes so mortifying and annoying when the time comes for cool weather and evening gowns. The summer coat of tan always lasts well into the colder months and often threatens to become permanent.

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MACLEAN'S

MAGAZINE

Volume XXX

SEPTEMBER, 1917

Number 11

Federation After the War?

The Possibility of a British-American Alliance

By Lord Northcliffe.

AMONG the consequences of the war none has been more surprising, none more fraught with happy augury, than the visit paid in July by a detachment of Canadian Highlanders to the United States, and the warmth of the welcome they met with.

That British troops in uniform should march through American cities, should be cheered in New York, should arouse a city like Newark, New Jersey, to enthusiasm, should march up Bunker Hill without calling forth a word of Jingo protest—that is one of the most astonishing events of our time. When I rose a few weeks ago to address the vast recruiting rally in Madison Square Garden, New York, the joint recruiting rally of the British and American organizations, I felt the significance of the occasion sweep over me. I said to the fourteen thousand people there assembled: "This is a historic meeting." It was such a meeting as could never have occurred before.

It was not sentiment which had made it possible. Talk of closer relations might have gone on for centuries without producing this effect. This meeting at which British and American speakers appeared on the same platform and made a joint appeal for men to fight the common enemy for a common end, was made possible only by Facts. Words could not have done it. It was the common danger and the need for united effort to repel it which brought the two great English-speaking nations of the world nearer together than they have ever been before.

I do not greatly believe in sentiment as a factor of importance in international friendships. Alliances are formed for mutual protection. The French Republic would not have allied herself with the Russian autocracy if the ever present threat of

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Two men have stood out above all others in Britain during the war as representing determination, initiative, action—David Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe. The work of the latter has been done largely through his many newspapers and periodicals, but, in accepting the mission which he is now carrying out in the United States, the famous publisher has undertaken a personal task of broad purpose and scope. In view of his work in America, the following article which he has prepared for Maclean's Magazine will be read with widest interest.*

German aggression had not forced her to seek a friend where she could. It is well known that the Austrians dislike the Prussians and despise them for their boorish

manners and lack of taste. Austria has not forgotten the defeat inflicted upon her by Prussia in 1866. Nothing but force of circumstances would have caused Austria to ally herself with Prussia. If national sentiment were the determining factor in the formation of alliances, how could we explain Bulgaria's choice to fight in this war alongside of Turkey with whom she was at death-grips five years ago, and against the Serbians who were then her "dear and trusted allies?"

THE United States and the five free nations which constitute the British Empire have come together in so unexpected a manner for mutual protection. The United States came into the war, their leading men have assured us, not because of their traditional sympathy for France, not because Belgium lay under the hoof of the Hun satyr, not to spread Democracy in Europe, but to safeguard American interests. Senator Borah was generally admitted to express the prevailing opinion among thinking Americans when he declared in the United States Senate on July 26:

"I did not vote for war out of sympathy with France, much as I admire her, but because our American rights were trampled on and our people murdered, with the prospect of continued outrages and national degradation. I voted for war to make safe our own blessed republic and give dignity, honor and security to this democracy of the United States. I did not vote for war to spread democracy throughout Europe although I would be glad to see every King and Prince exiled and every dynasty



Lord Northcliffe, photo taken since arrival in U. S.

broken forever. This has become an American war, a fight for American principles, to be discontinued when American interests are safeguarded and satisfied. It is no longer a war to spread democracy in Europe or for rehabilitation of European countries. It is a war showing that the United States, though slow to act, is swift to avenge."

It is not long since the idea of any alliance between the British Empire and the United States was considered a dream, and a dangerous dream. In both the balance of feeling was against any step in this direction. Now, because a common danger threatens both, they are allied, and no voice is raised in protest. The English-speaking races in the New World and the Old are united for the first time in history. It is not sentiment which unites them, though I am sure they feel more kindness and respect towards one another now than they have done in the past. They are joined together by the cement of Necessity. Each needs the other in the struggle against the antiquated, but still powerful Absolutist idea which menaces the freedom of all who do not, like Turkey and Bulgaria, bow down and cravenly obey it.

IT is not surprising that many people should be asking whether the union of the English-speaking races ought not to be continued after this war has come to an end. We hear a good deal of discussion about the possibility of British-American Federation. I have recently been asked to tell the readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE what my views are about this.

Already I think I have written enough to show those who can read a little between the lines how my thoughts run. Such a Federation as a permanency can, in my opinion, only be created and kept in existence if the British Empire and the United States feel that it is necessary for their security against some strong hostile combination such as that which we are fighting to-day.

I do not believe there is any active hostility among either people to the conception of such an agreement. There was hostility in the past. For a hundred years England was regarded by the United States as their hereditary foe. Writing in the thirties of the nineteenth century, De Tocqueville said: "One could not find more bitter hatred than that which exists between the Americans of the United States and the English." "Twisting the Lion's Tail," was a popular diversion among American politicians. American children were taught in their schools to hate England and to look forward to revenge upon her. That period has passed away. Time wore it out. England developed into the British Empire. The people of the United States could feel no grudge rankling in their breasts against the people of Canada, of Australia, of New Zealand, of South Africa. The new Americans, too, were for the most part ignorant of the causes which had set their country in opposition to the English. They could not be expected to carry on a feud about which they knew nothing. The German language newspapers try hard to keep up the old, bitter feeling against England, but they are not successful in more than a very limited sense. Even the Irish in the United States leave the venomous anti-British propaganda to a small and relative feeble section of professional extremists. Nowhere, I believe, would there be anything like enough opposition to prevent the English-speaking peoples from agreeing upon some form of Federation, if it were clear that great practical advantage would flow from it.

WHAT likelihood is there of the British Empire and the United States being forced to decide that Federation would be mutually advantageous? The answer to that question depends upon how far Absolutism is discredited at the end of the war. Will there still rage, after peace has been made, the strife of principles which has been going on everywhere since the idea of "Government of the people by the people for the people" was proclaimed? Will the principle which draws its law from the will of the people be strong enough after the war to make an end of the Prussian principle which, in the words of Bismarck, "rests on the authority created by God, on authority by the grace of God?" In other words, can the world be freed from the threat of being dominated by the mediocre, but greedy Hohenzollern family? We cannot yet say.

All we can say is that up to now the German people have shown no sign of any combined desire to make their will predominate over the authority claimed by the Prussian Kaiser as having been conferred upon him "by the grace of God." They still humbly prostrate themselves before the fetish of Divine Right. They still acquiesce in government by a hereditary military despotism. They are still deluded. They are still sheep. And so long as one hundred millions of people in the centre of Europe (I take the approximate number of the Germans in Germany and Austria), so long as these hundred millions are so foolish

as to support Absolutism, claiming the right to rule irresponsibly by Divine appointment, so long will it be necessary to keep perpetual watch upon Absolutism, to isolate those who support it, and by every means possible to rob it of the opportunity to plunge the whole world into war.

There was a time not very long ago when the American people would have said: "What does it matter to us whether Absolutism exists in Europe or not? We are outside of all the old world's squabbles. We mean to keep outside of them." The mass of the American people were until lately still under the impression that the words of Washington spoken in 1796 were applicable to the conditions of to-day. "The nations of Europe," Washington said in his farewell oration, "Have important problems which do not concern us as a free people. The causes of their frequent misunderstandings lie far outside of our province, and the circumstance that America is geographically remote will facilitate our political isolation."

Strange how long the delusion prevailed that the United States were "geographically remote" from Europe. Steam arrived and immediately reduced their remoteness; faster and faster the steamship services became until it vanished altogether. The mass of the American people did not appreciate the change. They continued to think of Europe as lying outside their province. They continued to interest themselves exclusively in internal, in local politics, disregarding all that lay beyond.

IT is interesting to notice how faithfully the prejudices and prepossessions of nations are reflected by the forms of their newspapers. Only within the last few years have the newspapers of England broken with the tradition that the only news which mattered was foreign news. In Thackeray's "Pendennis," when George Warrington points out to Pen the office of *The Times*, "the great engine that never sleeps," he speaks as if the chief and almost the only concerns of the famous journal were with foreign affairs.

"She has her Ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. . . . Look, here comes the Foreign Express galloping in. They will be able to give news to Downing Street to-morrow."

George Warrington was right. *The Times* in those days was far more concerned about foreign politics than about what was happening at home; about the condition of the people, for instance; about the forces which were changing the world by means of invention and discovery. Therefore, the most important page of *The Times* was the foreign news page, and all other papers copied *The Times*, and gave to foreign news far more importance than it deserved. And that state of newspaper make-up lasted until a few years ago.

In the United States, on the other hand, one can see how completely the mind of the nation was occupied by home politics, when the newspapers took their form, and how to a large extent it is still. But this is changing. It has changed a great deal in the last twelve months. The American people have begun to understand that they are not "remote" from Europe, that they cannot contemptuously dismiss what happens there as "the quarrels of effete monarchies," and that their interests are as liable to be affected by the ambitions and the crimes of Prussian Absolutism as are those of the European nations. That is why the United States went to war.

There is often expressed a hope that this will be "the last war." One may, one must hope that it may be so, but I doubt if anyone who has studied history to good purpose and who is under no illusion as to the nature of man having been revolutionized in the last generation or two, can feel very sanguine about it. Nowhere does one hear the conviction that wars are coming to an end more confidently expounded than in the United States. Yet one cannot forget that the United States were brought into existence by war, settled their most difficult internal trouble by fighting about it, have engaged in many wars with other nations, have often threatened war, and . . . are at war to-day.

CERTAINLY there would be better hope of universal peace if all peoples recognized as readily as do the people of the United States, and of this continent generally, that justice and equity are as binding upon countries as they are upon individuals. "There is in the United States," wrote Lord Bryce in his admirable book "The American Constitution," "a sort of kindness, a sense of human fellowship, a recognition of the duty of mutual help owed by man to man stronger than anywhere in the Old World." That is equally true of Canada and Newfoundland. If all could come to share these excellent qualities, we might with more confidence look forward to the reign of peace. So far as

Continued on page 88.

A Flutter in Diamonds

By A. C. Allenson.

Who wrote "The Draft," "June Comes Back," etc.

A SHORT generation ago Ste. Cecile was a forest-clad hill, whose vesture, changing from sober green to splendid riot of crimsons and golds, marked the life of the year. To-day, two straggling streets lie on the hillside's bare bosom, like a gaunt white cross, emblematic of the tragedy of prosperity. From the hilltop, looking east, the dust-wraithed town that replaced Arcady appears a wan Sodom, the smoke of whose burning riseth for ever. Westward lies a lake-jewelled vale, pay rock runs not thither, hence its unmarred face, and along the slopes are dotted the cottages of a wealthy summer colony.

A GOOD man to look upon was Andrew Forsythe as he sat on the veranda of his summer home. A ruddy face, with kindness and power in it; crisp, greying hair; strongly-compacted, fit body, still equal in mid life to the tasks of the strenuous man. He was owner of one of Ste. Cecile's most successful mines, a city man, with youth's ambition, prime's drive, and an inborn assurance. No big man would lightly trifle with him, no inferior dread the unfair use of his power.

He watched the two young people climb the slope this June day, a critical smile on his face. The one was David Eglinton, a young fellow outwardly after his own heart. The athlete's force and fitness, the virile character of the face, promised for Eglinton high ranking in the world of men who do things. With him walked Forsythe's daughter, Grace, she was almost as tall as her companion. Over her pretty face sun and winds had spread the dainty veiling of summer, though the season was yet young. There was alert vivacity in eye, lip and carriage. The father's eye kindled with pride.

Then he glanced at Dave, and the look carried dissatisfaction. So much of promise in the outward lad made his disappointment the more irritating. He doubted if the young man would make good at the Bar. There he seemed in some way to be a square peg in a round hole. Waiting in a city law office for barnacles to grow appeared an unheroic occupation to the observer.

Money would be the last thing Forsythe asked of his daughter's husband, but money is some kind of a test, and she was worth a real man. He remembered Dave's father, an attractive, unpractical dreamer, who called procrastination patience, and obstinacy, perseverance. Forsythe remembered the wreck that old Eglinton had made of fine beginnings. The twenty-year old tragedy came before him as if of yesterday. Eglinton, rich in lands and money, of family and education—against the rustic, iron-purposed Dr. Maxson who had compassed his ruin. The tall, gaunt figure of the doctor rose in memory before Forsythe. Predatory,

*"I like this game
—with live men
for skittles."*

hooked-nose, steel-grey eyes, bloodless lips—a mere line in his grim decisive silences. Hard as granite, scorning the effeminate of a softening age, ruthless as rock crusher in the mills he had won. He used to amputate, so the legend ran in the hills, with a butcher's meat saw, on occasion and with a couple of lusty fellows, not squeamish about blood and screams, to hold the victim. He operated financially in much the same way. With deliberate patience he wove the toils about Eglinton, and shore away his wealth just as he slashed off useless limbs. Hating the man's methods, Forsythe despised equally the loser's weak incapacity that caused him, strongly entrenched, to be driven from his fastnesses by the dauntless, bare-handed marauder. He remembered Eglinton in later years, a soured, broken man, mutely hating the world that had used him so ill.

Sometimes Forsythe feared that brooding over the fall of his house caused Dave's passivity, sapping the vigor that should send him, with purpose tenfold increased, to win back what had been lost.

ON the lawn the two young people were joined by William Maxson, the old doctor's son, who had just driven up. He was a few years older than Dave, a dark, active man. He had inherited his father's natural ability, and reproduced it, as the finely tempered sword reproduces the essential virtues of the broad axe. Dr. Maxson's sole extravagance had been his son. He sent him to schools and University where he would associate with the sons of rich and eminent people. The educational career of the boy had been brilliant. His natural aptitudes later fitted him into his niche in business, as if it had been made for him, and he for it. Forsythe had great respect for Young Maxson's ability and character. Gradually, the son had taken the management of Maxson's into his own hands, and set himself in other ways to pull the family name out of the mud. The father's business engagements men had bound with every possible legal tie. The son's word, in very few years, came to be valued more than the old man's bond.

Forsythe could not help contrasting the

Illustrated by
Dudley Ward



two men who were talking with Grace, both of them, he knew, in love with her. He liked Dave, admired Maxson. In his world, as between the successful business man, crammed with ambition and ability, and the stagnating young lawyer, there was no comparison. A man of Maxson's class had national possibilities in him, and if Forsythe had the choosing—then he smiled, realizing how widely divergent are a maid's reasonings regarding men, and those of her father.

UNDER a wide-spreading tree, whose tall branches stretched over the river, Dave stopped paddling, to wonder anew at the marvel of Grace's loveliness. Busyng herself with fishing preparations, she smiled at his meditative mood. Latterly he had been unusually quiet and thoughtful. His frequent journeys to Ste. Cecile had excited her curiosity, and her father had spoken of them enquiringly. Still, she was content to wait. He could hide nothing from her. She stopped her soft whistling to smile again. She was friend, comrade, and—she thought privately—much more. In his sunny moods she liked him; then he was fearless, chivalrous, generous. She liked him still more in graver moments when clouds of self-dissatisfaction hid the sun. Unconsciously she measured other men by him, and, most absurdly, found shortcomings in even the nicest of them.

"Try a cast here, Grace," he said suddenly.

She took up her rod, and on the face of the overhung pool the fly dropped, light as thistledown, and flickered over the dark water. Twice and thrice she cast. There was a swift, arrowy rush, the music of the singing reel, the arching of the supple rod, the manoeuvring of the fish, the outrush in power, the return in weakness, the frenzied leap, the frantically lashed water, and, at last, the handsome game fighter in Dave's net.

"Pound and a half," he pronounced, critically.

"Oh, the beauty!" said Grace, with compassionate admiration. "What a shame to take him, Dave. Remove the hook gently. Oh! You are too rough. Let me have him."

With a laugh he passed the net over, and she removed the hook.

"Now go straight home, and leave the pretty flies alone," she admonished, put-



Dave stopped paddling to wonder anew at the marvel of Grace's loveliness.

ting the trout into the river. Like a silver bar he shot to the deeps.

"What a pity it can't always be June," she observed with a sigh, irrelevantly.

"SH! To your right," he whispered. The deer at the river's brink looked up, watched them fearlessly, then trotted back into the bracken.

"I'm going back to the city to-night," he said, leaning forward.

"To-night!" she echoed. "I thought you were to be here all the week?"

"I shall be away only for three days," he explained.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, the cloud vanishing from her face.

"Then I settle down here for good," he continued. The cloud came again, and Dave felt the perfectness of love's springtime.

"You are not returning to the city?" she asked in deep dismay. Poor city! in all its vast desolation. What would two thirds of the year be with Dave absent? The reflection was overwhelming.

"I've done with the law," he said emphatically. "I have hesitated, perhaps too long, fearing it might look like vacillation, but that's all ended now. I have ached to be out of it, flogging myself for laziness, but it really wasn't that. Grace, I've felt the cobwebs getting thicker every day, and I've just got to get where I can breathe and move round."

"I think you are quite right," she answered reflectively. "I don't believe you would ever learn to dun a man successfully for a debt."

"It's a thundering big load off my mind anyway," he continued. "I want to get body drive into my work. I have been looking round and planning, and I'm going to get a pit job, work in like the regular chap, and make good. I believe I can do it."

"Of course you can," she agreed, with perfect conviction.

"And then—one of these wonderful June days—" He stopped. The words had slipped out. A warm, dusky evening

in June, the murmur of the river, the whisper in the trees—all the marvellous combination of appeal. And the sheer irresistibleness of Grace. It was too late now to go back; he must go ahead.

"And then I'll come to you, dearest, perhaps on a June night like this and ask a question I can't put now. It will be something to work for, and dream about in the long winter evenings. The hardest task will be light because you stand behind it." He seemed very confident about her, but she did not think his assurance too great. He was Dave, and they were, in some respects, a rather matter of fact couple. She knew his mind. His manhood's pride bade him win for her, bring to her, build for her out of the spoils of his conquests. Their hands met in comradeship compact, their eyes eloquent with promise. A canoe is really a most awkward thing on such an occasion! still it drifted them into the secluded haven of very delightsome Paradise.

HERE was no blither heart in all the great city than Dave Eglinton, when he stepped from the railway station into the busy streets the next morning. His practice was not so extensive that its winding up was matter of great difficulty. When evening arrived he had adjusted most of it, and closed the office. Rummaging through old letters in the clearance, he came across a packet of his father's business papers, relating to the Ste. Cecilia properties. He took them home and after dinner sat down to look them over. Mr. Eglinton had been a very precise man in unimportant details, and much given to the diaried form of self-communion. In the closely written pages, Dave came to understand how fortune had been frittered away. He found a wonderful fascination in reading the successive dreams. Gold—silver—copper—chrome—iron. The find, the hope, the labor, the cost, the reluctant abandoning when the oasis proved a mirage. Gold sprinkled here and there, as by malignant devil's hand, just

sufficient to lure, promise, ruin. To turn one's back on the faintest glint of it needs iron resolution, and his father had not possessed it. Then had come dreams of silver, and copper, that rose and waned and died. Later chrome flourished for a short time, until one day the bottom fell out of it. Dave discovered how Dr. Maxson had craftily fed foolish ambition, lending money usuriously for will-o'-the-wisp pursuits until his clutches were irremovably fastened on the real prize in the asbestos wealth of the properties. He put the papers away with something like a sigh, then sat well into the morning, pondering the part

of his people. Gold—Silver—Copper—Chrome—Asbestos. Five caskets instead of Portia's three, as he whimsically considered, and his father had made the ancient fatal choice. The Chrome story particularly interested Dave. It brought back to mind the one travel trip of his after-college year. A chance had come his way for a trip abroad on a tramp steamer. What a gorgeous time it had been! The Atlantic, Mediterranean, Aegean!

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sang."

Smyrna, Constantinople, and the dirty, picturesque little Asia Minor port where the "Glendale" had taken aboard her last cargo of chrome ore.

He wondered where Jim Stevens, the hospitable skipper of the "Glendale" was just now. Next morning he rose early and called at a shipping office. He was in luck. The tramp was in a near-by port, discharging cargo. Dave boarded a train and an hour later was receiving vociferous welcome from his friend the skipper. Five minutes later they were in the familiar cabin, talking old times, and swapping newer experiences. War had stopped the long trips. Labor in the old stamping grounds had bloodier tasks than mining, and the new perils of the far seas had made them undesirable harvest fields.

When Dave left, he visited a library, and spent some hours over solid volumes that discussed mines and minerals. All of which seemed to show that he was buckling down to business, and finding lots to learn.

HERE was a large gathering at Forsythe's the evening he got back. The golf tournament was coming off, and prize matters had to be settled. Pot hunters were discouraged at Lake Ste. Cecilia, and nothing that could advertise

prowess was permissible as prize. Victory's token must be valueless, unostentatious, and, if possible, original. Many unacceptable suggestions had been made when Forsythe spoke.

"I'll give the old Frampton pit as a prize," he said. Shouts of laughter greeted the announcement. "It is original, unique, and, being a mere hole in the ground, unostentatious, and unquestionably valueless, as I know to my sorrow. No lilywhite amateur could ever hock it with the most accommodating 'Uncle.' It will be a non-portable souvenir, carrying a solemn warning to the mine gambler."

"Sort of combination bayleaf, religious tract, and tombstone epitaph," said Maxson.

"Something like that," nodded the donor. "Amateur standing will not be imperilled since, so far from being gainful, possession will cost the winner five dollars a year, municipal tax. The romantic thing would be for some poor but deserving person to win it, spike a pound gold nugget on his pick, or yank out a bushel of diamonds. But he won't. I've drilled it and I know, hence my philanthropy."

THE offer commended itself, and a fine contest ensued. As fortune decided, the finalists were Maxson and Dave. The outside rivalry between the men gave unusual interest to the fight. Fate had made them antagonists, and family feud set them in opposed camps. Each was in love with Grace Forsythe, and both were men who fought to win. Especially was this so with Maxson. The instinct was in him, and from the most trivial game to life's most vital interest, he sought and fought for victory. Eglinton's keenness in the match was patent to all. In every respect the men were ideally matched, and put their best into the fight. For a time it was nip and tuck, then, at a critical point Maxson forged ahead, to be overhauled after a tremendous struggle. The battle went to the last green, the last put. Dave holed a long one, while his opponent missed by a hair's breadth.

There is in some men an inherited, slumbering devil, that a glass of whiskey, a pack of cards, a trivial bet, will rouse to unimagined havoc. Forsythe had known men in whom the fascination of pick, mining land, and chance of pit luck, was as patently inherited as the drink craving. He noted, after the tournament, a change in Dave. There were frequent trips to Ste. Cecilia's mines, increased, mail, numerous telegrams out of all proportion to a briefless barrister's business. Sometimes he vanished on long hill tramps, Grace accompanying him now and again. It was a chance remark overheard in the hotel about the young man's interest in abandoned properties, that led Forsythe to try and coax information from his daughter. She listened, laughed, and told him nothing. He then made up his mind on a frontal attack.

"Don't make a joke into a serious matter, Dave," he said one day to the young man. "No madness is crazier than the miner's. There's nothing left in these hills that the established mines don't hold, and you know I don't say this selfishly. They have been dug and combed and drilled till we know underneath almost better than surface. I don't want to pry into secrets, but I hear you have been dickered with Brogan about his rock patch, and I'd hate to see you skinned. Tell you

what, Dave, get back to your law, and break loose there like I've seen you do on the football field, or as you did when Maxson had you three down and four to play the other day. Damn it, Dave, you're travelling like a dancing master at a kid's party. Get the ball under your arm, grab it somehow, stick that clenched teeth grin on your face, and smash 'em, scatter 'em, tear 'em up. I want to see you play skittles with live men. Nobody's quite certain yet whether you are really alive, or under a slab of marble. Get back, and start something, dive into politics, make the papers slam you, bat somebody over the head, or pay them to bat you over the head, to start a fire in your fighting blood."

Dave listened, solemnly puffing his pipe, stolid as a carved Indian.

"I've quit the law," he replied presently. "Went to town the other day, shut my office, sold the library, gave away my infant practice, and am after a real job."

"Quit!" echoed Forsythe in mingled amaze and scorn. "The call of the wild, life of the open, talebook rot and piffle, I suppose. Don't be a fool, Dave. The mines with the real dollars in them are not in the wilds, but in the big city streets, and the law is fair elevating machinery. If you've really got this mine bug bite, take three months in the pits for the good of your immortal soul, and imperishable intellect. When winter's been here a month, you'll thank God for a steam-heated city office, where you can earn meals without pounding frozen rock for 'em."

"I don't know that I won't ask you for the job yet," laughed Dave. "Anyway let's have a look at the Frampton, your gift horse. I'd like to know the bounds."

"Not on your life," said the other, irritably. "Oh, well, come on. I haven't crossed the ridge myself these ten years."

TOGETHER they climbed the hill, until at the summit they overlooked a huge embankment of piled up rock, with a little railway on the top. There must have been thousands of tons there.

"Well, I'm—" began Forsythe, wrathfully. "Here you, Poleon, who dumped that stuff on my land?"

"Rock from the old Doc's pit. Been there six—seven—ten year—I don't know," said the French-Canadian, shrugging his shoulders.

"Like his blasted cheek," roared Forsythe. "He could bury the office, and none of you raise a cheep. I'll make him shift every pound of it. There! I'd forgotten," he laughed. "It's yours now. But soak him, Dave, soak him good."

The tract contained five acres, and hardly a foot but was littered with rock from one of Maxson's old pits. It had been a fine saving to him.

"Chrome," said Dave, picking up a chunk of the iron heavy rock.

"Yes. Used to be quite a market for it," replied Forsythe. "It's a dead thing now."

"What do you think of those stories about finding diamonds in chrome deposits?" asked the younger man. "I met some geological chaps the other day who had examined several of the pits. They found infinitesimal diamonds in most of them."

"There are tons of gold in the sea," grunted Forsythe. "Scientists and just plain idiots have dreamed of baling it out."

"If it comes to that," retorted Dave,

"the Dutchmen round Kimberley gave the first diamonds they found to their kids to play marbles with." When they got back to the hotel, there were several men waiting for the new Frampton owner. Forsythe was hungry and joined Maxson at dinner.

"Guess this is Dave's busy day. I heard he has optioned Brogan's place," said the latter.

"So many are born every second," growled the elder man. "You saw that bunch of mossbacks in the hall? Looking for Santa Claus ahead of time."

FTER dinner Forsythe sat on, smoking a gloomy cigar. A live Canadian, a college man and lawyer at that, nibbling at option peddlers like a jay at a country fair over a shell game! It was disgusting! What a rotten cigar! Why couldn't they keep the windows open and let air in? Why did they persist in cooking everything in grease? When Dave entered, smilingly brisk, something had to crack. Pitching away his cigar and ruffled feelings, Forsythe became his blandest. The boy had only a few thousands, and patriotism, friendship, and the dreaded contingency of sonship, made urgent demands. If a grab was on, he, Forsythe, loved grabs. The kid had to be educated, even though the process stripped him bone bare. Anyway that foolish, fatuous, self-satisfied smirk had to come off the lad's face.

"What's your notion of Brogan's place? I have a three years' lease option on it," said Dave. "There's diamond stuff there all right, small, of course, and good only for manufacturing purposes."

"You've got to gouge out a thing to know what's in it," replied the other. "If it is a fair question, how much did that ruffian soak you?"

"Just a hundred or two, and a fair lease figure," said Dave.

"Buy him quite a drop of winter comfort," commented Forsythe. "At that rate my holdings should be cheap at a million or so."

"I'll give the thing a show anyway," said Dave. "If there are little diamonds, it seems likely big ones may be round."

"They ain't rabbits, and the litter by no means implies an antecedent pa and ma," sneered Forsythe.

"Laughing and mocking are no arguments," grinned the youngster. "Jays used to sneer at asbestos till they learned sense. I hear the best diamond showing is Will Maxson's."

"What'll you pay for an option like Brogan's, on Maxson's and my chrome lands?" asked the mine man. "Why buy a pig in a poke when you can have a good look at him at the end of a string? This diamond talk is all darned rot, but if you mean to test things, be sure and get reliable material to try out. How would \$3,000 suit you?"

"I might be tempted to take a flyer on half," said Dave, attacking an apple pie.

Dinner over presently, the speculator went back to his whiskered friends in the hall, while his companion stepped out hurriedly. An hour later Forsythe returned.

"I'll thank you for a cheque for fifteen hundred dollars," he said, slapping his own and Maxson's transferred options—for which he had paid \$250—on the table. "I'll waive certification this time," he added generously.

Continued on page 89.



He lets out a holler and legs it for open ground with her after him.

Their Tents Like the Arabs

Andy Doolin Meets Another Editor

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Who wrote "The Herald Angel," "The Centre of Gravity," etc.

Illustrated by Arthur Heming

I.

ADDIN' 'em all up an' strikin' a balance, noospaper fellers is pretty good scouts. They has the double entry into sassiety, high or low, knowin' how to get into the middle o' what's goin' on by way o' the wide front steps an' the grand salaam or the back door or through the pantry winder if they can't get in no other ways. Sometimes they gets in where angels fears to tread, all o' which I submits has a considerable widenin' influence an' smelts 'em down to gen'wine.

But frequent the human mind aint reachin' golden conclusions without diggin' around considerable an' drivin' prospect tunnels into Old Mount Experience. The foundin' o' the *Clover Bar Booster* by B. Birks is the first the camp's had to do with editors an' nobody's denyin' he was sure white an' a fine little feller. But when he sells out an' goes back East

among the purlieus o' Art an' Fashion an' we turns the page expectant to get acquainted with the new editor we uncovers the darndest specimen o' hungry-lookin' journalistic quartz any o' the boys has ever seen. We aint none o' us sure whether he's a thin film o' bornite or a limestone band what's foundered into the diorite magma at the time o' intrusion.

As I sayd afore, Clover Bar aint had much chanst to study the habits o' editors; for it's on'y a little minin' camp back in the mountains. The Kootenay in them early boom days was attractin' considerable attention on the outside, however, so't our population on the Inside was pretty much *poose-caffy*—as bad mixed as a loud check' suit. Rich man, poor man, plain loafer an' one-time-cattle-rustler-maybe—all lined up to have somethin'. There was a "dead-line" in camp an' below it you could find anythin' at any hour o' the night, includin' Jake Bel-

lamy's all-night dance hall, the which he calls it the "Upper Ten Theaytre" with a saloon an' gamblin' department adjoinin', laborin' under the designation o' "The Bucket o' Blood." Above the dead-line in the decenter part o' the camp is the other an' main booze bazaar, named "The Silver Dollar," the which yours truly runs respectable an' owns entire.

It bein' just after the big gold strike over on Wolf Crick an' the development o' the copper group up on Toad Mountain, Clover Bar sure is bein' taxed for accommodations. I've already run a second storey on the Silver Dollar so's a few friends can find a place to bunk an' work's proceedin' night an' day on a permanent dressed-boards extension with sleepin' apartments for strangers passin' through or abidin' awhile. I'm intendin' to have a gen'wine hotel rotundary where said guests can register formal with a buzz-bell connectin' each an' every apartment

with the bar for refreshment orders an' sudden ice-water calls. An' I'm goin' to move the dinin'-room inside out o' the wet, the same bein' at present operatin' in a tent alongside. I'm likewise plannin' to build a reg'lar theaytre an' call same "The E-Light."

WELL anyways, me'n Jimmy's on duty together an' keepin' mighty busy in the irrigatin' ditch, the which we has to hire a Swede bar-keep as a relief shift. Ole's just come on an' I'm untyin' my apron-strings when I hears somebody a-hemmin' in their throat an' there stands the longest, leanest, widest-grinnin' stringer o' skin an' bones I've ever seen breathe an' move. He's the color o' the keys on Gran'ma's old melodeon an' he must've measured six-foot-six from tip to tip.

"Howdy, Doolin," grins this specimen, loungin' free an' easy across the bar, perfect at home in them surroundin's.

"H'lo, yourself," I says, lookin' closter to make sure I aint passin' up a former acquaintance. But he's so peculiar lookin' I knows right away I aint never seen him afore.

"My name's Crabtree—Cephus Crabtree," he condescends. "Permit me—my card." An' he extends a ink-daubed howd-you-do acrost to me to prove it. "I've just closed a little deal for your enterprisin' little noospaper plant, payin' the small sum o' one thousand dollars for the privilege o' purveyin' to the citizens o' this progressive little city o' the mountains the noos o' the world-at-large an' the higher flights o' literary fancy in prose and verse, it bein' the sacred dooty o' the press to uphold the noble graces o' the Arts as well as directin' the thoughts o' our citizenship into the proper channels for the formation o' an enlightened public opinion."

His spigot is wide open an' the talk is runnin' out so smooth an' fast his Goblet o' Thought is mostly bead.

"Why, that's very kind o' you, Andy," he breaks off. "I don't mind if I do. I'll try the rye, thanks."

I looks around to see if Jimmy has gave him the sign or anythin' like that; but Jimmy's at the other end o' the bar. I'm kind o' dazed an' I shoves the drink acrost to him.

"I believes you'n me's goin' to be good friends, Andy," he wanders on. "Wonderful thing, friendship. It's the on'y pearl to our oyster in this Valley o' Shadows," says he, wavin' a bony hand. "Here today an' gone tomorrow! We shifts here n' there in the Wynds o' Fate like yeller leaves, passin' an' repassin' other yeller leaves an' sudden we sees a hand outstretched an' catches a fleetin' smile—an' that's Friendship. An' ere the shades o' Night falls fast upon us an' we closes our tired eyes in sleep them kind words we've heerd comes troopin' back upon us an' brings a wan smile to our lips. An' in the dead o' Night our Soul languishes an' we folds our tents like the Arabs an' as silently steals away—nice place you got here, Doolin. You must be coinin' money."

H E combs his tie, sort o' self-conscious, the which it is a big literary flowin' bow with the current sluggish, once black but now gray with dust. I stares at it fascinated an' wets my lips.

"Ye-ah," I murmurs foolish.

"Do you mind if I steps around into the dinin'-room?" grins Cephus. "I'm always

interested in the culinary equipment o' hostelleries. I takes a keen delight in describin' 'em an' praisin' 'em in my columns," says he.

"Go's far's you like. Make yourself to home an' if there's anythin' you don't see ask for same an' I'll have one o' the servants bring it around to you," I says sarcastic.

"Very kind o' you, Doolin. Thanks. Very kind indeed. I'll just do that," nods Editor Crabtree, grateful; an' I notes his Adam's Apple slidin' up an' down as he makes for the dinin'-room.

I gets out a tape-line an' measures the distance between the marks o' his boots an' his stride is a yard-an'-a-half an' his feet runs fourteen inches by six!

I lingers around just to see what'll happen an' present Jimmy looks me up.

"That lanky guy's been down the menoo twice, Boss, an', Olga says he won't settle up. Shall I—?"

"Not at all," says I. "He's eatin' on the house—to-night."

"He's askin' for cigars—"

"Ask him does he want the Flor de Fino or the Panatella de Gwotomayala."

"He prefers the El Fino," reports Jimmy, comin' back.

"Here—give him the rest o' the box," says I, shovin' same into Jimmy's hand an' wavin' him hence.

When Cephus comes out with the cigar box tucked under his arm an' one o' the weeds between his teeth I knows he's hopeless. He's proceedin' to make a farewell speech an' to move a vote o' thanks, when I cuts him short an' goes out into the fresh air as quick as I can.

"Shades o' little B. Barks!" thinks I. "What have we in our midst?"

I PROCEEDS to take a good long walk.

I goes clean down the valley trail till the camp's behind me complete an' then I climbs up to a little ledge an' gets out my pipe. I aint no more 'n taken a couple o' puffs when I notes down in the crick bottom a little brown tent nestlin' back in the aspens with a thin column o' smoke curlin' up in front.

I aint pretendin' to know all the prospectors an' miners an' Indians as happens to pitch camp in an' around Clover Bar an' I'm about to dismiss said brown tent from further attention in favor o' lettin' Cephus Crabtree occupy my thoughts exclusive when I notes said party hisself stridin' straight for the tent, havin' just turned in from the valley trail.

An' while I'm lookin' a woman comes sudden out o' the tent an' stands waitin' for Cephus with her arms on her hips. There's somethin' so forbiddin' in her attitude that I can't help lookin' on an' present they starts quarrellin' to beat four of a kind. An' the first thing I knowed she'd run back into the tent an' comes out with a fryin'-pan in her hand an' wallops that two-column editorial over the head. He lets out a holler an' legs it for open ground with her after him.

When they has disappeared in the bushes I sits back weak an' grinnin' an' not begrudgin' Cephus his little foray after a pail o' the milk o' human kindness. In fact, I begins to understand better how a human bein' could get all wore down to skin an' bones like he was. For when a woman goes kickin' around inside the corral that way it takes a cool an' nervy wrangler to bust her proper an' no yellor leaf passin' an' repassin' other yellor leaves is goin' to accomplish same. No

wonder Cephus is talkin' 'bout his tired eyes closin' in sleep an' kind words bringin' a wan smile to his lips an' his languishin' soul foldin' its tent an' hittin' trail in the dead o' night!

I GOES back to the Silver Dollar, pon-derin' considerable on the sanded decks o' the Game o' Livin', an' I aint much more'n got there when I hears my name bein' paged all over the place. I comes out from behind a Winnipeg noospaper that's just hit camp to find myself gazin' intent at a little squat woman in a stained corduroy skirt an' a blue flannel waist. She has on a pair o' cow-girl boots an' a greasy old Stetson; but I aint mistakin' her for Little Miss Canada. I knows immediate who she is; for she has a cigar box under her arm an' she sure does look assertive.

"Your name Doolin?" she approaches direct. "Is there any place here where I can see you private?" An' she glares around at the boys the which is one an' all pausin' an' starin' somewhat.

"Step this way, ma'am," says I polite. An' I leads the way into one o' the refreshment alcoves an' orders Jimmy to mix a plain lemonade; for she's hot an' dusty, the which there's streaks on her face where she's been prespirin' free. An' darned if she aint got a moustache on her lip, the which I gazes at in awe, same bein' long enough to stroke.

She slams down the box o' cigars on the table, slams down her hand on top o' same an' gives it a shove over to me.

"He smoked six an' four got smashed; so I owes you for ten," says Mrs. Cephus Crabtree. "How much?" An' she starts fishin' out a little black purse, the which I waves aside indignant.

"Mr. Crabtree was my guest this evenin', ma'am—"

"A Crabtree is never the guest o' the licker interests!" she retorts, emphatic. "Oh, I knows your underminin' methods, Doolin, an' we may's well understand each other right now. This here paper is goin' to be run *independent*," she emphasizes. "We refuses to be subsidized by governments or railroads or commercial pirates. The Crabtrees is neither Grit nor Tory. We swings our influence accordin' to the highest thought in the best interests o' the people. We're goin' to change the name o' the paper to "Ex-celsi-or" an' start a campaign—"

"Why not go all the ways an' call it 'Sawdust,'" I injects; but she passes me without takin' notice.

"— to clean up the cess-pools o' iniquity in this place. We shall drive the cohorts o' B. Elsie Bub into the Seas o' Utter Defeat. We shall smash every bottle o' devil's brew an' every man—"

"But, lady, excuse me—"

"— every man in Clover Bar shall wear the white badge o' temp'rance upon his breast—"

"But ma'am—"

"— an' instead o' drunken brawlin' there shall be a new idear o' the responsibilities o' citizenship—"

"But askin' your pardon, ma'am—"

"— an' the horny handed Son o' Toil shall step into a larger share in this glorious heritage o' ours—"

"Sure," I nods. "An' I fully agrees with all you says, Mrs. Crabtree, an' I closes up the Silver Dollar an' goes in with you hearty for the development o'

silver linin's. An' when we has rolled all them dark clouds away we'll sink a 12-foot shaft into the pay-ore, the which I hands over my entire poke an' lives on ozone henceforth. An' we'll start a fact'ry for extractin' an' refinin' the oil from the knees an' elbows o' young an' old hornets—

I pauses, laughin'; for I'm talkin' to an empty pew, the congregation havin' rose without a word an' filed out o' church. An' it's on'y after she's been gone some time that I sudden realizes she has ignored the collection-plate entire an' has been blusfin' pure 'bout payin' for them cigars an' the dinner with which the licker interests was tryin' to undermine the freedom o' the press!

TIME passed, as they say in books. Six weeks of it went streamin' past the winder. Six tongue-tin' tangles o' this here *Excelsior* was printed an' circulated in an' around camp till most o' the citizens was sore from laughin' an' the rest was likewise sore, but from bein' laughed at. For this here "Cassandra Crabtree, Editor,"* sure has took the bit in her teeth an' gone lopin' down the trail after B. Elsie Bub with a gun in each hand. She starts in to clean up them cess-pools o' iniquity she's talkin' about an' there's times when she seems to know so much what actual happens that she has some worthy citizens guessin' an' she has Jake Bellamy goin' around at the rate o' a couple o' hundred revolutions a minute an' threatenin' at each revolute to fly off the handle, boil over an' scald somebody—the which aint worryin' the respectable element none.

Final Jake comes up to my place o' his own accord an' uninvited an' I aint no more'n gettin' my wind back from the surprise o' the visit when I loses it again, notin' the change in Jake. His cigar is back at its usual cock-sure tilt on one side o' his scarred mouth an' he's wearin' his thumbs in the arm-holes o' his leather vest. An' he proceeds to hit me a slap on the back like him an' me was old friends, the which I never liked the feller. He winks knowin' an' looks around for a corner where we can talk to ourselves.

"Why the undiluted spirits?" grunts I, signifin' a table an' orderin' the high-ball he's wantin'. "Cordin' to last week's Shavin's you was all run down an' bout ready to crate up an' depart from our midst."

"You seen that damned eddytoral las' week. Well, lamp the noo spel." An' Bellamy hauls a fresh-printed copy o' the current *Excelsior* from his pocket an' leers at me with his good eye so triumphant I starts readin' eager where he points.

An' darned if it aint a long apology for "misunderstandin'" Bellamy an' his cussed establishment, the which Cassandra proceeds to describe as an "amusement palace," so careful conducted that frequent disorderly-inclined "patrons" was threew out into the street for not behavin' theirselves like gentlemen. An' she's speakin' o' "Mr. Bellamy, our worthy citizen" an' "Mr. Bellamy, our popular theaytre magnet" an' "Mr. Bellamy who is performin' such yeomanry service to the citizens o' Clover Bar in enlivenin' the dull monotony o' mountain-town life."

"How'sat? Some class, eh?"

"There's on'y one thing she's left out," I remarks slow. "She aint said nothin' bout your church connections."

BELLAMY haw-haws, sarcasticness rollin' off him like water on grease. He turns a page an' points to another piece the which I reads thoughtful. For it's labelled "Judge Not," an' it's the dog-gonedest line o' arg'ment in favor o' booze I ever heerd an' quotin' Scripture to prove a little wine for the stomach's sake is right an' proper. An' it tells what a feller named Martin Luther sayd 'bout the man bein' a fool who didn't love wine, women an' song. An' it gives a list o' some o' the world's great men who has been drinkin' wine ever sinst they was babies.

By this time Cassandra's warmin' to her subject an' the idear o' man drinkin' water like an ox when he can get wine seems to be the most ridic'lous thing she ever heerd of. An' she proceeds to offer up a prayer for them poor ignorant ladies what isn't sufficient grateful for the blessin's bestowed on mankind, objectin' to the cheerin' gifts o' wine while they goes off on a toot of extravagance in dress till their husbands is driven to suicide. An' she winds up with a complete exposure o' spiral springs an' cotton battin', false hair, false teeth, false colorin' an' false ideas an' ideals.

Rememberin' all the things this Cassandra woman has been hammerin' at durin' the past five weeks o' her campaign against B. Elsie Bub, I'm absolute speechless. I hands back the paper to Bellamy an' looks at him hard, the which he grins wider.

"Mebbe I aint got them Crabapple people where I wants 'em, eh? Mebbe this old nanny editor o' ours aint eatin' out o' my hand, eh?"

"How'd you fix it?" I enquires quiet, already suspectin' a thing or two.

"Coin," laughs Jake. "The little old mazuma. I pays her two hundred bones down, balance next week—a thousand altogether an' I'm to own the paper complete. An' do you know what ownin' a noospaper means, Doolin? Politics! An' you knows what that means 'thout me tellin' you.

"Now, let's get right down to cases on this here thing, Andy. I come up to offer you a chanst to get in an' get in right, y'understand. I's talkin' to McPhee not long ago an' it'll be a cinch to organize this here district to the King's taste. I offers you the chanst to come in with me on this proposition. We're both in this business together, y'understand, an' if we pulls together we owns the whole works. You can be the Member for the Provincial House or go to Ottawa, whichever you likes. I'll be the Member for the one you aint wantin' an' how's that for playin' the game square? There's my cards, face up, old scout, an' it's your lead."

I looks acrost at Mr. Bellamy, our worthy citizen an' popular theaytre magnet, an' my risin' anger begins to ooze.

"I aint never mixed in politics, Bellamy," I frowns, cold, "an' if I ever does it won't be the kind you play. Now get this straight so's you won't ever be makin' the mistake again. You'n me aint got nothin' in common. This here booze game is bad enough when it's played on the level, the which I tries to run my place decent. The time's comin' when booze is goin' into the discard—

"Aw, come off!"

"I'm statin' a fact, Bellamy. An' I'm goin' to tell you somethin' else. The time's comin' when there'll be a shootin' or somethin' like that as'll wake up this

camp to the kind o' joint you're conductin' down there an' you'll be run out o' this here camp so fast you'll lose your breath—

"Haw-haw-haw!"

"An' I don't mind addin' that if the chanst comes I'll do what I can to wipe you out an' obliterate you complete from the environs o' this here camp, the which you are pollutin'—"

"You will, eh?"

"Why, you poor little cigar-butt! You miserable puddle o' stale beer an' doctored boozero! D'you think I aint knowin' what's goin' on? D'you think I'm goin' to mix up with the likes o' you in a dirty game o' flim-flam an' grafts?"

I rises an' brings down my fist on the table so hard his glass is knocked off an' smashes on the floor.

"I reproaches myself for bein' seen talkin' to you this long an' I strongly advises you to get back where you belongs as fast as you know," I finishes.

"You can't bluff me, Doolin," brazens Bellamy, so mad he's red in the face. "You just start somethin' with me an' you'll get yours."

"You has half a minute to get out afore you're thrown out. Vamoose!" I snaps.

I sits down an' lights a cigar an' pulls out my watch. When I looks up final Bellamy has gone.

IMMEDIATELY I calls Jimmy over an' tells him to have a basket o' grub packed, consistin' o' sandwiches, pies an' cakes an' to throw in a bottle o' claret an' a bottle o' rye, same to be delivered down to the *Excelsior* office as soon as ready. Then I puts on a hat an' goes up street to Jeff Hazlitt's office, the which he is an attorney in an' out o' law.

He has the papers all ready, as I has instructed him near a week ago; so we meanders down to the shack where the Crabtrees has been slingin' ink so promisc'ous an' proceeds to serve attachment on the entire plant, foreclosin' same complete.

"You has been here six weeks too long," I sayd to Cassandra straight out. "You has used up a lot o' paper an' ink as was on these here premises afore you came an' you has not used it judicious. You takes possession without payin' a cent an' you gives a worthless note for this here layout, amount o' same bein' \$500 on'y. The thirty days on that there note to B. Birks was up afore you arrives an' you has been equal ignorin' o' the graceful days which follered. Why aint you paid up them obligations?"

"Please, gentlemen, we aint got the money," says Cephus, wipin' ink off his hands an' lookin' at us kind o' scared. He turns to Cassandra implorin'ly an' I sure am surprised to see how meek that he-she woman is behavin', her just shakin' her head sad.

"If things had been different I might o' let you stay on here gettin' out this paper, the which I owns entire, me havin' paid full cash on that there purchase note Crabtree gives to B. Birks—to help him on his weddin' trip. But when you starts in blasphemin' in cold print, tryin' to defend booze by quotin' Scripture— Do you hear me, Mrs. Crabtree?" I thunders.

She just nods an' shrinks an' Cephus slides over to her an' they both shrinks back against the wall, starin' at Hazlitt an' me, apparent scared bad.

"When you starts in sellin' out your

Continued on Page 82.

The Old, Old Story of How Five Men Went Fishing

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Further Foolishness," "Moonbeams of the Larger Lunacy," etc.

Illustrated by F. Horsman Varley

THIS is a plain account of a fishing party. It is not a story. There is no plot. Nothing happens in it and nobody is hurt. The only point of this narrative is its peculiar truth. It not only tells what happened to us,—the five people concerned in it—but what has happened and is happening to all the other fishing parties that at this time of year from Halifax to Vancouver, go gliding out on the unruffled surface of Canadian lakes in the still cool of early summer morning.

We decided to go in the early morning because there is a popular belief that the early morning is the right time for bass fishing. The bass is said to bite in the early morning. Perhaps it does. In fact the thing is almost capable of scientific proof. The bass does not bite between eight and twelve. It does not bite between twelve and six in the afternoon. Nor does it bite between six o'clock and midnight. All these things are known facts. The inference is that the bass bites furiously at about daybreak.

At any rate our party were unanimous about starting early. "Better make an early start," said the Colonel when the idea of the party was suggested. "Oh yes," said George Popley, the Bank Manager, "We want to get right out on the shoal while the fish are biting."

When he said this all our eyes glistened. Everybody's do. There's a thrill in

But there was good fishing in the bars—all winter



the words. To "get out right on the shoal at daybreak when the fish are biting," is an idea that goes to any man's brain.

If you listen to the men talking in a Pullman car, or a hotel corridor, or better still, at the little tables in a first-class bar, you will not listen long before you hear one say—"Well, we got out early, just after sunrise, right on the shoal." . . . And presently, even if you can't hear him you will see him reach out his two hands and hold them about two feet apart for the other man to admire. He is measuring the fish. No, not the fish they caught; this was the big one that they lost. But they had him right up to the top of the water: Oh, yes, he was up to the top of the water all right. The number of huge fish that have been heaved up to the top of the water in our Canadian lakes is almost incredible. Or at least it used to be when we still had bar rooms and little tables for serving that vile stuff Scotch whiskey and such foul things as gin rickies and John Collins. It makes one sick to think of it, doesn't it? But there was good fishing in the bars, all winter.

BUT, as I say, we decided to go early in the morning. Charlie Jones, the railroad man, said that he remembered how when he was a boy, round Bobcaygeon, they used to get out at five in the morning,—not get up at five but be on the shoal at five. It appears that there is a shoal near Bobcaygeon where the bass lie in thousands. Kernin, the lawyer, said that when he was a boy,—this was on Lake Rosseau—they used to get out at four. It seems there is a shoal in Lake Rosseau where you can haul up the bass as fast as

you can drop your line. The shoal is hard to find,—very hard, Kernin can find it, but it is doubtful—so I gather,—if any other living man can. The Bobcaygeon shoal, too, is very difficult to find. Once you find it, you are alright, but its hard to find. Charlie Jones can find it. If you were in Bobcaygeon right now he'd take you straight to it, but probably no other person now alive could reach that shoal. In the same way Colonel Morse knows of a shoal in Lake Simcoe where he used to fish years and years ago and which, I understand, he can still find.

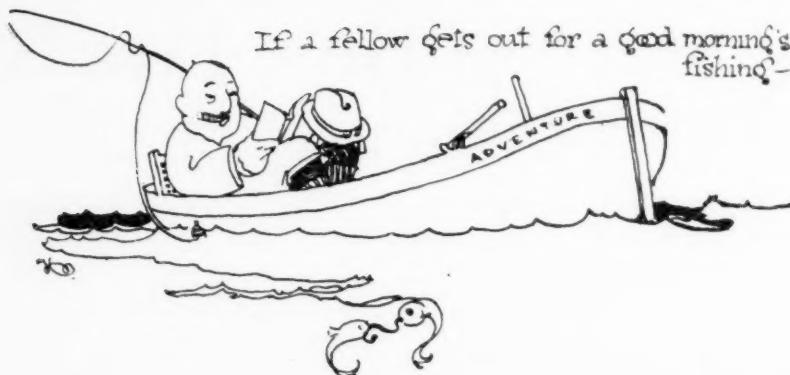
I have mentioned that Kernin is a lawyer, and Jones a railroad man and Popley a banker. But I needn't have. Any reader would take it for granted. In any Canadian fishing party there is always a lawyer. You can tell him at sight. He is the one of the party that has a landing net and a steel rod in sections with a wheel that is used to wind the fish to the top of the water.

And there is always a banker. You can tell him by his good clothes. Popley, in the bank, wears his banking suit. When he goes fishing he wears his fishing suit. It is much better, because his banking suit has ink marks on it, and his fishing suit has no fish marks on it.

As for the Railroad Man,—quite so, the reader knows it as well as I do,—you can tell him because he carries a pole that he cut in the bush himself, with a ten cent line wrapped round the end of it. Jones says he can catch as many fish with this kind of line as Kernin can with his patent rod and wheel. So he can, too. Just the same number.

But Kernin says that with his patent





If a fellow gets out for a good morning's fishing—

apparatus if you get a fish on you can *play* him. Jones says to Hades with *playing* him: give him a fish on his line and he'll haul him in alright. Kernin says he'd lose him. But Jones says *he* wouldn't. In fact he *guarantees* to haul the fish in. Kernin says that more than once (in Lake Rosseau) he has played a fish for over half an hour. I forget now why he stopped; I think the fish quit playing.

I have heard Kernin and Jones argue this question of their two rods, as to which rod can best pull in the fish, for half an hour. Others may have heard the same question debated. I know no way by which it could be settled.

OUR arrangement to go fishing was made at the little golf club of our summer town on the verandah where we sit in the evening. Oh, its just a little place, nothing pretentious: the links are not much good for golf; in fact we don't play much golf there, so far as golf goes, and of course we don't serve meals at the club, its not like that, and no, we've nothing to drink there because of prohibition. But we go and sit there. It is a good place to sit, and, after all, what else can you do in Ontario?

So it was there that we arranged the party.

The thing somehow seemed to fall into the mood of each of us. Jones said he had been hoping that some of the boys would get up a fishing party. It was apparently the one kind of pleasure that he really cared for. For myself I was delighted to get in with a crowd of regular fishermen like these four. Especially as I hadn't been out fishing for nearly ten years: though fishing is a thing I am passionately fond of. I know no pleasure in life like the sensation of getting a four pound bass on the hook and hauling him up to the top of the water, to weigh him. But, as I say, I hadn't been out for ten years: Oh, yes, I live right beside the water every summer, and yes, certainly—I am saying so—I am passionately fond of fishing, but still somehow I hadn't been *out*. Every fisherman knows just how that happens. The years have a way of slipping by. Yet I must say I was surprised to find that so keen a sport as Jones hadn't been *out*,—so it presently appeared,—for eight years. I had imagined he practically lived on the water. And Colonel Morse and Kernin,—I was amazed to find,—hadn't been out for twelve years, not since the day (so it came out in conversation) when they went out together in Lake Rosseau and Kernin landed a perfect monster, a regular corker, five pounds and a half, they said: or no, I don't think he *landed* him. No, I remember, he didn't *land* him. He caught

him,—and he *could* have landed him,—he should have landed him,—but he *didn't* land him. That was it. Yes, I remember Kernin and Morse had a slight discussion about it,—Oh, perfectly friendly,—as to whether Morse had fumbled with the net—or whether Kernin—the whole argument was perfectly friendly—had made an ass of himself by not "striking" soon enough. Of course the whole thing was so long ago, that both of them could look back on it without any bitterness or ill nature. In fact it amused them. Kernin said it was the most laughable thing he ever saw in his life to see poor old Jack (that's Morse's name) shoving away with the landing net wrong side up. And Morse said he'd never forget seeing poor old Cronyn yanking his line first this way and then that and not knowing where to try to haul it. It made him laugh to look back at it.

THEY might have gone on laughing for quite a time but Charlie Jones interrupted by saying that in his opinion a landing net is a piece of darned foolishness. Here Popley agrees with him. Kernin objects that if you don't use a net you'll lose your fish at the side of the boat. Jones says no: give him a hook well through the fish and a stout line in his hand and that fish has *got* to come in. Popley says so too. He says let him have his hook fast through the fish's head with a short stout line, and put him (Popley) at the other end of that line and that fish will come in. It's *got* to. Otherwise Popley will know why. That's the alternative. Either the fish must come in or Popley must know why. There's no escape from the logic of it.



—The alternative—

But perhaps some of my readers have heard the thing discussed before.

So as I say we decided to go the next morning and to make an early start. All of the boys were at one about that. When I say "boys" I use the word as it is used in fishing to mean people from say forty-five to sixty-five. There is something about fishing that keeps men young. If a fellow gets out for a good morning's fishing, forgetting all business worries, once in a while,—say once in ten years—it keeps him fresh.

We agreed to go in a launch, a large launch,—to be exact the largest in the town. We could have gone in row boats, but a row boat is a poor thing to fish from. Kernin said that in a row boat it is impossible properly to "play" your fish. The side of the boat is so low that the fish is apt to leap over the side into the boat when half "played." Popley said that there is no *comfort* in a row boat. In a launch a man can reach out his feet and take it easy. Charlie Jones said that in a launch a man could rest his back against something and Morse said that in a launch a man could rest his neck. Young inexperienced boys, in the small sense of the word, never think of these things. So they go out and after a few hours their necks get tired. Whereas a group of expert fishers in a launch can rest their backs and necks and even fall asleep during the pauses when the fish stop biting.

Anyway all the "boys" agreed that the great advantage of a launch would be that we could get a *man* to take us. By that means the man could see to getting the worms, and the man would be sure to have share lines, and the man could come along to our different places,—we were all beside the water,—and pick us up. In fact the more we thought about the advantage of having a "man" to take us the better we liked it.

As a boy gets old he likes to have a man about to do the work. Anyway Frank Rolls, the man we decided to get, not only has the biggest launch in town but what is more Frank *knows* the lake. We called him up at his boat house over the phone and said we'd give him five dollars to take us out first thing in the morning provided that he knew the shoal. He said he knew it.

I DON'T know, to be quite candid about it, who mentioned whiskey first. In these days everybody has to be a little careful. I imagine we had all been *thinking* whiskey for some time before anybody said it. But there is a sort of convention that when men go fishing they must have whiskey. Each man makes the pretence that the one thing he needs at six o'clock in the morning is cold raw whiskey. It is spoken of in terms of affection. One may say that the first thing you need if you're going fishing is a good "snort" of whiskey: another says that a good "snifter" is the very thing and the others agree. No man can fish properly without "a horn," or a "bracer" or an "eye-opener." Each man really decides that he himself won't take any. But he feels that in a collective sense, the "boys" need it.

So it was with us. The Colonel said he'd bring along "a bottle of booze." Popley said, no, let *him* bring it; Kernin said let *him*; and Charlie Jones said no, he'd bring it. It turned out that the Colonel had some very good Scotch at his house that he'd like to bring: oddly enough Pop-

ley had some good Scotch in his house too; and, queer though it is, each of the boys had Scotch in his house. When the discussion closed we knew that each of the five of us was intending to bring a bottle of Scotch whiskey. Each of the five of us expected the others to drink one and a quarter bottles in the course of the morning. I suppose we must have talked on that verandah till long after one in the morning. It was probably nearer two than one when we broke up.

But we agreed that that made no difference. Popley said that for him three hours sleep, the right kind of sleep, was far more refreshing than ten. Kernin said that a lawyer learns to snatch his sleep when he can, and Jones said that in railroad work a man pretty well cuts out sleep.

So we had no alarms whatever about not being ready by five. Our plan was simplicity itself. Men like ourselves in responsible positions learn to organize things easily. In fact Popley says it is that faculty that has put us where we are. So the plan simply was that Frank Rolls should come along at five o'clock and blow his whistle in front of our places, and at that signal each man would come down to his wharf with his rod and kit and so we'd be off to the shoal without a moment's delay.

The weather we ruled out. It was decided that even if it rained that made no difference. Kernin said that fish bite better in the rain. And everybody agreed that a man with a couple of snorts in him need have no fear of a little rain water.

So we parted, all keen on the enterprise, nor do I think even now that there



was anything faulty or imperfect in that party as we planned it.

I heard Frank Rolls blowing his infernal whistle opposite my summer cottage at some ghastly hour in the morning. Even without getting out of bed, I could see from the window that it was no day for fishing. No, not raining exactly. I don't mean that, but one of those peculiar days; I don't mean *wind*, there was no wind but a sort of feeling in the air that showed anybody who understands bass fishing that it was a perfectly rotten day for going out. The fish, I seemed to know it, wouldn't bite.

When I was still fretting over the annoyance of the disappointment I heard

Frank Rolls blowing his whistle in front of the other cottages. I counted thirty whistles altogether. Then I fell into a light doze—not exactly sleep, but a sort of *doze*—I can find no other word for it. It was clear, to me that the other "boys" had thrown the thing over. There was no use in my trying to go out alone. I stayed where I was, my doze lasting till ten o'clock.

When I walked up town later in the morning I couldn't help being struck by the signs in the butchers' shops and the restaurants, FISH, FRESH FISH, FRESH LAKE FISH.

Where in blazes do they get those fish anyway?

TO MY LOST JEAN

By JAMES L. HUGHES

Dear Jean, I often sit and dream
Of flowers that bloomed beside the stream
In which I paddled free, alone,
When earth and sky were all my o'er.
More exquisite the flowers grew,
Year after year until with you,
I walked one great June day. We took
The path beside my singing brook,
Across the valley to the glen;
And in the gloaming back again.

Enchanted by your charm each flower
Responded with its highest power.
Marsh marigold with yellow gleam
Outlined the margin of the stream;
Lobelia, cardinal and blue,
Unfurled bright flags to welcome you;
The jewel-weed and bellwort, too,
Swung their sweet bells to ring for you;
The violets and blue eyed grass
Smiled shyly, when they saw you pass;
The crane's bill and anemone
Opened their hearts that you might see;
The meadow-sweet and meadow rue
In intertwining beauty grew;
The trumpetweed and turtlehead
Stood high "to kiss your hand," they said.

When we had reached the rocky glen,
We left the singing stream, and then
Wake-rabins white, pink columbine,
And bloodroot to their bower fine
Invited us to rest, where we
The wide, rich meadowland could see.
The mountain fringe high on the trees
Waved gracefully upon the breeze,
And sitting there we looked away
Across a field of white that day.
Ten thousand marguerites were there
Bowing, their greetings to declare;
And groups of blackeyed Susans told
Their love from lips of purest gold.
My heart awoke to glory new,
And I, too, told my love to you.
We cut two sprays of eglantine;
You gave me yours, I gave you mine.

Oh! nevermore can heart glow be
So sweet as on that day to me.
The flowers may bloom as fair as then,
But you can never come again.
With heart so sore and grief so deep,
Jean, when at last you fell asleep,
I took your dear, cold hand in mine
And in it shut our eglantine.

The Gun Brand

A Story of the North

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"I SUSPECTED and passed! And why? Because they were *your* goods, and the men of the Mounted have yet to suspect you. The inspection was perfunctorily made. And as for the manifest—I did not say it was your whisky. I said, 'whisky from your storehouse.' It was Lapierre's whisky. And he succeeded in running it in by the boldest, and at the same time the cleverest and safest method—disguised as your freight. Tell me this: Did you check your pieces upon their arrival at your storehouse?"

"No; Lapierre did that, or Lefroy."

"And Lapierre, having first ascertained that I was far on the caribou trail, succeeded in slipping the whisky to my Indians, but he—"

"Mr. Lapierre was with me! Accuse him and you accuse me, also. He brought me here because I wished to see for myself the condition of your Indians—the condition of which I had so often heard."

"Was Lefroy, also, with you?"

"Lefroy was away upon a mission, and that mission was to capture two others of your ilk—two whisky-runners!"

MacNair laughed harshly. "Good Lefroy!" he exclaimed in derision. "Great God, you are a fool! You yourself saw Lefroy and his satellites rushing wildly for the shelter of the timber, when I unexpectedly appeared among them." The light of exultation leaped into his eyes. "I killed two of them, but Lefroy escaped. Lapierre timed his work well. And had it not been that one of my Indians, who was a spy in Lapierre's camp, learned of his plan and followed me across the barrens, Lapierre would have had ample time, after the destruction of my fort, to have scattered my Indians to the four winds. When I learned of his plot I forced the trail as I never had forced a trail, in the hope of arriving in time to prevent the catastrophe. I reached the fort too late to save my Indians from your human wolf-pack, their homes from the flames, and my buildings and my property from destruction. But, thank God, it is not too late to wreak my vengeance upon the enemies of my people! For the trail is hot, and I will follow it, if need be, to the end of the earth."

"Your love for your Indians is, indeed, touching. I witnessed a demonstration of that love last night, when you battered and kicked and hurled them about in their drunken and helpless condition. But, tell me, what will become of them while you are following your trail of blood—the trail you so fondly imagine will terminate in the death of Lapierre, but which will, as surely and inevitably as justice itself, lead you to a prison cell, if not the gallows?"

MacNair regarded the girl almost

fiercely. "I must leave my Indians," he answered, "for the present, to their own devices. For the simple reason that I cannot be in two places at one time."

"But their supplies were burned! They will starve!" cried the girl. "It would seem that one who really loved his Indians would have his first thought for their welfare. But no; you prefer to take the trail and kill men; men who may at some future time tell their story upon the witness-stand; a story that will not sound pretty in the telling, and that will mark the crash of your reign of tyranny. 'Safety first' is your slogan, and your Indians may starve while you murder men." The girl paused and suddenly became conscious that MacNair was regarding her with a strange look in his eyes. And at his next words she could scarcely believe her ears.

"Will you care for my Indians?"

The question staggered her. "What?" she managed to gasp.

"Just what I said," answered MacNair gruffly. "Will you care for my Indians until such time as I shall return to them—until I have ridded the north of Lapierre?"

"Do you mean," cried the astonished girl, "will I care for your Indians—the same Indians who attacked my school—who only last night fought like fiends among themselves, and burned their own homes?"

"Just that!" answered MacNair. "The Indian who warned me of Lapierre's plot told me, also, of the arrival of your supplies—sufficient, he said, to feed the whole north. You will not lose by it. Name your own price, and I shall pay whatever you ask."

"Price!" flashed the girl. "Do you think I would take your gold—the gold that has been wrung from the hearts' blood of your Indians?"

"On your own terms, then," answered MacNair. "Will you take them? Surely this arrangement should be to your liking. Did you not tell me yourself, upon the occasion of our first meeting, that you intended to use every means in your power to induce my Indians to attend your school? That you would teach them that they are free? That they owe allegiance and servitude to no man? That you would educate, and show them they were being robbed and cheated and forced into serfdom? That you intended to appeal to their better natures, to their manhood and womanhood? I think those were your words. Did you not say that? And did you mean it? Or was it the idle boast of an angry woman?"

Chloe interrupted him. "Yes, I said that, and I meant it! And I mean it now!"

"You have your chance," growled MacNair. "I impose no restrictions. I shall command them to obey you; even to at-

SYNOPSIS.—*Chloe Elliston, inheriting the love of adventure and ambitions to emulate her famous grandfather, "Tiger" Elliston, who had played a big part in the civilizing of Malayaia, sets out for the Far North to establish a school and bring the light of education to the Indians and breeds of the Athabasca country. Accompanied by a companion, Harriet Penny, and a Swedish maid, Big Lena, she arrives at Athabasca Landing and engages transportation on one of the scows of Pierre Lapierre, an independent trader. Vermilion, the boss scowman, decides to kidnap the party and hold them to ransom; but Lapierre, getting wind of his plans, interrupts them at a vital moment, kills Vermilion, and rescues the girl. Predisposed in his favor, she accepts him as her mentor in the wilderness, believing all he tells her, especially about one Robert MacNair, another free-trader whom Lapierre saddles with a most villainous reputation and the epithet of "Brute." On Lapierre's advice Chloe establishes herself at the mouth of the Yellow Knife River, on Great Slave Lake, and starts to building her school, et cetera. Then Brute MacNair turns up and warns her to leave his Indians alone. She defies him, and later starts for his post at Snare Lake. Meeting MacNair just before she gets there, they have an interview, which ends when Lapierre, appearing suddenly, shoots MacNair. Chloe, in spite of Lapierre's protest, takes the wounded man to her place and nurses him. MacNair's Indians follow and attack the schoolhouse, defended by Lapierre's Indians. MacNair, though barely recovered from his wound, takes them back to Snare Lake. On the arrival of Lapierre with the winter supplies, Chloe asks him to go with her to MacNair. They arrive in time to witness the whole settlement in a drunken uproar deliberately caused by Lapierre, through whose agency whiskey has been freely distributed. MacNair suddenly arrives on the scene, kicking and shooting the delinquents in an endeavor to restore order. Lapierre turns back, but the canoe gets badly damaged in the ice, and he is forced to continue his way on foot, leaving Chloe to camp for the night. She wakes up to find MacNair before her. He tells her his Indians were glutted with whiskey from her storehouse, brought by Lapierre.*

tend your school, if you wish! You will hardly have time to do them much harm. As I told you, the north is not ready for your education. But I know that you are honest. You are a fool, and the time is not far distant when you yourself will realize this; when you will learn that you have become the unwitting dupe of one of the shrewdest and most diabolical scoundrels that ever drew breath. Again I tell you that some day you and I shall be friends! At this moment you hate me. But I know it is through ignorance you hate. I have small patience with your ignorance; but, also, at this moment you are the only person in all the north with whom I would trust my Indians. Lapierre, from now on, will be past harming them. I shall see to it that he is kept so busy in the matter of saving his own hide that he will have scant time for deviltry."

STILL Chloe appeared to hesitate. And through MacNair's mind flashed the memory of the rapier-blade eyes that stared from out the dull gold frame of the portrait that hung upon the wall of

the little cottage—eyes that were the eyes of the girl before him.

"Well," he asked with evident impatience, "are you afraid of these Indians?"

The flashing eyes of the girl told him that the shot had struck home. "No!" she cried. "I am not afraid! Send your Indians to me, if you will; and when you send them, bid good-by to them forever."

MacNair nodded. "I will send them," he answered, and, turning abruptly upon his heel, disappeared into the scrub.

THE journey down the Yellow Knife consumed six days, and it was a journey fraught with many hardships for Chloe Elliston, unaccustomed as she was to trail travel. The little-used trail, following closely the bank of the stream, climbed low, rock-ribbed ridges, traversed black spruce swamps, and threaded endlessly in and out of the scrub timber. Nevertheless, the girl held doggedly to the slow pace set by the canoemen.

When at last, foot-sore and weary, with nerves a jangle, and with every muscle in her body protesting with its own devilishly ingenious ache against the overstrain of the long, rough miles and the chill misery of damp blankets, she arrived at the school, Lapierre was nowhere to be found. For the wily quarter-breed, knowing that MacNair would instantly suspect the source of the whisky, had, upon his arrival, removed the remaining casks from the storehouse, and conveyed them with all haste to his stronghold on Lac du Mort.

Upon her table in the cottage Chloe found a brief note to the effect that Lapierre had been forced to hasten to the eastward to aid Lefroy in dealing with the whisky-runners. The girl had scant time to think of Lapierre, however, for upon the morning after her arrival MacNair appeared, accompanied by a hundred or more dejected and wobegone Indians. Despite the fact that Chloe had known them only as fierce roisterers, she was forced to admit that they looked harmless and peaceful enough, under the chastening effect of a week of starvation.

MacNair wasted no time, but striding up to Chloe, who stood upon the veranda of her cottage, plunged unceremoniously into the business at hand.

"Do not misunderstand me," he began gruffly. "I did not bring my Indians here to receive the benefits of your education, nor as a sop to your anger, nor for any other reason than to procure for them food and shelter until such time as I myself can provide for them. If they were trappers this would be unnecessary. But they have long since abandoned the trap-lines, and in the whole village there could not be found enough traps to supply one-tenth of their number with the actual necessities of life. I have sent runners to the young men upon the barren grounds, with orders to continue the caribou kill and bring the meat to you here. I have given my Indians their instructions. They will cause you no trouble, and will be subject absolutely to your commands. And now, I must be on my way. I must pick up the trail of Lapierre. And when I return I shall confront you with evidence that will prove to you beyond a doubt that the words I have spoken are true!"

"And I will confront you," retorted the girl, "with evidence that will place you behind prison bars for the rest of your life!" Again Chloe saw in the gray

eyes the twinkle that held more than the suspicion of a smile.

"I think I would make but a poor prisoner," the man answered. "But if I am to be a prisoner I warn you that I will run the prison. I am MacNair!" Something in the man's look—he was gazing straight into her eyes with a peculiar intense gaze—caused the girl to start, while a sudden indescribable feeling of fear, of helplessness before this man, flashed over her. The feeling passed in an instant, and she sneered boldly into MacNair's face.

"My, how you hate yourself!" she cried. "And how long is it, Mr. Brute MacNair—" was it fancy, or did the man wince at the emphasis of the name? She repeated, with added emphasis, "Mr. Brute MacNair, since you have deemed it worth your while to furnish me with evidence? You told me once, I believe, that you cared nothing for my opinion. Is it possible that you hope at this late day to flatter me with my own importance?"

MACNAIR, in no wise perturbed, regarded her gravely. "No," he answered. "It is not that, it is—" He paused as if at a loss for words. "I do not know why," he continued, "unless, perhaps, it is because—because you have no fear of me. That you do not fear to take your life into your hands in defense of what you think is right. It may be that I have learned a certain respect for you. Certainly I do not pity you. At times you have made me very angry with your foolish blundering, until I remember it is honest blundering, and that some day you will know the north, and will know that north of sixty men are not measured by your little rule of thumb. Always I have gone my way, caring no more for the approval of others than I have for their hatred or scoffing. I know the north! Why should I care for the opinion of others? If they do not know, so much the worse for them. The reputation of being a fool injures no one. Had I not been thought a fool by the men of the Hudson Bay Company they would not have sold me the barren grounds whose sands are loaded with gold."

"And yet you said I was a fool," interrupted Chloe. "According to your theory that fact should redound to my credit."

MacNair answered without the suspicion of a smile.

"I did not say that being a fool injured no one. You are a fool. Of your reputation I know nothing, nor care." He turned abruptly on his heel, walked to the storehouse, leaving the girl, speechless with anger, standing upon the veranda of the cottage, as she watched his swinging shoulders disappear from sight around the corner of the log building.

With flushed face Chloe turned toward the river, and instantly her attention centered upon the figure of a man, who swung out of the timber and approached across the clearing in long, easy strides. She regarded the man closely. Certainly he was no one she had ever seen before. He was very near now, and at the distance of a few feet, paused and bowed, as he swept the Stetson from his head. The girl's heart gave a wild bound of joy. The man wore the uniform of the Mounted!

"Miss Elliston?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Chloe, as her glance noted the clear-cut, almost boyish lines of the weather-bronzed face.

"I am Corporal Ripley, ma'am, at your service. I happened on a Fort Rae Injun—a Dog Rib, a few days since, and he told me some kind of a yarn about a band of Yellow Knives that had attacked your post some time during the summer. I couldn't get much out of him because he could speak only a few words of English, and I can't speak any Dog Rib. Besides, you can't go much on what an Indian tells you. When you come to sift down their dope it generally turns out to be nine parts lies and the other part divided between truth, superstition, and guess-work. Constable Darling, at Fort Resolution, said he'd received no complaint, so I didn't hurry through."

With a swift glance toward the storehouse, into which MacNair had disappeared, Chloe motioned the man into the cottage. "The—the attack was nothing," she hastened to assure him. "But there is something—a complaint that I wish to make against a man who is, and has been for years, doing all in his power to debauch and brutalize the Indians of the north." The girl paced nervously up and down as she spoke, and she noted that the youthful officer leaned forward expectantly, his wide boyish eyes narrowed to slits.

"Yes," he urged eagerly, "who is this man? And have you got the evidence to back your charge? For I take it from your words you intend to make a charge."

"Yes," answered Chloe. "I do intend to make a charge, and I have my evidence. The man is MacNair. Brute MacNair he is called—"

"What! MacNair of Slave Lake—Bob MacNair of the barren grounds!"

"Yes, Bob MacNair of the barren grounds." A moment of silence followed her words. A silence during which the officer's face assumed a troubled expression.

"You are sure there is no mistake?" he asked at length.

"There is no mistake!" flashed the girl. "With my own eyes I have seen enough to convict a dozen men!"

Even as she spoke, a form passed the window, and a heavy tread sounded on the veranda. Stepping quickly to the door, Chloe flung it open, and pointing toward MacNair, who stood, rifle in hand, cried: "Officer, arrest that man!"

Corporal Ripley, who had risen to his feet, stood gazing from one to the other; while MacNair, speechless, stared straight into the eyes of the girl.

CHAPTER XVI

MACNAIR GOES TO JAIL

THE silence in the little room became almost painful. MacNair uttered no word as his glance strayed from the flushed, excited face of the girl to the figure of Corporal Ripley, who stood hat in hand, gazing from one to the other with eyes plainly troubled by doubt and perplexity.

"Well, why don't you do something?" cried the girl, at length. "It seems to me if I were a man I could think of something to do besides stand and gape!"

Corporal Ripley cleared his throat. "Do I understand," he began stiffly, "that you intend to prefer certain charges against MacNair—that you demand his arrest?"

"I should think you would understand

it!" retorted the girl. "I have told you three or four times."

The officer flushed slightly and shifted the hat from his right to his left hand. "Just step inside, MacNair," he said, and then to the girl. "I'll listen to you now, if you please? You must make specific charges, you know—not just hearsay. Arresting a man in this country is a serious matter, Miss Elliston. We are seven hundred miles from a jail, and the law expects us to use discretion in making an arrest. It don't do us any good at headquarters to bring in a man unless we can back up our charge with strong evidence, because the item of transportation of witnesses and prisoner can easily run up into big money. On the other hand it's just as bad if we fail or delay in bringing a guilty man to book. What we want is specific evidence. I don't tell you this to discourage any just complaint, but only to show you that we've got to have direct and specific evidence. Now, Miss Elliston, I'll hear what you've got to say."

Chloe sank into a chair and motioned the others to be seated. "We may as well sit down while we talk. I will try to tell you only the facts as I myself have seen them—only such as I could swear to on a witness stand." The officer bowed, and Chloe plunged directly into the subject.

"In the first place," she began, "when I brought my outfit in I noticed in the scows, certain pieces with the name of MacNair painted on the burlap. The rest of the outfit, I think, consisted wholly of my own freight. I wondered at the time who MacNair was, but didn't make any inquiries until I happened to mention the matter to Mr. Lapierre. That was on Slave River. Mr. Lapierre seemed very much surprised that any of MacNair's

goods should be in his scows. He examined the pieces and then with an ax smashed them in. They contained whisky."

"And he destroyed it? Can you swear it was whisky?" asked the officer.

"Certainly, I can swear it was whisky! I saw it and smelled it."

"Can you explain why Lapierre did not know of these pieces, until you called his attention to them?"

Chloe hesitated a moment and tapped nervously on the table with her fingers. "Yes," she answered, "I can. Mr. Lapierre took charge of the outfit only that morning."

"Who was the boss scowman? Who took the scows down the Athabasca?"

"A man named Vermilion. He was a half-breed, I think. Anyway, he was a horrible creature."

"Where is Vermilion now?"

Again Chloe hesitated. "He is dead," she answered. "Mr. Lapierre shot him. He shot him in self-defense, after Vermilion had shot another man."

The officer nodded, and Chloe called upon Big Lena to corroborate the statement that Lapierre had destroyed certain whisky upon the bank of Slave Lake. "Is that all?" asked the officer.

"No, indeed!" answered Chloe. "That isn't all! Only last week, I went to visit MacNair's fort on Snare Lake in company with Mr. Lapierre and Lena, and four canoemen. We got there shortly after dark. Fires had been built on the beach—many of them almost against the walls of the stockade. As we drew near we heard loud yells and howlings, that sounded like the cries of animals, rather than of human beings. We approached very close to the shore where the figures of the Indians were distinctly visible by the light of the leaping flames. It was then we realized that a wild orgy of indescribable debauchery was in progress. The Indians were raving drunk. Some lay upon the ground in a stupor—others danced and howled and threw firebrands about in reckless abandon."

"We dared not land, but held the canoe off shore and watched the horrible scene. We had not long to wait before the inevitable happened. The whirling firebrands falling among the cabins and against the walls of the stockade started a conflagration, which soon spread to the storehouse. And then MacNair appeared on the scene, rushing madly among the Indians, striking, kicking, and hurling them about. A few sought to save themselves by escaping to the timber. And, jerking a rifle from the hand of an Indian, MacNair fired twice at the flee-

Continued on page 67.

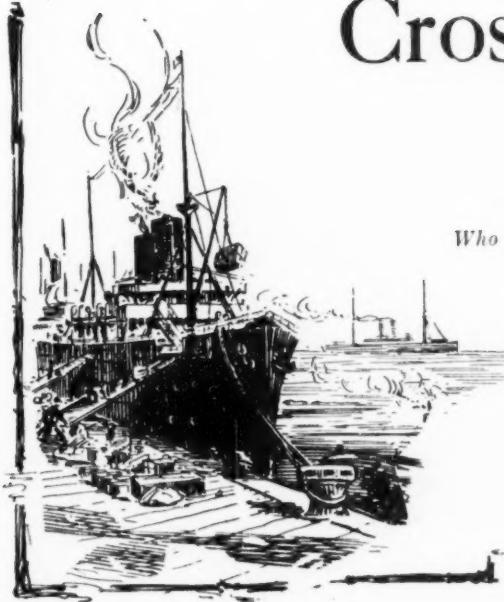


When she spoke her voice rang hard with scorn.

Cross Currents in War Preparations

By Agnes C. Laut

Who wrote "Lords of the North," "The Hudson's Bay Co.," etc.



EVERYONE will recall the chaotic confusion in which war preparations plunged Great Britain for the first year. The United States are passing the same phase now. It is a waste of breath to say they should have avoided the blunders of the Allies and profited by their mistakes. They should but they are not, mainly because a great democracy with its cross-currents of interacting influences is the clumsiest machine ever devised for getting things done.

On the surface, things seem to be going ahead. Down below the surface—deep below the surface, where the real experts are working beyond hearing of the political clamor above—real things are being done; but between these two layers of action there is what Sir Henry Babbington Smith called when he was out on England's first loan mission absolute chaos.

For instance, on the surface as indications of War preparation's speedometer:

The Americans have enrolled ten million men of military age. Before these words appear, they will have drafted between 600,000 and 800,000 for active service by January first.

They have already sent Pershing and his army of 30,000 more or less, who were in Mexico, to an American sector of the fighting line in France.

They have raised two billion dollars of the Liberty Loan and will have launched another loan for a larger amount by September.

They have loaned the Allies almost two billion dollars in a year.

They are now furnishing Russia with complete railroad equipment to the starvation of rail needs in their own country; and the mission from the United States has done much to stabilize Russia on the side of the Allies in the War.

They have completed 550 submarine chasers and are completing submarine chasers at the rate of three a day. On this work alone, they have more than 12,000 men employed.

They have commissioned 87 enemy ships that were interned and appropriated \$500,000,000 for the construction of a cargo fleet to feed the Allies, whether the

fleet be wooden or steel is not yet certain. Contracts have been let for 300 ships in all.

And they have appropriated \$600,000,000 just as a preliminary flier, to get a fleet of aeroplanes under way.

Also, they are building at the pace of boom towns, military encampments to house and train two million men. There are 16 of these cantonments, each to have 40,000 men at a time, as the various calls go through the mill of training.

And they have ordered the equipment for these men, four million boots, twenty million rifles, thousands of Lewis guns, motor trucks, motor ambulances, tenting, uniforms, ammunitions, hospital supplies. For hospital supplies, in the matter of the Red Cross alone, we have raised over \$100,000.

As to food, though the Food Bill has been juggled and thimble-rigged by every self-seeking interest in the country, though it has had tin tacks and steel and copper and cotton and oil and coal stuck on to it by the fast-sticking glue of trickery interests—till President Wilson and Hoover hardly know whether it is a food bill, or a crazy patch work badly stained with beers and whiskys—though the Food Bill has been juggled and thimble-rigged, the fact standing out is—without any maximum or minimum prices guaranteed, with labor the scarcest ever known and at the highest price ever known, and with seed at Klondike levels, the farmers have put in big enough crops to guarantee against world famine. Please notice I did not say to guarantee no scarcity of food and no high prices; for the crop has all gone in very late, and the season has been the coldest for ten years; but there is enough food to guarantee against famine. In any event, Russia's adherence to the Allies and her recent brilliant victories assure European nations a Russian supply of food.

Enough to prove that War's speedometer has been registering things done, many of them, and the pace still full power on headed for Europe.

NOW go down to the unseen layers of action, where the experts are silently working.

Such arrangements have been made for the draft by a jury wheel that no favoritism can possibly be shown. Slackers cannot escape through pull. No man can become an officer through political influences. The Army, which was under 80,000 muster when War was declared, is now over 200,000; and the Navy, which was 18,000 men short at Christmas is now up to the full muster.

The 87 alien vessels, which were seized are now ready to transport 2 million troops across the Atlantic in a year. It

is the mockery of fate that the great passenger vessels, which Germany constructed to monopolize the immigrant traffic of Europe, are now to be used to transport Germany's foes back to the firing line to fight against her. Here, the problem for the silent worker has been, not to get soldiers and mariners, but common sailors to man the great merchant fleet that has suddenly come into Uncle Sam's possession; and the foolish Navigation Laws which hampered America's merchant marine, passed to curry favor with the Labor Unions, are being abrogated under stress of War so quietly that the public is hardly aware of what the changes mean. For instance, the Seaman's Law prohibited foreigners acting as officers on American vessels. This law has been lifted to permit sailors and officers of the Allied nations acting under the American flag—which means that Nova Scotians and Great Lakes sailors and Newfoundlanders will henceforth man Uncle Sam's merchant fleet. Another foolish law prohibited vessels under foreign flags engaging in American coastal trade. That is, a vessel under a foreign flag could come to an American port and go out from that port; but it could not go from port to port in the United States. The consequence was that the railroads got control of all the coastal lines in the United States and promptly jacked up water rates to equal land rates which pretty nearly abolished canal and river traffic in the United States. Under stress of War, this law has been abrogated from the Great Lakes; and it is only a matter of time, when it will be abrogated from the sea coast. To the inlander, that means nothing. To the coast shipper, it means everything. If Canadian and British wind-jammers, for instance, could cruise from point to point along the coast through Panama, it would mean thriving days for them. To the Texas lumberman, it would mean that he could put his lumber as cheaply on the New York market as Washington can by rail. To the buyer of lumber, it would mean \$10 to \$15 less a thousand in the East.

These are changes the experts are working on without any shouting from house tops. When you come to rebuild Northern France and Belgium, lumber by rail across the continent would be prohibitive; by water, it would be cheap enough for the impoverished buyer. The reaction of this on British Columbia mills need not be told.

IN the system of training for officers, the tendency has been more and more to conform to British manuals as to units of men, equipment, guns, rifles, etc. If the country had been loudly fan-fared with the information that Uncle Sam was standardizing his equipment to John Bull's, you would have had Irish-Americans and German-Americans clawing chunks out of

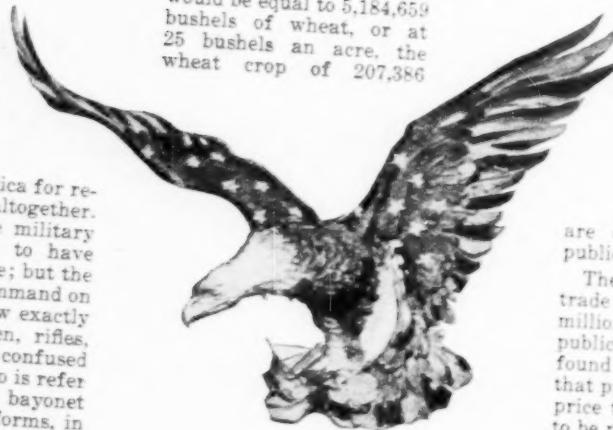
the air; but very quietly, the experts have been at work standardizing. What does that mean? It means if a Sammie, or a Teddy, breaks his rifle, or jams his field gun, or cripples his motor truck, he can have it repaired instantly on the spot on the firing line, instead of sending back to America for repair sections, or discarding altogether. The same of standardizing the military manuals. The Americans are to have their own sector in the firing line; but the British and French officers in command on each side of the sector, will know exactly how strong each unit is in men, rifles, guns, under any combination of confused action; for all they will have to do is refer to the standardized manual. In bayonet work, in trench warfare, in uniforms, in guns, the American sector will correspond with the British and French sectors. Only to-day, word has gone out to all the factories working on uniforms to cut the coats after the British pattern.

As to aeroplanes, though the engine now constructed in the United States is better adapted for training flights than fighting squadrons, American aeroplane engineers are now in France studying the 145 mile an hour machines and studying, also, the wrecks of German machines to try to learn the secret of the air ships that "zip" up in the air 20,000 feet like a shot. Once the air ship programme is under way, it is inconceivable that American mechanical genius will not equal and surpass German and French mechanical genius; for it was America that first devised the air fleet. It was war taught France and Germany the cunning of the modern air fighter; and in a very short time, the American air fleet will have all the devices of Germany's high fliers and France's long distance fliers. Still more important is the torpedo sea-plane; few people seem to have noticed the significance, but when the *Georgic* was sunk by a German torpedo plane, it was sunk by an invention of Rear-Admiral Bradley Fiske. The hydro-plane, the torpedo sea plane, and the submarine chasers seem the only weapons against the submarine; and these are American inventions. It is in modifications of these inventions that the first mechanical minds of the United States are now at work to equip a fighting force against submarines. Details of this cannot be given; but the experts, whom I like to think of as the motor power out of sight driving the ships of state, are at work.

As to the purchase of equipment for 2 million men, do you realize what it means? A pair of shoes lasts only a few weeks in the trenches. A rifle is good for a shorter period. With every man go 3 pairs of socks. The ration for an American soldier per day is—20 ounces beef, 18 ounces flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce baking powder, $2\frac{1}{4}$ ounces beans, $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces prunes, 20 ounces potatoes, $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces coffee, 3 ounces sugar, $1\frac{1}{3}$ ounce evaporated milk, vinegar, salt, pepper, cinnamon, lard, butter, syrup in portions of an ounce; but if you multiply these small quantities by an army of two millions, or even by the first 500,000 slated to be on the firing line by January, you get some totals that are astounding. Take beef, flour, potatoes!

The beef for 500,000 men for one year would be equal to a herd of 228,000 beefeers. The flour for 500,000 men for a year

would be equal to 5,184,659 bushels of wheat, or at 25 bushels an acre, the wheat crop of 207,386



acres. The potatoes for 500,000 men would equal the average crop of 608,333 acres. The buyers on the National Council of Defence have made arrangements for all this provisioning so quietly that it has caused hardly a ripple across the market. In fact, in the face of all this buying, prices have gone off about 5%. The 16 great military cantonments, which will house 40,000 men each will require more than 6 million bushels of wheat, 84 million pounds of fresh beef, 42 million pounds of pork, 2,500,000 bushels of potatoes. All this is being arranged so quietly the public has hardly awakened to what it means; and when besides the 600,000 in training in the cantonments, there are 2 million men on the firing line—requirements can be figured but hardly guessed.

In fact, if the surface speedometer shows a high pace, the sub-surface silent work shows a still higher pace.

IT is between these two layers of action that the cross-currents have kicked up all the foam and froth and confusion that are churning up in the public press and in party platforms.

The enrolment, the drafting, the training, the preparation of munitions and rifles and ammunition—the man power end of it—these things are going ahead without a jar. It is in connection with industry and labor, raw material and fabrication, that the confusion has come and such changes are impending as will not leave "one stone upon another" in the industrial world. I don't purpose offering the solution of these industrial problems. If I could, I would not be writing about them. I shall set down facts.

Take the matter of financing future loans. The first Liberty Loan was a huge success; but it was only a success because it came so near being a failure that every bank and bond house in the United States, every manufacturer and shipper, got out behind it and hoisted it so that it was oversubscribed almost a billion. But meanwhile, it was necessary to pass new revenue laws taxing excess profits as they ought to be taxed. But here is the rub. It is something like the house that Jack built. How is the Steel Trust, for instance, to subscribe \$50 millions to a second Liberty Loan if its excess profits are to be taxed? How is it to have any excess profits if it must not charge the Government on war contracts more than 10% over cost? How can it keep its prices down to 10% over pre-War cost, when it must pay 100% and 200% higher for raw

material, and 100% and 200% higher for labor? I could give the exact figures of what the steel people are paying for pig iron and what Denman has asked them and Daniels has ordered them to charge for steel; but being a lay mind, I should probably confuse the technical terms. Besides copper and shoes are examples simpler to the average public.

The Government refused to pay the trade price for copper and procured some million pounds at 16 cents as against a public price of over 30 cents; but it was found no more copper could be bought at that price; and the Government raised the price to 25 cents, 75% down, the balance to be paid if the Trade Commission found the charge did not exceed 10% profits to the copper miners. At present, the price averaged for the Government is 18c, as against 30c to the trade. Now here is what the copper miners are up against. They have been paying \$5 a day for a 7-hour day to their men; and the men are now on strike for \$6 a day for a 6-hour day. You will see if the Government is going to hold down prices on manufactured articles, it must also hold down prices on raw materials; and if it holds down prices on raw materials, it must also hold down wage demands; or the output stops altogether; and then, where are we at? We are at where we were with our farmers last spring—"scared stiff" of a world famine.

This is the real reason why all the list of follies—tin tacks, barb wire, steel, lead, zinc, cotton, oil—a nice war diet—were tacked on the Food Bill. The manufacturers wanted to force the President to declare himself—if he would regulate prices down on manufactured goods, and up on food goods, what was he prepared to do about raw material and wages? Also the farmer—if he was to produce abundance of food cheaply to save the world from famine, was the agricultural implement man also to produce abundance of machinery at a minimum price? You see where the whole policy of price fixing leads—don't you? To shallows that may wreck a war policy. And Wilson's answer to the manufacturers' demand was an invocation for all to lay aside profits and fight for freedom.

The President referred "to the greed of the shippers" and "the marine interests" in charging high ocean freights endangering victory. Now let us get back to the house that Jack built.

Why are marine freights extortionate?

Because so much tonnage has been destroyed by the submarines; because insurance is high; because risks are about 50-50; because the delays of War cause extortionate demurrage charges—high as \$5,000 a day at the docks. I know one line that has paid \$5,000 demurrage a day for 30 days.

Why has so much tonnage been destroyed by the submarines?

Because the one defence against the submarine—the one effective submarine destroyer—has been so hampered and delayed by financial Government requirements that there are not enough of them to clear the seas of submarines. I have referred to this elsewhere; but I shall give it more explicitly. In 1915, the seas were practically cleared of 84% of the German submarines by submarine chas-

ers, 550 of which were delivered from American yards. These chasers had been standardized 80 feet long, 12 beam, 4 draft, 32 tons, 220 h.p. at a speed of 14 to 19 miles, crew 10 men—very swift, deadly, sea-worthy craft. The yards standardized to these sizes. Keeping these standards, the yards could turn out 100 a day. They cleared the seas of "subs" in 1915 and not one was lost; but the British Admiralty first and then the American Navy suddenly decided they wanted 30 to 40 feet more space "for the officers' comfort." The yards had to change all their standards, and consequently can turn out only 3 "sub" destroyers a day instead of a hundred.

To go back to the house that Jack built, ocean freight rates are high because tonnage has been destroyed by submarines; and tonnage has been destroyed by submarines because there are not enough submarine destroyers; and there are not enough "sub" destroyers because departmental "sissies" and "fussies" arbitrarily changed standards and threw all the ship yards in complete confusion.

It is just such hitches and halts and jars and criss-crosses as these that have kept two \$500,000,000 contracts lying on the President's desk unsigned for more than six weeks. The manufacturers simply do not know where they are at.

I spoke of army boots of which two contracts have been let at \$4.73 a pair

for some four millions in all. Now Canadians don't need to have the word "boots" said to them. They know that the boots, which were so cheap in Canada the first year of the War, had to be "junked" in England, which is precisely what the manufacturers of Toronto warned the Purchasing Board would be done. Leather has almost doubled in price. The shoes were so cheap they were no good; but Uncle Sam is clapping minimum prices on manufactured articles; and the error is being repeated.

Much the same story could be told of the controversy between Denman and Goethals as to wooden and steel ships; and if the controversy lasts much longer, there will not be ships to carry food to Europe this fall; for raw material is going higher and higher in price, and labor is growing scarcer and scarcer.

THE censorship belongs to the same sphere of confused action. It is no longer serious. It is a howling joke. There is an adage in the New Testament about—"straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." We all did it the morning of July 4th, when the lurid account came out of the sinking of a solitary submarine. The whole country "swallowed" it, swore and had bad indigestion even before the true account came out from the American officers in command. England had sunk 84% of Germany's submarines in 1915 and

had hardly whispered the fact. Uncle Sam sank one and the censor in Washington yelled with such jubilation the people hid their heads in shame; for this censor was controlled by the same Mr. Daniels, who had refused to tell the public why the size of the submarine chasers had been changed, whether it was true the chasers built in the Government yards would not work—sank below the dead line and otherwise disported themselves like untrustworthy ships,—whether the specifications for the big navy authorized last January have been changed and held up needlessly three times, whether the Government-built ships really cost more than the contracted ships spite of purchase of assembled parts at half price; whether in fact it is true that many manufacturers simply cannot go ahead under present conditions.

But the censorship, like fixed prices, has been tried elsewhere and has always failed. The speedometer shows that the United States are going ahead with war preparations—both above the line where they can see their own pace and below decks where the silent workers toil. If between decks, there is confusion and noise, it need not discourage us. You sometimes don't know you are moving between decks; but the water is slipping past very fast all the same; and unless Kaiserdom collapses very soon, Uncle Sam will be there for the obsequies.

MacLean's Has Secured the Latest Novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It Will Start in the Next Number

OPPENHEIM, master of mystery and romance, has just finished his third great serial story of the war. The first two, "Mr. Grex, of Monte Carlo," and "The Double Traitor," appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and were eagerly followed by the general public. The third one is called "The Pawn's Count" and is easily the best yet. It has been secured by MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE and will start in the next (October) issue.

This is the Biggest Feature that MacLean's Has Ever Offered

Their Wives Went Along'

A Story of a Summer Outing

By W. W. Jacobs

Author of "Many Cargoes," "At Sunwich Post," etc.

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

THE HANDS on the wharf had been working all Saturday night and well into Sunday morning to finish the *Foam*, and now at ten o'clock, with hatches down and freshly scrubbed decks the skipper and mate stood watching the tide as it rose slowly over the smooth Thames mud.

"What time's she coming?" enquired the skipper, turning a lazy eye up at the wharf.

"About ha'-past ten she said," replied the mate. "It's very good o' you to turn out and let her have your stateroom."

"Don't say another word about that," said the skipper, impressively. "I've met your wife once or twice. George, an' I must say that a nicer spoken woman, an' a more well-be'av'd one, I've seldom seen."

"Same to you," said the mate; "your wife I mean."

"Any man," continued the skipper, "as would lay in a comfortable stateroom, George, and leave a lady a-trying to turn out and to dress and undress herself in a pokey little locker ought to be ashamed of himself."

"You see, it's the luggage they bring," said the mate, slowly refilling his pipe. "What they want with it all I can't think. As soon as my old woman makes up her

mind to come for a trip, to-morrow being bank holiday, an' she being in the mind for an outing, what does she do? Goes down to Commercial Road and buys a bonnet far beyond her station."

"They're all like it," said the skipper; "mine's just as bad. What does that boy want?"

The boy approached the edge of the jetty and, peering down at them, answered for himself.

"Who's Captain Bunnett?" he demanded, shrilly.

"That's me, my lad," said the skipper looking up.

"I've got a letter for yer," said the boy, holding it out.

THE skipper held out his hands and caught it, and, after reading the contents, felt his beard and looked at the mate.

"It never rains but it pours," he said figuratively.

"What's up?" enquired the other.

"'Ere's my old woman coming now," said the skipper. "Sent a note to say she's getting ready as fast as she can, an' I'm not to sail on any account till she comes."

"That's awkward," said the mate, who

felt that he was expected to say something.

"It never struck me to tell her your wife was coming," said the skipper. "Where we're to put 'em both I don't know. I s'pose it's quite certain your wife'll come?"

"Certain," said the mate.

"No chance of 'er changing 'er mind?" suggested the skipper, looking away from him.

"Not now she's got that bonnet," replied the mate. "I s'pose there's no chance of your wife changing hers?"

The skipper shook his head. "There's one thing," he said hopefully, "they'll be nice company for each other. They'll have to 'ave the stateroom between 'em. It's a good job my wife ain't as big as yours."

"We'll be able to play four 'anded wist sometimes," said the mate as he followed the skipper below to see what further room could be made.

"Crowded but jolly," said the other.

THE TWO cabs drove up almost at the same moment, while they were below, and Mrs. Bunnett's cabman had no sooner staggered on to the jetty with her luggage than Mrs. Fillson's arrived with hers. The two ladies, who were entire strangers, stood regarding each other curiously as they looked down at the bare deck of the *Foam*.

"George!" cried Mrs. Fillson, who was a fine woman, raising her voice almost to a scream in the effort to make herself heard above the winch of a neighboring steamer.

It was unfortunate perhaps that both officers of the schooner bore the same highly respectable Christian name.

"George!" cried Mrs. Bunnett, glancing indignantly at the other lady.

"George!" cried Mrs. Fillson, returning her looks with interest.

"Hussey," said Mrs. Bunnett un-



der her breath, but not very much under "George!"

There was no response.

"George!" cried both ladies together. Still no response, and they made a louder effort.

THREE was yet another George on board, in the fo'c'sle, and in response to pushes from curious friends below, he came up and regarded the fair duettists open-mouthed.

"What d'yer want?" he said at length, sheepishly.

"Will you tell Captain Bunnett that his wife, Mrs. Bunnett, is here!" said that lady a thin little woman with bright black eyes.

"Yes, mum," said the seaman, and was hurrying off, when Mrs. Fillson called him back.

"Will you tell Mr. Fillson that his wife, Mrs. Fillson, is here!" she said politely.

"All right, mum," said the other, and went below to communicate the pleasing tidings. Both husbands came up on deck hastily, and a glance served to show them how their wives stood.

"How do you do, Cap'n Bunnett," said Mrs. Fillson, with a fascinating smile.

"Good-mornin', marm," said the skipper, trying to avoid his wife's eye. "That's my wife, Mrs. Bunnett."

"Good morning, ma'am," said Mrs. Fillson, adjusting the new bonnet with the tips of her fingers.

"Good morning to you," said Mrs. Bunnett in a cold voice, but patronizing. "You have come to bring your husband some of his things, I suppose?"

"She's coming with us," said the skipper, in a hurry to have it over. "Wait half a moment and I'll help you down."

He got up to the side and helped them both on to the deck, and with a great attempt at cheery conversation, led the way below, where in the midst of an impressive silence, he explained that the ladies would have to share the state-room between them.

"That's the only way out of it," said the mate, after waiting in vain for them to say something.

"It's a fairish size when you come to look at it," said the skipper, putting his head on one side to see whether the bunk looked larger that way.

"Pack three in there at a pinch," said the mate hardily.

STILL the ladies said nothing, but there was a storm-signal hoisted in Mrs. Bunnett's cheek which boded no good to her husband. There was room only for one trunk in the state-room, and by prompt generalship Mrs. Fillson got hers in first. Having seen it safe, she went up on deck for a look round.

"George," said Mrs. Bunnett fiercely, as soon as they were alone.

"Yes, my dear," said her husband.

"Pack that woman off home," said Mrs. Bunnett sharply.

"I couldn't do that," said the skipper firmly. "It's your own fault. You should have said you was coming."

"Oh, I know you didn't want me to come," said Mrs. Bunnett, the roses on her bonnet trembling. "The mate can think of a little pleasure for his wife, but I can stay home and do your mending and keep the house clean. Oh, I know, don't tell me."

"Well, it's too late to alter it," said her husband. "I must get up above now, you'd better come too."

Mrs. Bunnett followed him on deck, and getting as far from the mate's wife as possible, watched with a superior air of part ownership the movements of the seamen as they got under way. A favorable westerly breeze was blowing and, the canvas once set, she stood by her husband as he pointed out the various objects of interest on the banks of the river.

They were still in the thick of the traffic at dinner-time, so that the skipper was able, to his secret relief, to send the mate below to do the honors of the table. The latter

came up from it pale and scared, and catching the skipper's eye, hunched his shoulders significantly.

"No words?" enquired the latter anxiously, in a half-whisper.

"Not exactly words," replied the mate. "What you might call snacks."

He moved off a bit as his table companions came up on deck, and the master of the *Foam*, deciding to take the bull by the horns, called both of them to him, and pointed out the beauties of the various passing craft. In the midst of his discourse his wife moved off, leaving the unhappy man conversing alone with Mrs. Fillson, her face containing an expression such as is seen in the prints of the very best of martyrs as she watched them.

AT TEA-TIME the men sat in misery. Mrs. Bunnett passed Mrs. Fillson her tea without looking at her, an example which Mrs. Fillson followed in handing her the cut bread-and-butter. When she took the plate back it was empty, and Mrs. Bunnett convulsed with rage, was picking the slices out of her lap.

"Oh, I am sorry," said Mrs. Fillson.

"You're not, ma'am," said Mrs. Bunnett fiercely. "You did it a purpose."

"There, there!" said both men feebly.



"I've got a letter for yer," said the boy.

"Of course, my husband'll sit quite calm and see me insulted," said Mrs. Bunnett, rising angrily from her seat.

"And my husband'll sit drink tea, while I'm given the lie," said Mrs. Fillson, bending an indignant look upon the mate.

"If you think I'm going to share the state-room with that woman, George, you're mistaken," said Mrs. Bunnett, in a terrible voice. "I'd sooner sleep on a doorstep."

"And I'd sooner sleep on the scraper," said Mrs. Fillson, regarding her foe's scanty proportions.

"Very well, me an' the mate'll sleep there," said the skipper wearily. "You can have the mate's bunk and Mrs. Fillson can have the locker. You don't mind, George?"

"Oh, George don't mind," said Mrs. Bunnett mimickingly; "anything'll do for George. If you'd got the spirit of a man, you wouldn't let me be insulted like this."

"And if you'd got the spirit of a man," said Mrs. Fillson, turning on her husband, "you wouldn't let them talk to me like this. You never stick up for me!"

SHE FLOUNCED up on deck where Mrs. Bunnett, after a vain attempt to finish her tea, shortly followed her. The



The doctor suddenly sat down and burst into a hoarse roar of laughter.

two men continued their meal for some time in silence.

"We'll have to have a quarrel just to edge them, George," said the skipper at length, as he put down his cup. "Nothing else'll satisfy 'em."

"It couldn't be done," said the mate, reaching over and slapping him on the back.

"Just second, I mean," said the other.

"It couldn't be done proper," said the mate. "They'd see through it. We've sailed together five years now, an' never had what I could call a really nasty word."

"Well, if you can think o' anything," said the skipper, "say so. This sort o' thing is worrying."

"See how we get on at breakfast," said the mate, as he lit his pipe. "If that's as bad as this, we'll have a lot of a row to please 'em."

BREAKFAST next morning was, if anything, worse, each man directly meeting the other in acts of open hostility. In this they were unsuccessful, but in the course of the morning the husbands arranged matters to their own satisfaction. At the next meal the storm broke with violence.

"I don't wish to complain or hurt anybody's feelings," said the skipper, after a side-wink at the mate, "but if you could eat your waffles with a little less noise, George, I'd take it as a favor."

"Would you?" said the mate, as his wife scolded scathingly in her seat. "Oh!"

Both reddeners, eying each other

ferociously, tried hard to think of further insults.

"Like a pig," continued the skipper, grumbly.

The mate hesitated so long for a crushing rejoinder that his wife lost all patience and rose to her feet crimson with wrath.

"How dare you talk to my husband like that!" she demanded fiercely. "George, come up on deck this instant!"

"I don't mind what he says," said the mate, who had only just begun his dinner.

"You come away at once," said his wife, pushing his plate from him.

The mate got up with a sigh, and, meeting the look of horror-stricken commiseration in his captain's eye, returned it with one of impotent rage.

"Use a larger knife, cap'n," he said savagely. "You'll swallow that little 'un one of these days."

The skipper, with the weapon in question gripped in his fist, turned round and stared at him in petrified amazement.

"If I wasn't the cap'n of this ship, George," he said huskily, "an' bound to set a good example to the men, I'd whoop you for them words."

"It's all for your good, Captain Bennett," said Mrs. Fillion merrily. "There was a poor old workhouse man I used to give a penny to sometimes, who would eat with a knife and be choked himself with it."

"Aye, he did that, and he hadn't got a mouth half the size o' yours," said the mate warningly.

"Cap'n is no cap'n, crew is no crew!"

said the skipper in a suffocating voice, "I can't stand this. Come up on deck, George, and repeat them words."

Before the mate could accept the invitation, he was dragged back by his wife, while at the same time Mrs. Bennett, with a frantic scream, threw her arms round her husband's neck, and dared him to move.

"You wait till I get you ashore, my lad," said the skipper threateningly.

"I'll have to bring the ship home after I've done with you," retorted the mate as he passed up on deck with his wife.

DURING the afternoon the couples exchanged not a word, though the two husbands exchanged glances of fiery import, and later on, their spouses being below, gradually drew near to each other. The mate, however, had been thinking, and as they came together, met his foe with a pleasant smile.

"Bravo, old man," he said heartily.

"What d'yer mean?" demanded the skipper in gruff astonishment.

"I mean the way you pretended to row me," said the mate. "Splendid you did it. I tried to back you up, but loo! I wasn't in it with you."

"Wat, d'yer mean to say you didn't mean what you said?" enquired the other.

"Why, of course," said the mate, with an appearance of great surprise. "You didn't, did you?"

"No," said the skipper, swallowing something in his throat. "No, of course not. But you did it well, me, George. Uncommon well, you did."

"Not half so well as you did," said the mate. "Well, I s'pose we've got to keep it up now."

"I s'pose so," said the skipper; "but we musn't keep it up on the same things, George. Swallerin' knives an' that sort o' thing, I mean."

"No, no," said the mate hastily.

"An' if you could get your missus to go home by train from Summercove, George, we might have a little peace and quietness," added the other.

"She'd never forgive me if I asked her," said the mate; "you'll have to order it cap'n."

"I won't do that, George," said the skipper firmly. "I'd never treat a lady like that aboard my ship. I 'ope I know 'ow to behave myself if I do eat with my knife."

"Stow that," said the mate, reddening. "We'll wait an' see what turns up," he added hopefully.

FOR THE next three days nothing fresh transpired, and the bickering between the couples, assumed on the part of the men and virulent on the part of their wives, went from bad to worse. It was evident that the ladies preferred it to any other amusement life on ship-board could offer, and, after a combined burst of hysterics on their part, in which the whole ship's company took a strong interest, the husbands met to discuss heroic remedies.

"It's getting worse and worse," said the skipper ruefully. "We'll be the laughing stock o' the crew even afore they're done with us. There's another day afore we reach Summercove, there's five or six days there, an' at least five days back again."

"There'll be murder afore then," said the mate, shaking his head.

"If we could only pack 'em both 'ome by train," continued the skipper.

"That's an expense," said the mate.

"It 'ud be worth it," said the other.

"And' they wouldn't do it," said the mate, "neither of 'em."

"I've seen women having rows afore," said the skipper, "but then they could get away from each other. It's being boxed up in this little craft as does the mischief."

"S'pose we pretend the ship's not seaworthy," said the mate.

"Then they'd stand by us," said the skipper, "closer than ever."

"I b'lieve they would," said the mate. "They'd go fast enough if we'd got a case o' smallpox or anything like that aboard, though."

The skipper grunted assent.

"It 'ud be worth trying," said the mate. "We've pretended to have a quarrel. Now just as we're going into port let one of the hands, the boy if you like, pretend he's sickening for smallpox."

"How's he going to do it?" enquired the skipper derisively.

"You leave it to me," replied the other. "I've got an idea how it's to be done."

AGAINST his better judgment the skipper, after some demur, consented, and the following day, when the passengers were on deck gazing at the small port of Summercove as they slowly approached it, the cook came up excitedly and made a communication to the skipper.

"What?" cried the latter. "Nonsense."

"What's the matter?" demanded Mrs. Bunnett, turning round.

"Cook, here, has got it into his head that the boy's got the smallpox," said the skipper.

Both women gave a faint scream.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Bunnett, with a pale face.

"Rubbish," said Mrs. Fillson, clasping her hands nervously.

"Very good, mum," said the cook calmly. "You know best, o'course, but I was on a barque once what got it aboard bad, and I think I ought to know it when I see it."

"Yes; and now you think everything's the smallpox," said Mrs. Bunnett uneasily.

"Very well, mum," said the cook, spreading out his hands. "Will you come down an' 'ave a look at 'im?"

"No," snapped Mrs. Bunnett, retreating a pace or two.

"Will you come down an' 'ave a look at 'im, sir?" enquired the cook.

"You stay where you are, George," said Mrs. Bunnett shrilly, as her husband moved forward. "Go farther off, cook."

"And keep your tongue still till we get to port," said the mate. "Don't go blabbing it all over the place, mind, or we shan't get nobody to work us out."

"Ay, ay," said the cook, moving off. "I ain't afraid of it—I've given it to people, but I've never took it myself yet."

"I'm sure I wish I was off this dreadful ship," said Mrs. Fillson nervously. "Nothing but unpleasantness. How long before we get to Summercove, Cap'n Bunnett?"

"Bout a 'our an' a 'arf ought to do it," said the skipper.

Both ladies sighed anxiously, and, going as far aft as possible, gazed eagerly at the harbor as it opened out slowly before them.

"I shall go back by train," said Mrs. Bunnett. "It's a shame, having my holiday spoilt like this."

"It's one o' them things what can't be helped," said her husband piously.

"You'd better give me a little money," continued his wife. "I shall get lodgings in the town for a day or two, till I see how things are going."

"It 'ud be better for you to get straight back home," said the skipper.

"Nonsense," said his wife, sharply. "Suppose you take it yourself, I should have to be here to see you were looked after. I'm sure Mrs. Fillson isn't going home."

Mrs. Fillson, holding out her hand to Mr. Fillson, said she was sure she wasn't.

"It 'ud be a load off our minds if you did go," said the mate, speaking for both.

"Well, we're not going for a day or two at any rate," said Mrs. Bunnett glancing almost amiably at Mrs. Fillson.

In face of this declaration, and in view of the persistent demands of the ladies, both men, with a very ill grace, furnished them with some money.

"Don't say a word about it ashore, mind," said the mate, avoiding his chief's indignant gaze.

"But you must have a doctor," said Mrs. Bunnett.

"I know of a doctor here," said the mate; "that's all arranged for."

HE MOVED away for a little private talk with the skipper, but that gentleman was not in a conversational mood, and a sombre silence fell upon all until they were snugly berthed at Summercove and the ladies, preceded by their

luggage on a trolley, went off to look for lodgings. They sent down an hour later to say that they had found them, and that they were clean and comfortable, but a little more than they had intended to give. They implored their husbands not to run any unnecessary risks and sent some disinfectant soap for them to wash with.

For three days they kept their lodgings and became fast friends, going despite of their anxiety, for various trips in the neighborhood. Twice a day at least they sent down beef-tea and other delicacies for the invalid, which never got farther than the cabin, communication being kept up by a small boy who had strict injunctions not to go aboard. On the fourth day in the early morning they came down as close to the ship as they dared to bid farewell.

"Write if there's any change for the worse," cried Mrs. Bunnett.

"Or if you get it, George," cried Mrs. Fillson anxiously.

"It's all right, he's going on beautifully," said the mate.

THE TWO wives appeared to be satisfied and with a final adieu went off to the railway station, turning at every few yards to wave farewells until they were out of sight.

"If ever I have another woman aboard my ship, George," said the skipper, "I'll run into something. Who's the old gentleman?"

He nodded in the direction of an elderly man with white side whiskers who, with a black bag in his hand, was making straight for the schooner.

"Captain Bunnett?" he enquired sharply.

"That's me, sir," said the skipper.

"Your wife sent me," said the tall man, briskly. "My name's Thompson—Dr. Thompson. She says you've got a case of smallpox on board which she wants me to see."

"We've got a doctor," said the skipper and mate together.

"So your wife said, but she wished me particularly to see the case," said Dr. Thompson. "It's also my duty as the medical officer of the port."

"You've done it, George, you've done it," moaned the panic-stricken skipper reproachfully.

"Well, anybody can make a mistake," whispered the mate back; "an' he can't touch us, as it ain't smallpox. Let him come, and we'll lay it on to the cook. Say he made a mistake."

"That's the ticket," said the skipper, and turned to assist the doctor to the deck as the mate hurried below to persuade the indignant boy to strip and go to bed.

In the midst of a breathless silence the doctor examined the patient; then, to the surprise of all, he turned to the crew and examined them one after the other.

"How long has this boy been ill?" he demanded.

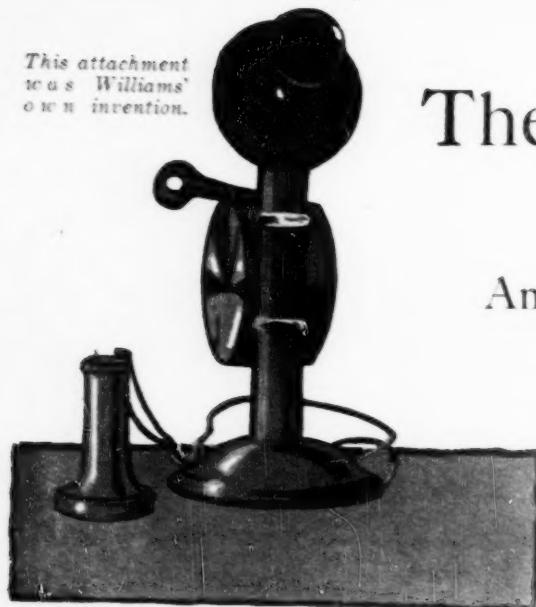
"About four days," said the puzzled skipper.

"You see what comes of trying to hush this kind of thing up," said the doctor sternly. "You keep the patient down here instead of having him taken away and the ship disinfected, and now all these other poor fellows have got it."

"What?" screamed the skipper, as the crew broke into profane expressions of astonishment and self-pity. "Got what?"

"Why, the smallpox," said the doctor. *Continued on page 80.*

*This attachment
is a Williams'
own invention.*



The Smuggler and His Remarkable Drum

Another Story From the Annals of the Canadian Customs

By J. D. Ronald

Who wrote "The Master Smuggler."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the second narrative in the Customs fraud series. It is true in every detail except that fictitious names are given, both for persons and places. Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.*

A FEW years ago the town of Diamondville, which is situated on the Grand Trunk with its back suburbs extending to the shores of one of the Great Lakes, became infected with the fever for growth. It was a busy little place with several large factories and first class hotel accommodation. It had also, as its main asset, a coterie of enterprising business men. Finally the town had a factory building which was not in use and could offer the very cheapest power facilities. It was decided to offer this plant and a bonus of twenty thousand dollars to any suitable industry that could be inveigled into moving to Diamondville.

This, in a nutshell, was the situation which led to one of the most colossal of attempts to defraud the Canadian customs. The story of Williams and his wonderful drum, and his even more wonderful nerve, is one of the most exciting and dramatic of the many that are buried away in the records of customs investigation at Ottawa.

One day a well-dressed stranger registered at the leading hotel at Diamondville as William T. Williams of Brinton, New York. He was in the early thirties, quite plausible and smooth and rather handsome in an unusual sort of way. He was swarthy complexioned with a snapping black eye that had a tendency to wander. When he took off his hat, however, his claims to good looks vanished; for the William's head was fearfully and wonderfully made—an egg-shaped dome that tapered up higher than heads are supposed to go and rounded off at the top very smooth and shiny. He looked like a genius. And subsequent events proved that he was.

WELL, William T. Williams lost no time in getting in touch with the civic authorities and establishing his identity as a manufacturer. He produced a model telephone with a peculiar drum attachment designed to assist in long distance conversation. This attachment was Williams' own invention and there can be no doubt that it was a clever and ingenious device. Through its agency, the voice sounded over the wire as clear as a bell. Williams demonstrated this to the very great satisfaction of the members of the civic

committee. They fixed the drum attachments to two 'phones and talked back and forth with an ease and clearness that had never been deemed possible.

"With that attachment," said Williams, "you could talk to New Orleans and hear just as clear as you do your friend over at that woollen factory."

The committee believed him! And he may have been right. It should be explained here that Williams was really an inventive genius. He was a deep thinker, a student, a reader of the very best literature. He possessed some very high ideals. At the same time he had apparently the vaguest ideas of what was right and what was wrong. Any measure that seemed necessary to insure success was worth trying, in the viewpoint of Williams. And at that he could be quite philosophic in defeat.

Williams had been running a telephone supply business and doing well. He had a beautiful home, filled with artistic furnishings, the library packed with rare books. Then, in an unhappy moment for himself, he invented his clarifying drum. He thought that he had made his everlasting fortune and saw visions of yachts and mansions on Fifth Avenue and villas on the Riviera. His enthusiasm spread to some moneyed acquaintances and the result was the launching of an enterprise with considerable capital involved. Experiments to perfect the device consumed a large share of the available capital. The results were satisfactory, however, and a plant was built for the manufacture of the article. All Williams' own money went into the venture and his home was mortgaged up to the hilt. Expensive machinery was purchased.

But things did not run smoothly. The telephone companies did not show any particular enthusiasm for the drum which was rather cumbersome. Williams himself was an inventor and a dreamer rather than a business man. Things ran downhill. Everything was going out and nothing worth mentioning coming in. The telephone supply business was neglected and just dried up. The factory was mortgaged. Finally it was closed down.

Then Williams heard of Diamondville and that tempting \$20,000 bonus.

He paid several visits to the town and

finally convinced the aldermen that he had a worth while proposition and meant business. They believed, of course, that he had his plant in full running order and was entirely solvent except for the need of more capital to extend. An agreement was finally reached and duly signed to the effect that Williams was to instal twenty-five thousand dollars worth of machinery and equipment and employ not less than fifty hands, the whole to be operating smoothly within a period of six months. At the end of six months the bonus would be paid over. The building was handed over to him on a ninety-nine year lease, free of taxes and other charges. It was a great bargain for Williams. All he had to do was to get his machinery out of the hands of the holders of the mortgages, get it over the line and then operate for six months. Williams proceeded to do some tall figuring.

HE finally evolved a plan designed to deceive everyone concerned, the mortgagees, the custom officers, his employees and Diamondville itself. He gave it out first that he had obtained more capital and was going to move to another building. The machinery was packed for moving but instead of landing in the other building, it landed in box cars in the Grand Trunk freight yards. Now Williams had to make a show of having machinery to the value of \$25,000, and by no stretch of the imagination could his own equipment be made to represent that amount. Accordingly Williams visited some dealers in second hand machinery and picked up some ancient and bulky equipment at scrap iron values. This stuff went into the cars with the other machinery.

In the meantime the wily Williams had been studying the Canadian tariff regulations and had found that the class of machinery he was importing would be assessed to the extent of twenty-seven and a half per cent. This meant paying the customs the colossal sum of \$6,875; for, of course, he would have to list the stuff at the fictitious value of \$25,000. Williams had scraped up all the cash he could lay his hands on and it left him short at least the six thousand.

So he took another look at the tariff and found that lumber in the rough en-

tered Canada free. Here was his chance. He would need a lot of lumber in the manufacture of telephones. Accordingly he hied himself to a plant on the main street of Brinton where there had been a fire and bought up a quantity of the cheapest looking, half-burned lumber one ever set eyes on. They almost gave it to him to get rid of it.

THE machinery was then loaded into the dark ends of the cars and covered up with the lumber. Some old office partitions were then loaded in and infinite pains were taken to give the cars an innocent appearance. The loading was done as surreptitiously as possible. The cars were then billed as lumber in the rough and shipped over the border to Diamondville. As carload lots are examined only at their destination, no questions were asked at the frontier. Williams himself was on hand at Diamondville when the cars arrived. He had taken five workmen over with him.

"All lumber?" asked the customs man at Diamondville.

"Yes," replied Williams. "I had quite a supply on hand at my old plant. Cheaper to ship it over than buy new. It will give me a start—and I don't mind owning up that I'll have to adopt every economy for awhile."

"When does your machinery arrive?" asked the officer.

"I'm only shipping over a little of it—later," said Williams. "I shall sell most of it over there and buy new. That will be cheaper than paying the duty on the old stuff when you figure the delay and trouble."

The officer looked the cars over and saw nothing suspicious then. That night Williams and his men worked frantically under cover of darkness and got the machinery out. By morning the half empty cars suggested the labors of an industrious night shift; and the customs man who called again saw no reason to suspect that he had been "done." But the machinery early that morning had been teamed down a side street and was then carefully covered up in the factory ready to be mounted later.

THE assortment of equipment which came over in the three cars was a wonder to behold. There was a complete power transmission outfit including shafting, pulleys, hangers, and belting, seventeen pieces of wood working machinery, four machine shop lathes, five drills, three shapers, two stamping presses, large and small, emery wheels, ovens for annealing, copper in sheets, sheet brass, a large quantity of assorted hardware; and, last but not least, an eighty-horse-power gas engine for power plant, which had been purchased from a firm in Ohio, but not paid for, before shipment to Canada. This last was to replace a first class steam power plant which was on the premises, natural gas with which Diamondville abounded, being cheaper than steam.

Williams then started out to make a big show at buying machinery on the

Canadian market. He did actually purchase a couple of cheap machines from Canadian sources on a ninety-day credit basis. These were shipped and received and duly noted by the town folk. As soon as they arrived the work of installation commenced and everything was then placed and mounted. In a week or so the plant was ready for operation. If any one wondered where all the machinery had come from nothing was said. In all probability the people were too enthusiastic to harbor any suspicions. The woodworking plant was started at once and telephone boxes began to make their appearance in good quantities.

Williams had shown considerable sales ability, canvassing Independent Telephone Companies for orders for equipment. He had secured several trial orders, and these were filled from the first material turned out in the plant, and in part from a quantity of complete telephones and telephone equipment which had been smuggled over in the cars.

Everything seemed at this time to work out according to his carefully laid plans. As soon as the plant was in complete running order, he furnished a detailed list to the town council of the machines installed. The values placed upon the various items made a total of a little in excess of the requisite \$25,000. On a casual inspection it might have appeared that the plant actually represented an investment of that amount. An expert, however, would not have been deceived. Careful examination would have shown that some of the machines given on Williams' list were not to be found, and that others would have been very hard to identify. Also the values placed on his list were anything from fifty to five hundred per cent. higher than the actual cost of the machines.

The plant was accepted on its face value, but when Williams asked for an advance on his bonus, the council began to back up. They pointed out that, instead of fifty hands, he was only employing five. They were very anxious not to antagonize him, but they pointed out that under the conditions they were not in a

position legally to pay him anything for six months. In the face of this refusal, Williams' colossal scheme began to crumble. It had all been built up on the assumption that he would be able to induce the council to finance him. However, he decided to go ahead and brazen it through as long as possible.

AT the end of the first two weeks he managed to meet the pay roll of his 5 employees. At the end of the next two weeks there was not a cent in the treasury. Williams called his men into the office and told them that he was hard up and could not pay them, but that he was getting more capital and would make it up to them in a few days. Four of them decided to give him a chance and to stay on the job. The fifth man, however, decided that the whole transaction, as he had seen it, was too "fishy" to hold out any promise of a permanent job. He demanded his money. Williams threw up his hands.

"You'll have to wait like the rest," he said. "I simply haven't got the money."

"You've got the money for your own personal expenses," retorted the man "come across with some of it and let the hotel wait instead of me. If you don't, I quit right here."

"Then you quit," said Williams.

The man quit, but he didn't leave Diamondville. He went straight to the collector of customs and asked him if he had checked over closely each piece of machinery for the new factory as it reached town. The collector replied that he had not. "Then get busy," said the man. "It was all smuggled over here without paying a red cent."

A special customs officer named Edwards happened to be in town at the time, and the collector took him at once into consultation. Edwards felt that the case was a little out of his line and called up Ottawa by long distance telephone and asked for help. This was promised. Edwards then strolled out to the factory and represented himself to Williams as being interested in telephone equipment.

Somehow, Williams' suspicions caught fire at once. He had begun to lose faith in his ability to pull through and was momentarily expecting the blow to fall from some quarter. When Edwards invited himself to take a look at the machinery, the suspicions of the nervous inventor became aroused.

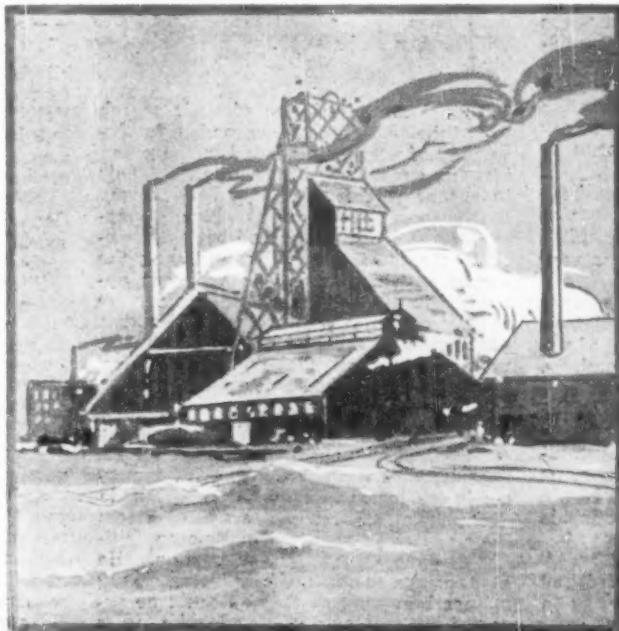
"Get all this stuff in Canada?" asked Edwards.

"Yes," snapped Williams. "Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," replied Edwards. "You have a very complete little plant here for your purpose."

That settled it. The plant was not in any sense complete. To anyone who knew telephones, the plant would have appeared incongruous, incomplete, in fact, a little ridiculous. Williams concluded that Edwards knew nothing of telephones. He made an excuse to hustle Edwards out of the factory and then hurried to his hotel.

His nerve was gone. He decided to make a break of



it before the law came down on him. Accordingly, he packed up some of his belongings in a grip and made a quiet exit from the hotel. He first visited the factory and straightened up matters as well as he could in the office. It seemed that the gas engine was on his conscience, for he actually went out to the factory and covered it up with empty paint cans and boxes. Perhaps he had in mind the manufacturer from whom it had been purchased and who had not received a cent in payment. From the factory he walked to the dock, hired a motor boat and made a quick trip across the lake to Brinton.

In the meantime, the chief at Ottawa had ascertained that Officer Duncan was in Detroit, and decided he was the man to handle the case. Accordingly, Duncan, in the act of boarding a train, to go further west, received a wire from headquarters which read: "Join Edwards at Diamondville as soon as possible. Instructions there."

At eight o'clock next morning he stepped into the hotel at Diamondville, just as Edwards was heading towards the dining room for his breakfast.

"Well, Pussy Foot," said Duncan, "what have you dug up now?"

"I have dug up a man with sufficient nerve to smuggle a whole damned factory full of machinery across the line and start it running for a month without a cent to come or go on," replied Edwards.

"Have you pinched the plant?" asked Duncan.

"Yes," replied Edwards. "The iron leaked out of his nerve last night and he beat it to Brinton. I had to get up at seven o'clock and lock the door of the factory to keep the unpaid employees from carrying everything away. They were mad enough to tear the building down."

Breakfast over, the two officers proceeded to the factory. Duncan went straight to the office, pried the desk open and dived into it. He searched every paper in the place, but the only material that looked like a clue that he found was an invoice for machines from a second-hand dealer in Brinton. He turned to the safe and found this locked. The safe, by the way, had been smuggled over with the machinery. Williams had been very thorough in that respect. He had brought everything that he needed.

Duncan looked at Edwards and asked: "Did this fellow give you the combination of the safe before he beat it last night?"

"No," replied Edwards. "It was very inconsiderate of him."

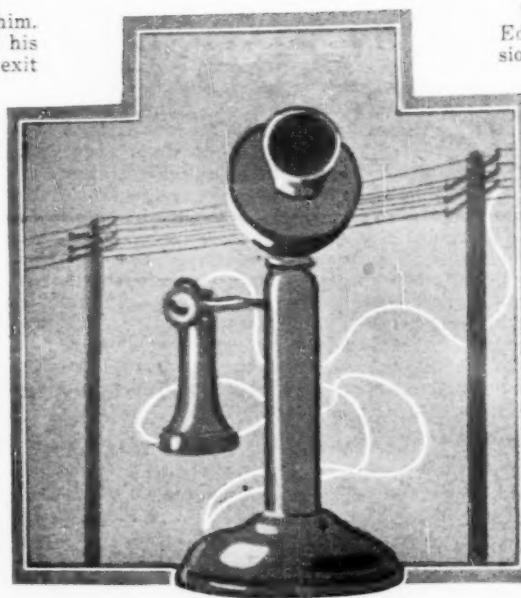
Duncan was digging in the waste paper basket when he asked the question. Raising his head, he placed a small slip of paper on the desk containing some numbers. "Well, I think he did."

Edwards took the slip and went to the safe. The lock and the safe door opened. Edwards scratched his head and ruminated: "That fellow was not so smart as he looked, after all."

"No, but we need the key to the inside door now."

"There are keys to something here," said Edwards, excitedly. "I just found them in this box as you found the slip in the basket."

"He was a perfect gentleman," and



Duncan opened the inside safe door with one of the keys. "I believe he would settle if we could coax him back here."

The safe contained three sheets of paper, one book, a ten-cent piece and two coppers. It doesn't sound much; but one sheet of paper contained a list of the machines taken out of the plant at Brinton, with their values as appraised on his books. The third sheet gave a list of the junk machines which had been bought from the second-hand dealers, without, however, the names of the dealers or the prices paid. The third sheet contained the list which Williams had prepared for the town council. Truly, they were three wonderful documents. They gave the key to the whole situation, however.

A further search in the office located some letters on file, giving instructions to various parties who had travelled between the plant and Brinton, about the smuggling of certain small articles which Williams had needed, and which could be brought across in grips. The letters were most open and explicit and offered incriminating evidence of the most valuable kind.

UPON the completion of their search of the office, the officers made a full inventory of everything found in the plant, including machinery and supplies. This inventory was tabulated in such a way that it showed the value at which the machinery and equipment had been described to the town council by Williams; the values at which the goods had been appraised in the Brinton plant, and likewise the prices which had been paid for that proportion of machinery and equipment from second-hand dealers in the States, insofar as it could be ascertained.

IN the meantime Edwards had actually succeeded in getting Williams on the long distance telephone. He tried to persuade the latter to come back to Canada and help straighten matters out. From the security of his home in Brinton, Williams laughed at the suggestion. He thought the customs officers were trying to lure him back so that he could be arrested without any fuss or legal tangles on Canadian territory.

"Williams, we don't want you," urged Edwards, earnestly. "We have possession of the machinery. Your carcass isn't worth the powder to blow it up to us. It's the money we're after. We'll even help you to settle this matter up and get your factory running again."

"It would take about fifteen cents' worth of powder to blow me up," replied Williams. "And that's about all the money I have left."

"Well," said Edwards, "if the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. Will you see us, if we run over to talk a little proposition over with you?"

Williams replied emphatically that he would not see them; in fact, that they wouldn't be able to find him even if they went over. But they went and after three days' hard work, they had traced the purchase of all the second-hand machines and had verified the figures as to the prices. Their case was complete. They knew to a cent how much they could demand in settlement.

It took quite a search to locate Williams. He was a very much wanted man just then. The holders of the mortgages on the machinery had found that the goods had been shipped across the line and out of their reach; and they wanted to know where Williams was. There was quite a string of creditors on his trail. His house was locked up and deserted.

Finally, however, a clue was picked up as to his whereabouts and they got him on the telephone. He consented to see them, and suggested that they call at his house that night. They kept the appointment. The house was absolutely in darkness when they walked up to it, but, after Duncan had rung the door bell in manner prescribed, they heard a stealthy step approaching down the hall. The door was opened a few inches and, after a careful scrutiny on the part of the person within, they were admitted. It was Williams himself.

HE ushered them up to a cozy den on the second floor, where, with blinds closely drawn, he had been comfortably reading Gibbons' "Rise and Fall." Books of Balzac, Ruskin and Carlyle lay about on the table. It was apparent that Williams had been making his headquarters at home all along.

"Well, Mr. Man," said Duncan, "the Canadian goblins are not as bad as they sound from a distance. I must compliment you on your choice of literature." Williams smiled appreciatively. "To get down to brass tacks," went on Duncan, "the facts are you have been doing things contrary to the laws of Canada. You have a good proposition there, however, and things all shaped up to start. We don't want to put you out of business. We want to help you. It's the policy of our government to encourage the advent of new industries."

"Well, gentlemen, what do you propose?" asked Williams. "I may as well tell you that I haven't any money. And without money I can't go very far."

"We'll tell you exactly how much you require to release your whole plant."

They furnished him with the figures. *Continued on page 65.*

A Frank Talk About the War

Some Events That Went Before—What We Must Do Now

By John Bayne Maclean.

SOME time ago I pointed out that our national obligations approached \$2,000,000,000. It was regarded by many as pessimistic.

Last week the head of one of our largest financial institutions gave me figures that had been compiled for him. They are staggering—\$4,500,000,000. This means, we are sending out of Canada \$180,000,000 a year—\$500,000 every day—interest alone on our borrowings. Half this amount, he figured, was wasted, through incompetence and politics; in railway building, unnecessary duplications, municipal and other enterprises—fancy pavements, sewers and sidewalks, on miles of unoccupied streets, public ownerships.

Add to this the war taxes, now in sight, and it looks like every head of a family paying \$250 a year out of his wages or income for these purposes alone.

ONLY PROVED MEN WANTED NOW.

EVER since September, 1914, when it was evident they were incapable of grasping the frightful situation facing us, I have argued persistently for a reorganization of Imperial and Canadian Governments. To take in the outstanding men, who had proved, by their careers, they had the capacity to understand; to do big things; and to get big things done. These are, of course, not the only men in the Empire with great executive ability. There must be thousands of equally good men, but they have not yet proved themselves. This is not the time to try or train them. The situation is too urgent, that we must call in, only our proved men, for our big jobs.

All the information I have leads to no other deduction than that, if there had been resourceful, practical business men, men who had worked their own way in the world, at the head of affairs in the various nations instead of *dilettante* diplomats and the hereditary, idle rich, weak politicians, there would have been no war with its frightful waste of life, suffering and loss of property. If, in England, we had had a Government of Lloyd Georges, instead of the Asquith-Grey-Churchills, and their favorites, things would have moved intelligently, quickly. We would not always be too late. The war would have been over long ago. The delays gave Germany time to prepare for the greater struggle. The Kaiser has used his greatest business men. They had two years' supplies in store. The criminal neglect and cowardice, of the British ministry, enabled them to lay in another three years' supplies. For example, at a most critical time in 1915 the inner British War Cabinet did not meet from March 19 to May 14. Lloyd George's cabinet sometimes has three meetings in 24 hours.

As Sir George Paish recently pointed out in *The Statist*, the continued failures of our leaders—though backed up by our magnificent armies and navies, aided by the poor strategy of the Germans—are shockingly disgraceful reflections upon our capacity, considering our superiority in men and money. Prof. Ogg places this superiority at 977,929,875 in population as against 177,964,200 for Germany and her Allies, and our wealth, as \$415,000,000,000, against our enemies' \$113,000,000,000.

THE SELFISH INTEREST OF RUSSIA.

AND, the worst feature of all, is that the two nations—Britain and Germany—which least wanted war will suffer most. The nation that in-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the second of the series of articles by Col. Maclean on the war and on conditions arising out of the war. There is but one object behind the series—to tell the truth without a palliative or restriction so that the people of Canada will know what the situation is and what we must do to face it. This is a time when straight thinking and plain talking are necessary to clear the national vision of the fog of false optimism.*

spired the war—Russia—the only important possible enemy at that time common to both, will gain most; and now drops out and leaves us to our fate. Russia is the one country that has

shown real cleverness. She cultivated France and through France secured British interest—borrowed our money, drew us into the alliance. She actually turned millions of English funds, that were flowing steadily into Canada, into Russian channels. Of this I have personal knowledge. I will give some details in a future issue. She had England working enthusiastically for her long before the war. She mesmerized the guileless Asquith, and that cocksure incompetent Churchill. She wanted her wheat out through the Dardanelles. Churchill, going contrary to all expert advice, and without waiting for Cabinet sanction, personally wired the Czar that Britain would force the Dardanelles. That Russia had little faith in the outcome was proven by a letter received by one of their own officials ordered temporarily to Toronto in 1915-16. This letter also stated that Russia planned to have their own port in the Mediterranean, that they could not trust Britain or France to give them the Dardanelles. Their army was working round. Alexandretta was the port selected. This was weeks before any word came of that army, which did so well for a time. Shortly after in an article I wrote for *The Financial Post*, Canadians were warned to go slow in their business dealings with Russia, which might ere long make a separate peace.

Do not misunderstand me, I am not referring to the present Government of Russia and I have not said that Russia started the war. Germany did. Germany forced the war. She probably decided on it in 1912. She forestalled Russia by one year. Whether Russia intended to fight I cannot say. Whether Germany was wise in starting I doubt. Bismarck was once asked, whether, in case Russia and France formed a combination, would Germany attack first. His answer became famous. Condensed it was "No." Further, German swelled-headedness, her offensiveness, the domineering brutal way in which she dealt with Russia, when the latter was weak, may have given her ample ground for preparing for war. Still further, Britain did the only possible thing in going into the war. We had to go in, and we have to stay with Belgium and France to the end. We are victims of a rotten political system.

But I had promised to give more of my European experiences leading up to the war.

A PLAUSIBLE PROPOSITION, BUT—

IT was in 1909 or 1910, I think, B—, a Frenchman, called on us in Toronto. B— is not his exact name, but it is near enough to be recognizable, by those who know him; and he and his brothers are particularly well known in Parisian social and financial life. He had a letter of introduction from a *Financial Post* subscriber, the head office of a Paris bank, of which he was a director. He had come out to look into what promised to be, a very profitable investment. Those he represented, Belgian as well as French, were, if my memory serves me correctly, prepared to buy \$2,000,000 of securities; which they intended, eventually, as was their practice, to recommend and resell, to small investors. He desired to have my opinion. I told him I did not know anything about the merits of this proposition, though nearly all enterprises of this kind had been very profitable,



but, that, while I knew well and liked the men he was negotiating with, I had no confidence in their financial capacity, and disliked the methods they employed in raising capital. They were young, inexperienced, promoters, but not business builders.

I pointed out that no one connected with the concern had a record of success; and much more of a similar nature. I recall that, indirectly associated with them was a financier who was using the late J. P. Morgan, as a reference, but whose methods were not according to best banking precedent, though some of his critics have since adopted some of them.

B— returned in a few days and said that, though very extraordinary favors had been promised him, he had decided not to take advantage of them. In fact the offensive attitude of the promoters toward him, when he decided to withdraw, caused him to express very great gratitude to me for saving him. They raised a great deal of money quietly among the most cautious investors in Ontario, in sums of \$5,000 up. One capitalist told me he put in \$100,000, and another I heard of, \$250,000. Every cent was lost, I believe. The property went into the hands of creditors, and soon after, one of the trustees told me, that some very interesting correspondence had been found, and safely deposited in Trust Company vaults. It referred to one of the promoters, a brilliant young man, who had proved so successful in manipulating men. It showed that he and his wife were to settle in Ottawa, and given a liberal supply of spending money, to entertain and manipulate such Legislators as were approachable for public grants and concessions. The scheme was never carried out because the chief promoter came to grief and some of his associates had to leave Canada. I wrote B—. He was very grateful and expressed a great desire to be of service to me.

THE WAR WAS POSTPONED.

THE opportunity came in 1912. The business and financial situation was most puzzling. In Canada, we were very prosperous; and a leading banker had said we were on the threshold of two years of the greatest prosperity in our history. Nothing could stop us. In New York and London I found no such optimism. Instead, some of my friends, who were large holders of securities, told me they had got out of everything they possibly could. They were all nervous; some of them panicky as to the future. No one of them would, or could, tell me, or knew, why. It was in the air.

I arrived in Paris in July that year, and I was at breakfast in the garden of the Ritz one morning when B— and another man came in. Seeing me he came over at once, greeted me most cordially and wanted to do all sorts of things for me. I said there was one thing on which my readers in Canada did want his assistance very much. I asked: "What is ahead of us? Is there to be war?"

He at once replied: "There will be no war for three years. That was settled yesterday. The man I am breakfasting with is _____, the _____."

He named and gave the official position of a man who occupied a very important place in the public life of France—a name prominent in the early days of war, but seldom heard now. That was all I got, and it left the impression on my mind that some friendly arrangement had been entered into with Germany. I left for Berlin that night and had no opportunity of learning anything more. It was coincidence that B—'s friend was on the same train. It was not until a year later, that I learned what had been settled on that momentous day, the July before. This I first got from my Swedish diplomatic friend, referred to in last month's article. Afterward it was a matter of common gossip. The story was that Russia had played upon France to make agreement whereby the French people were to lend \$100,000,000 to Russia; to begin intensive war training of her citizens, and to make such other preparations that by 1915 she would be at her maximum of power for war. Russia was to

expend the French borrowings on railways, up to, and along, the Russo-German frontier and to make other preparations. By July, 1915, they would be ready for any emergency. Remember, this was not the Russian Government of to-day. This is a story few people in this country are inclined to believe, and there is not space in this issue to give more details. In the meantime, in further confirmation there is on record the report of a British officer written from Bulgaria in 1912-13; where he says "everyone knows Russia and France are getting ready to attack Germany."

Germany evidently heard of the agreement, for a few weeks after she began the preparations for this war. There was no secret about it. The tremendous increase in her taxes, for this purpose were known everywhere. But our weak, helpless, impractical Imperial Statesmen did nothing to avert or prepare for the coming struggle.

From Berlin in 1912 I went to Karlsbad, Bohemia—my European objective for some years. The Bohemians are a simple, delightful, very hard working people, in, but with no sympathy for, the war. Along with my second-in-command and a number of my N.C.O.'s and men of that splendid little corps, the 17th Canadian Hussars, I had fallen a victim to typhoid fever in 1901 at Pt. Levis, where we had been sent for escort duty to meet the present King on his official tour of Canada. Ice taken from a local pond carried the germ. Karlsbad has for hundreds of years been, not only the greatest human repair shop of the world, but, is the one place, where the after effects of typhoid are most successfully controlled. The radium-bearing waters when drunk, inhaled, or bathed in, have worked wonders on suffering humanity.

A CLASH WITH THE KING OF BULGARIA.

THAT year I had two interesting experiences with an important bearing on subsequent events. I did not properly understand them then.

Baths are usually engaged for the same hour each day. It is important to be on time to avoid encroaching on the bather who follows. One day I was kept waiting over fifteen minutes. It was particularly exasperating as I had an engagement which necessitated my shortening my time. When the offender came out, I saw he was a newcomer; and to avoid further delays, I told him, as politely as possible, that it was the practice to be through within the hour. Much less courteous than I tried to be, he told me he did not appreciate my information. Then we both got angry, and continued to call each other names while I undressed, and until I slammed the door and jumped into the bath. When I came downstairs, I asked the little Bohemian girl, who arranges the schedules and sells the tickets, and who I had long ago learned was a very excellent clearing house of general information, who the offensive bather was. She said he was the King of Bulgaria, and she further explained that he took a month's "cure" each year and always insisted upon that particular bathroom from 10 to 11 a.m. I suggested that she warn him. Next day, though I was early, the bath was vacant. Again I had recourse to my little friend. She said, the King had been recalled in great haste, because of some political trouble at home. She thought it very strange as he had made all his plans for a month's stay.

The trouble was the Balkan war, which began a few weeks later. Whether the Paris agreement precipitated it, I do not know, but it is a fact that the primary manipulator was a nervous, restless, dyspeptic Irish schoolmaster, who, broken down in health, dropped into Bulgaria, seeking it. Like the American, in Rev. Dr. Hanay's "General John Regan," things were too quiet to suit him; and he just naturally drifted into local politics. He got King Ferdinand going, but his Prime Minister would not let him start anything for fear of Greece. The Irish schoolmaster told him not to worry, he would fix that. He took the first train to look over Greece, found Vene-

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The Pigeon-Blood Rubies of Pérak

A Novelette Complete in this Issue

By Harold McGrath.

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Illustrated by Ben Ward

THE instinct to hunt for treasure begins just outside the cradle and ends just inside the grave; it is stronger than love or hate or honor; it makes a hero of a coward and a poltroon of a brave man—sometimes. But the moral of this tale deals not with any of these things except indirectly; it concerns only this indisputable fact, that tomorrow is never the day you think it is going to be.

To set the ball rolling, then, without more ado or preamble: The Ponte Vecchio in Florence, is, as every one knows, devoted to Jewelers' shops. They hang on both sides of the bridge, in blue and white and pink stucco, mere bandboxes. When Columbus started out to find a new continent so that it might be named after his bitter enemy, Amerigo Vespucci, they were bargaining and haggling in these same shops wherein they bargain and haggle this very day. You can buy a silver bangle for a franc or a pearl necklace for a hundred thousand.

Last spring one shop particularly interested me — Settepassi's. I was returning to the Lung' Arno from a morning over at the Pitti (where there is a Carlo Dolci I am much in love with), when I was attracted by the loveliest emerald I have ever seen. It was attached to a collar of white and rose enamel, diamond-shaped, with small brilliants interlocking. The pendant was the emerald, about half an inch deep, round like a five-franc piece or an American silver dollar, and was polished, not cut. Below the emerald was a pink pearl the size of a large hazel nut, one side of which was flat, as if some mischievous mermaid had thumbed it during some yawning period of the oyster. Linked to this was an



It was the work of a moment to lift it off the gilded palm upon which it stood

other polished emerald, pear-shaped, about as large as the end of your thumb. Not in the shops at Delhi had I seen a more exquisite piece of workmanship.

I know nothing about the pearl or the smaller emerald; their adventures so far as I am concerned, are closed books. You know how gems come together through the ordinary channels of commerce, from Brazil, from Africa, from India, to grace some alabaster throat; and you also know how little thought the owner of that throat gives to the gems themselves so long as they represent a victory over certain rivals. Settepassi had made up a

rare necklace, and some woman will wear it for the very reasons I have set forth. It is about the large emerald my tale is woven.

FOR five mornings I made a pilgrimage to Settepassi's windows; and for five mornings I stood with my nose all but flattened against the pane, wondering and envying and admiring. On the fifth morning I happened to catch, reflected in the window-glass, two serious faces, each slightly shadowed by the cocked hat of the Carabinieri. I understood instantly. From a peaceful author (of blood-thirsty tales) ambling about Italy in search of color, I had, all in a moment become a suspicious character. To stand before so rich a display of precious stones for five consecutive mornings, each time anywhere from ten to twenty minutes, quite oblivious to the surroundings (and heaven knows these were noisy enough) would have excited suspicion in the mind of a purblind village constable, let alone two of the best criminal police in the world. Maybe I did look desperate. Perhaps in my soul I was long-

ing for a club steak and this longing gave me a tigerish expression of countenance. Besides, I hadn't shaved that morning; and I wore a negligee shirt with a soft rolled collar (for when most of your time is spent in staring at duomo-tops and frescoes it is monumental folly to wear a starched knife blade at the back of your neck), and I daresay my trousers needed pressing badly.

And would you believe it? I had to take those two chaps to the American Consulate that morning, in the Via Tornabuoni, and have myself properly and thoroughly identified. We all had a good

laugh over it. But I shall always remember those two Carabinieri; for had they not courteously but firmly escorted me to the Consulate that morning, I should never have met the young man who told me the history—rather a fragment—of the Settepassi emerald.

Even now in my dreams, sometimes, I can see that pleasant young man as he pulled off his chamois gloves and exhibited his two hands, frightfully mottled with such scars as only fire can make.

THE tale proper began in the early spring of 1902, began as all tragic episodes begin, with a triviality; in this instance, the bare knuckles of a butler on the white-enameled panel of a bedroom door. This butler was a privileged character. He had grown old in the service of the Cathew family; and he often took liberties which a younger man might have hesitated to take. But even he never entered without knocking. So he knocked at the door of his young master's bedroom, knocked gently, then firmly, and finally quite loudly. There was no response. As the issue at stake was vital, as his orders had been peremptory, he opened the door and entered. The lights were still on. The young man in bed had forgotten to turn them off. The butler shook his head sadly, pressed the button to extinguish the lights, and raised the window shades. The brilliant morning sunshine made the occupant of the bed turn over, but that was all.

"Mr. Arthur?"

No sound came from the bed; and the servant, pained at the anomaly of his position, reached down and shook the sleeper. He sniffed Turkish cigarettes and wine fumes. The sleeper presently opened a pair of swollen eyes and blinked. It took him a minute or two to realize where he was. Then he sat up wrathfully.

"Worden, what the dickens do you mean by coming in and waking me up in this fashion?"

"I beg pardon, sir, but your father's orders were peremptory. I had no choice."

"What time is it?"

"Nine-thirty, sir."

"Nine-thirty!" in a tone which conveyed the impression that he had never before heard such a period of time in the morning. "What's the row?"

"I don't know, sir. My orders were to wake you up and say that it was vital to you to breakfast, dress and be at the office at precisely ten-thirty."

"The governor wants to see me at the office?"

"Yes, sir. And I should be very careful, sir, to be on the minute. He was not in the best of tempers when he went down town."

"All right. Bring me a grapefruit and a cup of coffee. Well, what do you think of that?" addressing space, since Worden was already on his way to execute the order for breakfast.

M R. ARTHUR, only son, slid his legs to the floor, and rubbed his eyes. Then he smacked his lips soundly and wrinkled his nose in disgust. He rose, shuffled into the bathroom, and stood under the shower. After a semi-vigorous toweling he concluded that he was awake, though he would not have taken his oath on it. He came back into the bedroom and began to pick up his evening clothes, the

various parts of which sprawled over three chairs and the lounge. Each time he stooped the room swung round as upon invisible ball bearings. He was halfway inside of these clothes before he discovered his mistake. This did not serve to make him any more amiable. At the end of a quarter of an hour he had gotten as far as his four-in-hand. He completed the task and stood before the long mirror, contemplating himself, and not with any especial favor.

"You must have had a pippin last night. You'll look nice in papa's office at ten-thirty. What the devil can he want? Did I get arrested? Let's see. I first made a call, perfectly sober. I proposed, and she told me that she wouldn't marry me if I was the last man on earth. No side-stepping there. Well, I don't blame her. This reforming fool is a tough job, and I suppose I'm as big a fool as ever walked up and down Broadway. Next, I went over to the club and lost four hundred at poker and drank three quarts of champagne. No, I couldn't have been arrested. You're a handsome lad, I must say!" once more addressing his reflection. "A couple of fried eggs for eyes and a mouth full of persimmons and dog-biscuit. Never again! I'll bet you'll be saying that every ten minutes during the day—till the lights come up again. That you, Worden? Come in. That grapefruit will taste good. I don't know about the coffee," with a grimace.

The butler hovered about the table after the fashion of a fussy hen with a lone chick; for he had dandled this boy on his knees and fed him sweets, and he loved him for his unfailing amiability. It was too bad, too bad.

"I say, Worden, do you think the governor is going to put me on the carpet?"

"It looks that way, sir. And, begging your pardon, I shouldn't act hasty with him, sir."

"Ummh. Say anything about me?"

"Nothing except that he wanted you at the office, sir."

"How is mother?"

"Not so well as yesterday," gravely.

Arthur pushed aside his empty cup and scowled at his cigarette-stained fingers. How many times had he promised that patient, loving mother of his to brace up and be a man? Beyond counting.

"Worden, I guess I'm a rotter."

"You're only young, sir."

"Do you call twenty-four young?"

"Very young, sir," which was as near a rebuke as Worden had ever permitted himself to approach.

"In other words, fresh. Maybe you're right. Well, have the runabout at the door by ten."

"You will see Mrs. Cathew before you go?"

"Yes. I'll run into her room now."

He kissed his mother, and she clung to him rather wildly he thought.

"My poor boy!" she murmured.

"I'm afraid I'm no good, mother. I can't keep my word. Every time I promise I honestly mean it."

"Be careful with your father. He is terribly angry."

"More than usual?"

"Far more than usual."

"It's the first of the month, and I suppose some of my bills have turned up. Don't worry; I shan't lose my temper even if he does. He's the best father in the world, and he has never gone at me un-

justly. I've got to hustle to make the office on time. By-by! I'll be home for dinner to-night."

A LONE, she twisted her thin white hands together and the tears rolled unchecked down her cheeks. Never a harsh word to any one, always kindly and lovable; he was only weak.

Henry Cathew was an honest millionaire; so you would not recognize him if I described him to you. The newspapers seldom devoted any space to his affairs. When he took hold of a railroad or a steamship line it was to make money for it, not out of it. He was a builder, not a wrecker. His gray hair was closely clipped, his smooth face was slightly florid, and his fifty-two years warfare (for the life of a worker is all warfare) had merely drawn a crow's foot at the corners of his normally kindly blue eyes. He ate and drank and smoked and worked in moderation. Above his desk on the wall hung a framed card, in bold type:

MODERATION,
ALWAYS
MODERATION.

At this particular moment (ten-thirty to the second) you would have found him at his desk, biting the end of his pen. You would have heard the cedar crack, too, as his strong white teeth settled down upon the wood. Abruptly he rose and turned the face of the sign to the wall, and sat down again. His blue eyes were as hard and cold as his steel rails.

A RTHUR, seated in the leather-covered chair at the left of the desk, viewed these ominous signs imperturbably. The turning of the card to the wall appealed to his ready sense of humor; but he wisely repressed the smile which struggled at his lips. He was in for a drubbing; how serious remained to be learned.

He was big of bone like his father, but the flesh was pasty and flabby. He was dressed, however, with scrupulous care, from his patent-leather gaitered shoes to his pearl-grey fedora. The fact for all its evidences of dissipation was pleasing. A physiognomist at second glance would have found his first observation at fault, for a close scrutiny would have revealed no real weakness in the outline of the youthful face, a shadowy replica of the father's. He might have added to his summing up—"Give him a real interest in life and see what happens."

"Well, dad, you sent for me?"

"I did; and I wish to congratulate you upon your promptness," ironically.

"Worden came in and woke me up. He didn't seem to like the job."

"He had my orders. You are twenty-four years old. When I was at your age I was plugging for bread and butter at twenty a week."

"And now you're worth millions. Pretty good work for twenty-eight years," replied the son lightly.

"This is not an occasion for levity," came the quiet rebuke.

"I had a suspicion. Well, what's the trouble? Let's have it over with."

Cathew senior picked up a sheet of paper from his desk. "There is only one thing to your credit here."

"And what's that?" astonished.

"You are not a liar. And I have given you more rope on that account than you'd believe if I told you. I have your record here for the past five years, ever since

they dropped you from Yale. You haven't done anything but spend money."

"I had nothing else to do. You never offered me a decent job in the office."

"What you call a decent job was something like general manager at ten thousand a year. But I have offered to put you on the road to it. However, that issue is closed. We'll not discuss it. When a son refuses to begin at the bottom, knowing that it means only a little time before he hits the top, under a kindly, generous father, why, there is nothing more to be said. I've done wrong, and I admit it. I've let you have your run, paid your bills, always hoping you'd see the right road and brace up.

You have had and spent in five years a hundred and twelve thousand dollars. Here it is down in black and white. And God knows how much you have had from your mother. Your loose living has done as much as anything to keep her an invalid; and but for her entreaties you would have gone out into the streets long ago."

Arthur stared at his shoes. Where was this going to end? It began to look serious.

"To you I'm not a father; I'm only a cash drawer into which you dig your idle hands whenever you are in need of money. I'm half to blame, I repeat; I should have shut you off a long time ago. And who gets this money?

Wine agents and restaurants and chorus girls and card sharpers; they get it. Well, there isn't another turn to the rope, my son. This is the wind-up. I've jawed and cussed and fumed. You will note that to-day I'm not whooping and losing my temper."

THE son uncrossed his legs and sat a trifle more erect in his chair. His head throbbed and his stomach was not on its best behavior. But he was keen enough to appreciate that there was something truly ominous in the level tones of his father. Cathew junior was evidently in a bad way.

"For five years I have been trying to make you look ahead, into the future. It's a damnable wrong idea that youth must sow its wild oats in order to make headway against the world later. I've been kind; I've paid your bills, I've done everything possible a father could do who had a real interest in his flesh and

blood. I have wasted my time. Well, Arthur, you are this morning at the end of your rope. I'm going to clean up all your bills, but it's the last time I ever shall. Beginning from this day you will be allowed exactly two hundred a month, and you will pay your own debts. You have averaged about twenty-five thousand a year; let's see what you can do on twenty-four hundred. There's an alternative."

"And what's that?"

"Fifty thousand to clear out for good," with a curious boring glance.

"I'll take a chance at the two hundred. Not with any eye to the future; just to

but not seeing it. "Have I got to clear out of the house?"

"Oh, no. It simply means that you will have two hundred instead of two thousand and that you'll have to drive your own car and pay for the gasoline. On the word of your father, I'll never boast that two hundred till you can lay before me ten thousand in hard-earned dollars, hard-earned dollars, every one of which meant struggle, privation, self-denial, obstacles overcome."

"That looks a long way off. Why, I couldn't sell a pair of shoe strings on the busiest corner of 42nd street and Broadway!"

"I don't doubt it. I shall never again ask you to brace up. If you are on the way to hell, you will not get there on two thousand. You're on your own now. I'm not angry; I am only damned sad and bitter. I am getting along in years and wanted a son of my own to lean on. As it is, I shall have to lean on some one else's son. I shall leave the cheque under your plate the first of each month. That'll save you coming down to the office. If you wish to travel, I'll send express orders. But never ask for any advance; you will not get it."

"All right dad. I'm a s h a m e d. You are treating me better than I deserve. I could make all sorts of promises, but I couldn't guarantee them." The son rose.

Cathew senior turned to his desk and began sorting his letters. Kill or cure, he was thinking; kill or cure. But in his soul he longed to take the boy in his arms and give him a million. There was a man somewhere down under that unhealthy skin; never a whimper, never a whine. Kill or cure, kill or cure. He waited for the door to close, and having waited a minute he looked up.

"Will you shake hands, dad?"

"Yes, Arthur. What I am doing is only for your good."

"I know it."

The door closed after this, and Cathew senior pressed the button for his stenographer. It was going to be a great risk; but the machinery had been set in motion and he was not a man to revoke his orders. The stenographer had a very unpleasant session.

ARTHUR went up-town to his favorite cafe and ordered a bromo-seltzer. He spread out the check on the mahogany



Having waited a moment he looked up. "Will you shake hands, dad?"

table, smiling grimly. Two hundred a month from now on, and Nell wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth. What a colossal fool he was! Why couldn't he brace up? What was the object of these wild nights and woolly-tongued mornings? He cracked the cheque in his fingers. He must make that serve for thirty days or go broke. It would be a great lesson on economy. He got up, paid for his drink, and went out.

A man slouched after him. In fact, he had not been out of sight of this man since leaving his father's offices.

He decided to lunch at home. He was in need of food, however repellent the thought was. He cashed the cheque, put the bills in his wallet and crossed the Park to Riverside. He was curious to learn if he could go through the day without breaking into that two hundred. If he could manage to do that there was hope.

That night he went to his club, refused a dozen offers to drink, declined all card games, and spent most of his time in the writing room. The girl who received that letter never parted with it.

At eleven he started for home in quite an unusually serious frame of mind. As he turned a corner, two men sprang out of the shadows and grappled him. For a young man in his condition he put up a very respectable fight; but his assailants were too strong for him. A cloak of some sort was wound about his head and he was bundled roughly into a taxicab. Later he felt a sting in his arm. Then he fell asleep.

LONG before he came out of his stupor, for he had been drugged, Cathew sensed the smell of oil. Each effort to evade it (by drawing up the coverlet of his bed to his chin) served only to accentuate it. In his half-dream he wondered how any one could have spilled oil on that filet-counterpane which was the pride of Mrs. Harwood, the housekeeper. Same old headache, too; and after all his good resolutions! Underneath the smell of oil, he began gradually to sense another peculiar thing, a long rise and a long fall. Of course he knew what that was. Many a time he had to wait till the bed stopped turning circles before he could get into it. Evidently he had taken his life in his hands last night and jumped aboard while the bed was still turning.

"Out of that, you swab!"

"Out of that, you souse; d'ye hear?"

"Worden, you can cut out that line of talk," Cathew murmured.

"Is that so?"

Cathew's eyelids went up half way, and with eyes which throbbed and seemed full of dancing spangles of fire he beheld an enormous paw. It seemingly came out of nowhere, grasped his shoulder cruelly and shook him.

"In half an hour ye'll be at the port-bunkers with ye'er shovel. That's all; be there. An' no back talk, mind."

Cathew sat up and stared bewilderedly at the gorilla-like face lowering over him. For his father to rag him was one thing; but for an utter stranger to lay hands on him!

"Where the devil did you come from?" he asked unamibly, still without recognizing the fact that he was not in his own bedroom at home.

The paw reached in again, caught him by the arm, heaved him out bodily and flung him sprawling to the floor. Cathew junior's attitude toward life was like that

of a young bulldog, friendly and even-tempered so long as none showed malice or cruelty. He sprang to his feet and lunged at his assailant's jaw, not without a certain skill. His fist struck a cast-iron elbow, and in return he received a clout on the side of the head that took away all his interest in the argument. As he crumpled to the floor, a broad-toed boot caught him in the thigh and swirled him flat against the opposite row of bunks.

"Strike back at me, will ye?"

"You big lummock," said a deep bass voice from a nearby bunk, "why don't you hit some one your size? It's a fine game to be chief engineer, but I notice it's the little fellows you're always finding trouble for. Some day, mind me, you'll find a hot slicebar in the middle of your belly."

"Corrigan, I'll see ye in irons before this v'yage is over."

"Well, that'll save your jaw a punch. Leave that kid alone till he sobers up; and you let him skip his watch till he gets his bearings."

The speaker climbed out of his bunk. He was naked from the waist up. His chest was deep and broad and hairy, and his arms and legs were those of a caryatid. He measured up to five-foot-four, and there nature had left him to shift for himself, apparently doubting the advisability (in an effort toward universal peace) of building the man any higher. The crew described him as a big voice entirely surrounded by a helluva little man. He trotted over to the inanimate Cathew, picked him up and carried him back to the evil-smelling bunk.

THE chief engineer—something of a Hercules himself—balled his fists and stood irresolute, pulled one way by the knowledge of his authority and another by his caution. He looked big enough to take Corrigan in his hands and break him like a pipestem; but he made no effort to do so, for the very reason that the Irishman was as quick and strong and merciless as a tiger when fully aroused. Add to this that the squat was a veteran of the prize ring whose stature alone had kept him from fame and money, and you will gather how formidable he was to those who knew anything about him.

"Silk!" muttered Corrigan, as Cathew rolled off his arms into the bunk. "Silk underwear! I'll kill that dirty crimp Fall the next time I see New York. I thought I saw his ugly mug when I rolled in last night. I suppose I was too drunk to notice. Did you see the lad come back at that big stiff?" addressing the numerous heads now sticking out over the bunk rim. "Game anyhow."

"Mullins'll lay for you, Corrigan, for that talk," said someone.

"Let him. He'll be spry to land on me, I'm thinking. I'm the best fireman on board; and the Cap'n being as square as they make 'em knows it. Ah! he's coming about."

"In God's name, where am I?" whispered Cathew.

"On board the *Limerick*. I guess they shanghaied you."

"Shanghaied me? A block from Broadway?" everything coming back in spite of his splitting head.

"Yep. It was tough work to get a full crew for this old bucket; and I guess the Cap'n didn't ask questions this trip."

"I must see the Captain at once," declared Cathew, struggling to get out of his bunk.

Corrigan pressed him back firmly.

"Better sleep off your souse first."

"But I wasn't drunk. I was kidnapped and drugged a block from my club!"

"Uhuh. Better lie still."

"Is there a wireless on board?"

"Nothing but the pipe-organ on the smokestack. Take an old sailor's advice and be quiet."

"Where are we bound?"

"San Francisco."

"San Francisco? But, good Lord, man, they don't sail for San Francisco from New York!"

"This old bucket does. You see, it's like this. She used to run to Bermuda and back, onions and potatoes. Last month she was sold to some fleet on the Pacific coast, and we're on the way to join it. That's why it was so hard to get a crew."

"What's the first port?" with sinking heart.

"Suez for coal. Our bunkers'll carry us there. Then we stop at Colombo to take on a cargo of tea. The other stops are Singapore, Hong-Kong, Manila, Honolulu and 'Frisco. Take it easy. You aren't alone."

"Where are my clothes?"

"They won't do you a bit of good. Take it from me. If you want to slope, Suez is your first chance. But I doubt we see any pay till we hit Colombo. It's tough luck, but you're on my watch, and I'll ease it as much as I can for you. All you got to do is to shovel coal, every four hours out of twelve, with eight to do as you please in, so long as you don't go up to the Cap'n's bridge. Keep away from there. It will only give Mullins an excuse to beat you up."

"It's mighty good of you to talk to me like this. What is your name?"

"Corrigan. And yours?"

"Cathew."

"Sounds Irish. Well, now, turn in and sleep. You need it. You won't have to stand this watch. I'll wake you up when I come back. Ever been to sea before?"

"Yes."

"That'll help. No speaking up to the bridge, mind. I'd take you there myself, if I knew it would do any good."

All this was sound advice, and for the time being Cathew decided, to act upon it. He lay back and thought. The one thing that appalled him was the thought of his mother. The shock of his disappearance might kill her. There was no possible way of getting news to her till he reached Suez, nearly thirty days, according to Corrigan. His clothes! He began looking about. At the foot he found a suit, cheap, second-hand shoddy. He went through the pockets, his hands shaking and his heart full of despair. Not a sou-markee, not even a match could he find. All gone, a watch worth a hundred and an even two hundred in cash. He buried his face in the oil-tainted pillow. He would not have cared so much if he could have gotten word home. What would they think, his mother—and the girl? That he had taken the two hundred and gone on a long carouse. Shanghaied a block from Broadway!

WHEN Corrigan returned he found the young man asleep. He turned in and went asleep himself. On the second watch he taught Cathew how to handle his scoop, how to dig and lift without extra exertion; how to save himself, in fact.

"Shove your scoop under, not into, the coal. The coal'll naturally fall into the

scoop and that'll save pushing. All you have to do then is to lift. And keep out of other people's way. Go to it."

At the end of the second hour Cathew's back began to stiffen; it became a mortal agony to stoop and straighten up. There was pain in his eyes, in his throat, in his lungs. He was in a miniature hell. The flashes from the furnace door gave a broken touch to it all. The sheet iron flooring, greasy with oil, offered but little foothold. He slipped, slid, and sometimes went sprawling with an overturned barrow. He was always in someone's way, continually bombarded with curses. It seemed to him that he had been at work half a day, when a clattering of scoops and slice-bars told him that the watch was being relieved.

It was Corrigan who shouldered him up the steel ladders; it was Corrigan who sluiced his tortured body with buckets of cold sea water; it was Corrigan who gave him something to toughen his hands and take away the smart.

"You'll never regret this kindness, Corrigan."

"Forget it. It was the way you offered to punch Mullins, when the big stiff could eat you up with one hand tied behind him. Know anything about holding up your padies?"

"A little; but I haven't done any boxing for several years."

"Been batting around and spending pa's money, huh?"

"That's it. And maybe I'm getting what's coming to me."

"You'll be all right in a week's time. You've got a good frame. All you need is to get rid of the hog-fat. Booze is a bad business. I know."

"Nobody knows that better than I do. And I never drank because I liked the stuff either."

A WEEK later Cathew was handling his scoop like an old-timer. He could stoop and rise without that extraordinary pain over his kidneys; he could dodge his co-workers, trot over the slippery steel without losing his footing. From then on he improved. He began to harden. He could sleep dreamlessly, something he had not done in five years. One day, as they were nearing Gibraltar, he determined to seek the Captain, Bannerman by name,

"I am sorry," she said, touching his arm.

despite Corrigan's warnings. He was not going to ask to be landed. All he wanted was enough money to send a cable home.

The stokehole crew were permitted to use the waist and the bowdeck, but they were not allowed abaft the waist. Cathew knew this, but it did not deter him. As his foot touched the quarter deck he saw Mullins.

"Get off this deck, you slumgullion!"

"Mr. Mullins, said Cathew, holding his voice down, "I am not looking for trouble. I am going to see the Captain."

blooded primordial man, with an interest in life at last; to kill or maim that grinning devil up there. He was lame and sore, but he never faltered during his watch.

"What makes you limp?" asked Corrigan, as they met at the water bucket for a drink.

Cathew told him. "And as there's a God above, he'll pay for those kicks. No man shall ever put his boot to me and get away with it. Corrigan, I want you to teach me how to fight. I don't mean

fancy ringstuff. I mean what you call dock-walloper style, where you use your teeth and nails and feet and thumbs."

Corrigan rubbed his hands pleasantly. "You're Irish. I wasn't wrong. I'll take you in hand. After we coal up at Suez. We'll have five weeks between there and Singapore. The old hooker doesn't make no more'n nine knots. She's all right with the wind on her quarter, but she doesn't cotton to head-ons or a running sea. If you keep on improving you'll be fit when we get to Singapore. I get off there."

"Aren't you going through?"

"Not so's you'd notice it. They'll find plenty of Chinks at Singapore. They can stand the heat. But cut out the bridge stuff. The Cap'n wouldn't listen anyhow."

SO Cathew saw Gibraltar pass in the amethystine afterglow of sunset; he saw Sicily rise over

one horizon and vanish down another; and always his thoughts were of the people at home. He longed to rush in upon that splendid father of his and tell him he was willing to begin with the broom, to take his mother in his arms and tell her he was done, to ask the one girl in the world for another chance.

ONE afternoon found the two seated in the shadows of the foremost hoistboom. From time to time they moved with the shadow. Up to this moment neither man offered to exchange confidences. They had been too busy.

"And so you're a rich man's son! I thought as much when I felt the silk of your underclothes. And the swine of a crimp body-snatched you a block from

Continued on page 57.



BEN WARD

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

What Will Make Russia Fight?

The people want a clear understanding with the Allies

WHAT will induce the Russian army to fight again? Lincoln Steffens supplies what he believes to be the answer to this in the course of an article in *Everybody's Magazine*. The article was written while in Russia, where he had every opportunity to study conditions closely. He writes:

"There will be sacrifices, but only of good men, not of the people, not of the Revolution. The Russian Revolution of 1917 will go on to the end."

"You mean," I said, "that Kerensky will go down as Miliukoff did?" "Kerensky?" said my informant. "Kerensky will die. I love that man. We Russians all love Kerensky—but, Kerensky doesn't matter. Nobody, no individual matters. We Russians have seen all our greatest spirits die—for the cause of Russia's freedom. We are used to it. Any one of us would be glad to go and serve and die for Russia, as Kerensky must."

Kerensky, the non-resistant, took the portfolio of War in the ministry formed after Miliukoff resigned. And he, the man who signalled the Russian mob not to kill, took the War Department because the new Provisional Government wanted to respond to the call of the Allies and finish the war. That government knows vividly what it is so hard for the outside world to grasp, that the Russian people are really free. The soldiers gave up thirty thousand rifles to the workmen in Petrograd alone; the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committee represent a people that are armed. The Allies keep sending commissions to the Russian Government to get it to make the Russians fight. But the Russian leaders agreed that if there was any one among them who could make the Russians want to fight, it was Kerensky. He is a sick man; he didn't like, he didn't want the job. He preferred Justice; he was happy in that department; he was making it stand for mercy. But he consented; he is Minister of War; and he does his best, as the news shows.

He personally led a part of the Russian lines to begin attacks on July first; and other parts, inspired by their example, charged. But the "advance" was not effective. Magnificent, it is not war. And the loss was terrible to the simple soldiers who couldn't resist the appeals of Kerensky and the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council. There may be other such attacks, and, of course, they may catch fire. But what the Allies need and what Kerensky asks is that Russia, the nation, shall go to war, united, organized, inspired.

Kerensky's friends in the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committee told me that Kerensky said: "I will give not only my strength, I will give my life to make the Russians fight. I may get the soldiers to charge, and I'll beg the

nation to join in an all-together fight. But I can't. I know I can't. Only President Wilson and the Allies can do that."

Only the Allies can make the Russians want to fight, and they can do it only by dealing in the spirit of New Russia with the public opinion of Russia. That public opinion may be based on an illusion. That illusion may have been planted by the Germans, and it probably was, for the Germans, the German people, seem to have the same idea. No matter. The fact is that the Russian and German soldiers have been talking man to man for months for miles along the trenches; and that, not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of Russians have left the front and gone back home to a million places in Russia and Siberia, and there and all along the road they have spread the opinion that some of the Allies have secret treaties by which each of them is to get an increase of empire. That's what took the fight out of the Russians. That's what the Allies have to deal with. And the Russian statesmen suggest a way to deal with it:

Call a conference of the Allies, with the new allies: the United States, New Russia and China. See that the Russian representatives represent the Russian people and have their full faith, as, for example, Kerensky has it. Then if the secret treaties are an illusion, if there is nothing bad in them, put, say, Kerensky, in a position to go home and say so.

If they are not an illusion, it is harder, but not impossible.

Soon after I got to Petrograd, an Englishman, a high-minded, scholarly Liberal, who was there on a mission for his Government, said he was glad the Americans had come into the war, because he thought we would "put the war back on the high plane where it was with us English at first."

That's all the Russians ask, the people, I mean, the mob, the free, armed Russian mob,

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and that mob is not unreasonable. If my report shows anything, it shows that the Russian people have not only self-government, literally, but self-control; that they are fair; will listen and, listening, can accept two ideas at once and consider them, talk them over quietly together and act upon them.

The Kaiser's Wife Takes Hold

Empress of Germany is Beginning to Have a Part in Imperial Matters

NOT much has been heard in the past of the Kaiserin, Wilhelm's good-natured and reputedly colorless spouse. She has been put into the background by the noisy energy and exuberant personality of the Kaiser. It appears that just recently the Empress has been "coming out," however. She is even undertaking certain diplomatic errands. The story of Augusta Victoria's new importance is told by *Current Opinion* as follows:

A remarkable change of policy in Hohenzollern circles can alone account for the ambassadorial functions assumed by Empress

Augusta Victoria of Germany, whose expeditions to Munich, to Dresden and to Vienna take on more and more of an official character. William II. has until quite lately kept his consort in the background. She has in the course of his long reign been almost a cipher except for her sovereignty in the domestic sphere. There, indeed, she has reigned supreme, prescribing, it seems, even the thickness of the socks worn by the Emperor, forbidding strong cigars and even concocting the peculiar broth or beef soup which is his Majesty's only diet when that throat becomes sensitive. All this seems to be changed. For the first time during the thirty-six years of their union, William II. is seen thrusting the Empress Augusta Victoria forward. He must have revised his theory that the lady is unlucky.

In this most sorrowful period of a life of

sorrows, the Empress Augusta Victoria, says the Italian journalist who saw her at Vienna, has the same wonderful blue eyes that captivated William when, as a girl of twenty-two, he first saw her in a hammock at Primkenau, her father's castle in Silesia. They are very large, rather dark for so pronounced a blonde, steadfast and clear, with a full pupil. The Empress was said by the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand to be able to speak all the languages of Europe with her eyes. He liked her because alone among the royal women of Europe she made a pet of the Duchess of Hohenburg, his consort, treating her on a plane of equality. The German Empress has cast a spell of her fascination upon the present Austro-Hungarian Empress-Queen Zita, despite the difference in their ages. She is emphatically a woman's woman, feminine, according to the Italian journalist, gracious in her smile, low-voiced, using two pretty hands in effective gestures as she converses earnestly on topics of a personal nature.

Notwithstanding her friendship for that noted Greek scholar, the late Doctor John P. Mahaffy of Dublin, the German Empress is not an "intellectual." She delighted in the scholar's inexhaustible fund of Irish anecdote. He told his stories with inimitable drollery to an admiring circle at the Palace, after which the Empress herself served him with tea. Her conception of entertainment is said to be plying of her guests with food and drink, nor does she disdain explanations of the merits of her kitchen. She is the best cook in Germany, if the Italian press is to decide the matter, and she has an impression also that she is a very good nurse. She is not above such cares as the heat of her consort's morning bath, which she prepares for him at the palace as well as at the country seat near Cadinen. There she has her own particular flock of chickens and there she milks the cows and pursues the other vocations upon which is based her claim to be a farmer's wife. She has a passion for needlework which she can gratify only when living in the country. In the country, too, or rather on the farm at Cadinen, she is a great stickler for church attendance. No tenant on the estate would risk her displeasure by not appearing in his place for divine worship. There is a chapel on the estate, but the Kaiserin is as likely as not to appear in the village church early and to look about her as the worshippers troop in and to make rather pointed inquiries after the services about the health of absentees.

These essentially feminine traits in his consort have not always been palatable to Emperor William, observes a writer in the Paris *Figaro*. The Kaiserin is not sufficiently imperial. He would like her to be more of a spectacle, we read, to assume something of the grandeur of a Theodora, the majesty of a Zenobia, the inspiring deportment of a Maria Theresa. His ideal of feminine royalty is that Queen Louise of Prussia whose career he knows by heart. Now, the Kaiserin was brought up in a German country mansion, seat of the house of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, leading there the simple life of a German Marguerite, visiting the sick on her father's estate, doing a little needlework, watering the flowers and reading books prescribed by the chaplain to the Duke. She never in her life wore a pair of silk stockings, and she was a wife and mother before she knew anything about lawn tennis. Her diversions were horseback riding, croquet and archery. She never was a good dancer. She had the indiscretion, not long after her marriage to be caught asleep when the Emperor's mother was reading a work of a philosophical character aloud to the circle at Potsdam.

The first years of this union were in the words of the *Figaro*, "agitated." William soon thrust his wife into the background. Long was she absorbed in the cares of a prolific maternity, and at the time of the birth of her seventh child, the Princess Victoria Louise, her one daughter, now Duchess of Brunswick, the Kaiserin seemed to have become old. Her hair was already gray, although she was but thirty-four. The Kaiserin's only recognition in the life of her husband's empire was comprised in her rank as colonel of a hussar regiment. She did get the black eagle, conspicuous worn as she went on horseback at the head of her troop in a uniform that was not in the



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If the worst came to the worst, her Majesty would be able to live well upon a snug American fortune. It is quite large, and according to the *Paris Temps*, is very wisely invested in the securities of dividend-paying American railroads. The silk industry in the United States must also yield a comfortable revenue to the lady, as she has put money into some large mills here.

The World in 1952

One Writer's Guess as to What 35 Years Will Bring Forth.

JACK LAIT is a writer of clever stories and a newspaperman. He has just passed his thirty-fifth birthday, and has had the temerity on the suggestion of the Editor of the *American Magazine* to give his version of what the next thirty-five years will bring forth in this old world. His guesses are interesting at least. Here they are:

I predict that in 1952—

There will not be a king, emperor, czar or kaiser in Europe.

Ireland will be an independent republic; so will Poland.

Liquor will be taboo the world over—barred at its source.

Women will have full suffrage everywhere.

Socialism will not have displaced republican government.

There will be an aerial route across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, with stations or controls at intervals.

There will be telephone connections with and without wireless across both oceans.

All principal cities will have double-decked streets, the lower strata for traffic by vehicles exclusively.

Emigration from one country to another will be rare.

Firearms of all kinds will be obsolete, forbidden everywhere.

Huge artificial lights will make the world as bright at night as by day.

Physicians, lawyers, dentists will be public officials and will not work for individual fees.

Love will guide matrimonial selection, but government will refuse to license the unfit, the maimed, the immature, the senile, the damaged.

New York City will have 10,000,000 inhabitants and its own legislature; Chicago will have 7,000,000 and its own legislature.

Yet I say that the next thirty-five years will not be as historic as the equal period gone by; that is because almost every change that I foresee had its inception before '17, and awaits only the decades of the immediate future for development toward consummation.

I think that big business, as its organization grows more efficient and economical, will be the preponderant factor towards a higher morality, more thorough abstinence and better habits generally. The evangelists and reformers do not seem to me to do much actual saving or enlightening. But the corporations, as their number of employees grow larger and the shortcomings of humans are therefore multiplied in direct ratio to their losses and drains, are the most resultful uplifters.

Many railroads now refuse men in any capacity who drink, who have ever had the liquor weakness, who have ever even signified their sympathy with it by signing petitions for others to get saloon licenses. Almost all the larger concerns make temperance, at least, a requisite for employment, and not a few require total divorce from alcohol.

That policy will grow as business continues to concentrate, and I dare say a man of un-sound conduct a quarter of a century hence will find all doors closed against him by common understanding of employers.

Speculation in foods, metals, clothing materials and other vital necessities will not survive. Private ownership of the producing sources will not be disturbed, but public fixing of prices in essential commodities seems

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inevitable, as already established for railroad transportation, insurance, telephone service, etc.

Rents, likewise, will be determined so as to exact no more than a set and legitimate return on investment or valuation.

One of the great wastes which will surely be eliminated is that Pooch-Bah, long-lived and senseless fallacy, fashions. For 1917 years we have been slaves to a mad and savage rivalry in adornment.

A Menace to the Navy

Influences Threatening the Only Available Supply of Oil Fuel.

WHAT would happen to the British navy if the oil supply ran out? As all British ships of war are operated with oil, the results can be imagined. Figure then that the total supply of oil for the navy comes from one source, and that that one source is—Mexico! Here is something to create, at first thought, a feeling of alarm. George Marvin explains the situation at some length in *World's Work*:

Tampico is just oil. The Panuco River runs oily down to the bar and the open Gulf six miles away; the banks of the river are slimy and black with oil and so are the miles of wharves where the tankers lie drinking their fill of petroleum from the pipe lines which snake away leagues back into the oily hot jungle to their inexhaustible well. Oil on the sky, oil in the air, oil over the landscape. Ugly beyond words is Tampico, but it runs the British Navy and helps run the Mexican Government. It is a necessary ally of the United States against Germany, and it is controlled by one oily Mexican *cabecillo* to whom the producing companies pay a tribute like unto Caesar.

The oil fields which lie west of Tampico and south eighty miles to Tuxpam close to the Gulf coast produced, in the summer of 1917 in excess of 1,659,000 barrels a day. And in addition to this amount actually available, prospects for the drilling-in of additional wells leave no doubt that when these fields are developed up to their capacity they can supply an amount of petroleum greater than the world's total production to date.

At a time when the navies of the world are depending upon fuel oil, and when a large part of war mobility and transportation by sea and shore and in the air, in addition to the manufacture of war supplies, depends upon petroleum and its by-products, these figures are emphatic enough. They become more impressive when we stop to think that outside of the United States and Mexico there are no large supplies of mineral oils available anywhere except in Galicia, Rumania, and the Russian Caucasus, and not one of these fields is available to the Entente Allies for the western theatre of war.

Potential production is one thing, actual output another. Due to a combination of restrictive causes—high taxes levied by the Mexican Government, lack of ocean tank steamers, the war risks and losses on all ocean-borne commerce, and strikes and shutdowns forced by revolutionary disorders—the total actual output of the Mexican fields is only 10 per cent. of the present potential production. Even at that low percentage more than 60,000 barrels a day went to the United States for fuel and refining in 1916, and one company alone has contracts for the delivery of 50,000 barrels a day during 1917.

Mexican oil is practically an Anglo-American monopoly. American and British enterprise discovered it and British and American capital have developed it. No oil is exported from Mexico except by American companies and by one British concern, the famous Aguilas Company, owned by Lord Cowdray and incorporated in Mexico. The Lord Cowdray interests also own the oil fields at Minatitlan,



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just inland from Puerto Mexico, and the well built double-track Tehuantepec railroad which runs across the Isthmus from Puerto Mexico to Salina Cruz on the Pacific side. Most of the oil which is piped out of the Cowdray wells to Tampico and Tuxpan has to be taken to Puerto Mexico and there mixed with the lighter Minatitlan oils—when the Minatitlan plant is not shut down by recurrent strikes—before it can meet the British Admiralty's specifications. Some oil comes from wells operated by Mexicans and a great part of it from lands owned by Mexican proprietors and leased to the foreign companies. Not one drop of it is exported by Mexicans.

And not one drop is exported by Germans. No German company owns or leases oil lands. No nationals of the Central Powers have oil interests of any kind in Mexico. Nevertheless, Germany must needs be very much interested in Mexican oil. Germany cannot interfere with its marketing except by intercepting shipments at sea, which would naturally be one of the chief objects of submarine activity in the Gulf and West Indian waters. German agents can interfere with its production in several ways; through the Mexican Government by confiscatory duties and restrictions; by subsidizing revolutionary or plain bandit disorders in the State of Vera Cruz; by inciting the thousands of employees in the plants to violent and destructive strikes; and by surreptitiously firing the wells themselves.

This last danger may be minimized to the vanishing point. Ever since 1914 the companies operating wells in the Hausteca district have policed Germans and Austrians out of their territory. Every well is worth millions of dollars and is guarded like a Kohinoor diamond. The Cowdray company was, of course, exceedingly active in this work. The Potrero well owned by them has at times during the last three years furnished 60 per cent. of all the fuel oil consumed by the British Navy, and one destructive act successfully perpetrated against that one well would have partially hamstrung the British fleet. Even German sympathizers or suspects are unceremoniously run out of the district or are quietly interned there.

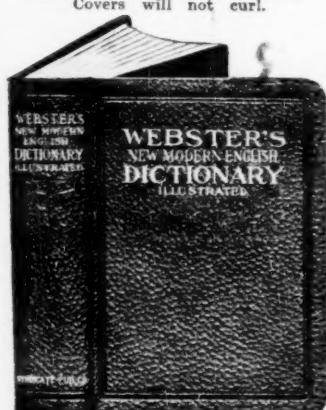
After the United States became an active belligerent in April, rumors of possible German attempts against the Mexican oil fields increased, but every one of the tangible rumors was run to earth and either proved to be hot air or was smashed on suspicion. The vast majority were hot air. The oil companies are and have been very much alive to this danger and are well able to look after their own interests as far as any direct German attempts on their properties are concerned. They, together with the British Legation and our own recently re-established Embassy, maintain an excellent secret service organization in and around Tampico region and have every Central Power national ticketed. The same authorities, with the international assistance open to them, have combed the Gulf and its shores with the finest-toothed investigation, and gum-shoed the hinterland bordering on them. As far as this system can penetrate there were not in July any possible German submarine bases or wireless plants in or about the Gulf of Mexico. The submarine menace is therefore reduced to operations from a far distant base or, more probably, to raids on the delivery end of the oil traffic.

It is not from direct German acts that the danger comes; it is from the indirect methods which I have summarized above. In order to understand just how German influence may be brought to bear, it is necessary first to know something about the powers that be in the State of Vera Cruz and their interrelation.

People who read about Mexico know by name that bright star of Mexican politics, General Cándido Aguilar. I was in Puerto Mexico on election day when Aguilar was running for Governor of Vera Cruz against General Gávira. You would have thought he had at least a good running start by being the *Primer Jefe*'s (Carranza's) candidate and engaged to his daughter, but Cándido never takes any chances. He had two freight trains of decanted Constitutional soldiers, armed beyond the teeth, in that town bivouacked around the polls and the telegraph and cable offices. You had to cross yourself and step

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over sleeping arsenals to send a telegram. The simple job of that soldiery was to insure a constitutional and orderly election by keeping the Gavirists from exercising a suffrage called by the new Constitution universal. I don't know first-hand just how matters stood in the other towns of the State of Vera Cruz, but on reaching Mexico City several days later I read in the capital papers that General Aguilar had been elected Governor by substantial majorities after a very "orderly" election.

Now Aguilar is a fine example of your high-speed self-made man in Mexico in a time when every public character is self-made plus the help that goes to compadres or relatives of the appointing powers. Oil helped make Aguilar. In the summer of 1914 he financed himself into prominence by occupying the Tampico-Tuxpam fields with his ragged army and holding up the principal producing companies in the region for \$10,000 apiece on the threat of stopping their pumps. The only company that had nerve enough, or was foolish enough, to refuse was Lord Cowdray's company, and the consequent stoppage of its pumps caused leaks around the bonanza Potrero well, the loss in oil, and in a surface fire which lasted four months, mounting far beyond Aguilar's price.

Candido Aguilar made a distinct financial success out of his Vera Cruz suzerainty but he made an equally distinct political mistake. Not content with levying on the rich foreign companies, he confiscated a lot of small, oil-bearing properties from native Mexican owners in the jungle. None of these owners could produce satisfactory *Guarantias*—credentials of acknowledged title carrying exemption or protection—and so Aguilar and his officers waded in and took pretty much what they liked, accusing the owners of being Huertistas or having Huertista sympathies. They made a thoroughly good job of it; looted the houses of the Huasteca farmers, seized and violated their women, and killed all active resistance. You can see mute memorials of this forced liberty loan in the ruin of once picturesque Indian villages blistering on the hills far back from the pestilential oil fields. As a matter of fact there were no political lines drawn then in the jungle, no Constitutionalistas or Huertistas or any other kind of the "istas" then current. Aguilar brought politics with him.

Many of these independent land owners, whose properties were confiscated, were either in negotiation for the sale or lease of their oil rights or counting upon realizing on them later. In July, 1914, under a *cabecillo* named Manuel Pelaez, they rose in revolt against Aguilar and all he represented. Pelaez has controlled the entire Huasteca-Veracruzana oil district ever since. Carranza and his faction control the two ports of Tampico and Tuxpam but all the hinterland is in the hands of Baron Pelaez. His outposts come right up into the suburbs of the two towns. It is indicative of the actual control which the de jure Government exercises over Mexico that here in this richest maritime region Carranzista authority is limited to two spheres of nominal influence in the ports.

The oil is piped out of Pelaez's territory, where it pays tribute, into the Carranzista spheres of influence, where the central Government levies on it by production taxes and bar dues before it flows into British and American tank steamers.

Up to January, 1917, Pelaez could have taken Tampico whenever he wanted it, until in that month the then de facto Government sent the de facto gunboat *Bravo* up the river and tied her up to the fiscal wharf where her guns could sweep the town. Tuxpam, also, the semi-righteous bandits could take whenever they liked if they were foolish enough thus to bring down a serious expedition against themselves.

Several desultory expeditions have been sent against Pelaez but they have lost themselves in the oily jungle and been beaten off without much trouble. And after every such occasion Robin Hood Pelaez and his merry dispossessed land owners armed themselves from the prisoners and cadavers. They began with about eighty men, every one of whom had suffered from direct acts of confiscation by the Aguilar regime. In the



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spring their numbers had grown to 3,500. They had captured nearly 3,000 rifles, and in Mexico it is easy to find a man for every rifle.

The new Constitution went into effect on February 5th, and since then the baron of the oil fields has been joined by many first-class volunteers. The Mexican mining laws from 1884 up to February 5th had specifically recognized the ownership by the small Mexican landlords of subsoil petroleum in the Huasteca fields. Many of these owners had title back to the Spanish grants. The new Constitution confiscates this subsoil petroleum, vesting the ownership of all underground oil in the nation, which by the new instrument has the sole right to issue concessions to third parties for the extraction of petroleum. The owners who had escaped Aguirre, now despoiled by the new Constitution, have joined the Pelaez endemic revolution and greatly strengthened it. The agent of one of the largest American companies had forty-eight rentals to pay to small owners in April. Twenty-six of them could not be found. They had joined Pelaez.

The business head of the Pelaez administration is an ex-druggist of Tuxpan a Dr. Enriquez, who like his chief has an interest in lands from which the Aguila company is producing. Each of them receives a handsome royalty on the production. The third member of the junta is a first-class fighting man named Leopoldo Rabate who, in addition to a property grievance like the others, brings into the business an unconquerable personal animus.

The real menace at Tampico is not directly from the Germans, not from the bandit overlords of the fields, not from existing taxation. The potential menace lies in the whimsicality or the obstinacy of the central Government, whether or not subject to German influence, and in the recurrence of strikes over which the Government either has no control or is indifferent about exercising control.

The new Mexican Constitution, promulgated February 5, 1917, provides for the "nationalization" of all petroleum occurring under ground. It is now possible for the Government summarily to take over any American or British-owned lands or wells and stop the supply. The American and British companies had acquired rights to this underground petroleum in accordance with the existing Constitution and law by purchase and lease from the owners. Two of the companies have contracts passed by the Mexican Congress in 1906 and 1908, respectively, exempting them from any tax on the export of their product. The new Constitution provides that "there shall be no exemption from taxation."

Under the new Constitution, therefore, the American and British producers of crude oil supplies needed by our allies are exposed to (1) the absolute confiscation of their lands and wells which would stop those supplies or (2) unlimited and semi-confiscatory taxation which would have to be paid by the United States and their allies. *German influence is at work all the time in Mexico City to bring about one or both of these restrictive measures.*

"But the Germans claim you invaded Germany."

"Yes," he answered gravely, "I know they do say that. The prisoners tell me. Well, perhaps it is true. We were probably both invaded."

London, plastered with enormous signs, "Your King and Country Need You," "Enlist for the War Only!" In all open spaces, knots of young men drilling—bank clerks, stock brokers, university and public school men, the middle and upper middle classes; for at this time the workers and the East End were not interested in the war. The first Expeditionary Force had been wiped off the face of the earth coming down from Mons; England was getting mad, at the tip, and "Kitchener's Mob" was forming.

The great masses of the people of England knew little about the war and cared less. Yet it was up to them to fight, volunteer or conscript. Business and manufacturing concerns began to discharge their employees of military age, and a patriotic black-list saw to it that they got no other work; it was "Enlist or starve." I remember seeing a line of huge trucks sweep through Trafalgar Square, full of youths and placarded "Harrods' Gift to the Empire." The men inside were clerks in Harrods' Stores, and they were being driven to the recruiting station.

There were other things in London which nauseated one. The great limousines going down to the city of a morning with recruiting appeals on their wind-shields, and overfed, overdressed men and women sitting comfortably inside. The articles for sale in the shops, with the "Made in Germany" signs torn off and new cards affixed, "Made in England"; the Rhine and Moselle wines they served in restaurants, their labels painted out, the immensely snobbish Red Cross benefit concerts and dances that made the fall of 1914 "London's gayest autumn."

All talk of "German militarism," and "the rights of small nations," and "Kaiserism must go"—how sickening to know that the rulers of England really did not believe these pious epithets and platitudes! It was only the great masses of simple folk who were asked to give their lives because "Belgium was invaded," and the "scrap of paper" torn up. Just as in this our own country, where persons of intelligence cannot help smiling—or weeping—when President Wilson talks of American "democracy," and the "democracy" America champions in this war.

Berlin was less patently charged with hypocrisy, as one might expect; for Berlin had been getting ready for this for years. There was less need for advertising than there was in either London or Paris—the Germans had less difference of opinion about the war. And yet to see those hundreds of thousands of gray automatons caught inevitably and irreparably in that merciless machine, hurled down across Belgium in mile-wide, endless rivers, and poured against the scarps of death-rimmed fortresses in close-marching battalions, was more horrible than what I saw in other countries.

Will anyone now dare to claim that the German people were told the truth about the war, or even told anything to speak of? No. The whole nation was sent to the trenches, without opportunity to know, to object, a little more ruthlessly than other nations—except Russia.

I was at the German front, where men stood up to their hips in water, covered with lice, and fired at anything which moved behind a mud-bank eighty yards away. They were the color of mud, their teeth chattered incessantly, and every night some of them went mad. In the space between the trenches, forty yards away, was a heap of bodies left over from the last French charge; the wounded had died out there, without any effort being made to rescue them; and now they were slowly but surely sinking into the soft mud, burying themselves. At this place the soldiers spent three days in the trenches and six days resting back of the lines at Comines, where the government furnished beer, women and a circulating library.

I asked those mud-colored men, leaning against the wet mud-bank in the rain, behind their little steel shields, and firing at whatever moved,—who were their enemies? They stared at me uncomprehendingly. I explained that I wanted to know who lay opposite

The War Is Unpopular

Writer Claims None of the Soldiers on Either Side Want to Fight.

THAT the war is unpopular everywhere, the soldiers of all the nations involved hate to fight and would stop at once if allowed, that none of the people of any of the countries wanted to go to war in the first place are some of the claims made by John Reed in the course of a vigorously written article in *The Seven Arts*. It is impossible to do more than quote extracts taken here and there from the article, which deals specifically with the desire of the fighting men for peace. He does not allow for the fine chivalry that has induced so many volunteers to go to the front, but that the soldier does not like the fighting and fights on only through a sense of duty, is beyond dispute.

I'm afraid I never did properly understand the drama and the glory of this war. It seemed to me, those first few weeks coming up through France, as if I would never get out of my mind again those beflowered troop trains full of laughing, singing boys—the class of 1914—bound so gaily, unthinkingly to the front. And then Paris—not stern, stoical, heroic, as the reporters all described it; but sick with fear, full of civilian panic, its citizens trampling down women and children in their wild rush to get on trains for the South.

I saw so many ugly things—rich people putting their handsome houses under the protection of the Red Cross, and later when the Germans had retreated to the Aisne, withdrawing them. Small tradesmen making money out of things needed by the soldiers. Little political fights between the military medical corps and the Red Cross, whereby thousands of beds in the city were vacant, and the wounded died lying out on the cobbles in the rain at Vitry.

Against that, what? A nation rising *en masse* to repel invasion, but without much stomach for a slaughter most people, I think, felt to be utterly stupid and useless. The flags, the emptiness, the spy-crazes, the wild-eyed women, the German aeroplanes dully dropping bombs from overhead into the streets. The shock, and then the slow inevitable dislocation of ordinary life, the growing tension. Later on, the one-armed, one-

legged, the men gone mad from shell-fire; in side streets the lengthening lines of wretched poor in the public kitchens.

The battle of the Marne was something to go wild with delight about—but by that time there was no one left in Paris to celebrate. Decked with thousands of flags, the city lay smiling vapidly in the bright sunlight, her streets empty, her nights black. There were no glorious tidings, no heroism, no tolling of bells and public rejoicings. Those things cease to be when the whole of a nation's manhood is drained into the trenches. There is no such thing as heroism when millions of men face the most ghastly death in such a spirit as the armies of Europe have faced it these three years. Millions of heroes! It makes military courage the cheapest thing in the world.

Why is it I saw this kind of thing? I tried to see the picturesque, the dramatic, the human; but to me all was drab, and all those millions of men were become cogs in a senseless and uninteresting machine. It was the same on the field. I saw a good deal of the battle of the Marne, I was with the French north of Amiens during the beginning of trench warfare. Almost always it was the same mechanical business. At first we were curious to know what new ways of fighting had been evolved; but the novelty soon wore off, as it did to the soldiers in the trenches.

At the battle of the Marne I spent the evening with some British transport soldiers at the little village of Crecy, in sound of the great guns stabbing the dark way off to the north. These "Tommies"—why had they gone to war? Well, they didn't rightly know, except that Bill was going, and they wanted to get away from home for a spell, and the pay was good.

Along about October first, 1914, I had to stay the night in Calais, and out of sheer loneliness found my way finally to the town's one and only "joint," where there was liquor, song and girls. The place was packed with soldiers and sailors, some of them on leave from the front. I fell into conversation with one *poulie*, who told me with great pride that he was a socialist,—and an internationalist too. He had been guarding German prisoners, and waxed enthusiastic as he told me what splendid fellows they were—all socialists, too.

"Look here," I said. "If you belonged to the International, why did you go to war?"

"Because," he said, turning his clear eyes upon me, "because France was invaded."

them, in those pits eighty yards away. They didn't know—whether English, French or Belgians, they had not the slightest idea. And they didn't care. It was Something that Moved—that was enough.

Along the thousand-mile Russian front I saw thousands of young giants, unarmed, un-equipped, and often unfed, ordered to the front to stop the German advance with clubs, with their defenseless bodies. If anyone thinks the Russian masses wanted this war, he has only to put his ear to the ground these days when the Russian masses are breaking their age-long silence, and hear the approaching rumble of peace.

Happily, I was in Bulgaria when she was forced into the war by her King and German diplomacy; and I had an opportunity to study a modern nation in the act of trekking its people. For seven out of the thirteen political parties in Bulgaria, representing a majority of the people, were against going to war, and through their regularly appointed delegates conveyed their position to the king, demanding the calling of parliament. But the King, the Ministers and the military authorities responded by suddenly decreeing mobilization, —with a stroke of the pen converting a nation into an army—and from that moment all communication between citizens, all protest, ceased—or was choked in blood.

I could go on telling of Italy, of Roumania, of Belgium under the Germans, how everywhere I saw the one main fact, repeated over and over again, that this was not a war of the people, that the masses in the different countries had, and have, no motive in continuing the struggle except defense, and revenge; and that even now the millions of men on all the fronts would stop fighting, lay down their arms and go home, at a word of command.

What Crime Did the Tsar Commit?

Strange Story of Secret Buried in Chancelleries—The Situation in Russia.

A REMARKABLE article on the Russian situation is contributed by E. J. Dillon to *The Fortnightly*. He brings strong evidence to show that Russia is in bad shape from the standpoint of the Allies and adduces that the other nations need expect little assistance from Russia in the prosecution of the war from now on. Another interesting feature is a hint that he gives at a crime committed by the Tsar at some recent date, a very serious matter which came to the attention of the British Government. He writes:

The outbreak of the Russian Revolution in March was, I think, one of the failures of Entente statesmanship. It could and should have been foreseen and directed. If, instead of waiting upon events and eulogizing everything done by our allies, our Government had hearkened to those who assured it that the Russian uprising would take place in March or April, and had turned the revolutionary current into a safe channel, our Slav ally might now be pressing hard upon the Austrians and Germans in the East and our great offensive might already be in full swing.

What should, I ventured to think, be undertaken, was a step from which the present British Foreign Office would instinctively shrink as from a suicidal or treasonable act: such mild intervention in Russia's domestic affairs as is obviously legitimate, because it would have saved her from a catastrophe and helped her allies to victory. Had it been adopted in good time, a representative of one of the Allied Government would have demanded an audience of the Tsar in January or February and spoken to him somewhat in this fashion:—

"Your subjects, sire, are on the eve of a revolution, and your dynasty is on the brink

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of ruin, and I have come on the part of your allies to give you warning and offer you effective help. In ordinary times it would have been for you to discern and exorcise these dangers—at most your neighbor Kaiser Wilhelm might perhaps have redeemed his promise and stepped in to succour you. To-day you are our ally, and we have a duty to you as well as to ourselves, which may be likened to that of comrades on a Polar Expedition, the duty of offering, and if needs be pressing amicably upon you, our assistance. A traveller in those regions, overcome by the cold and about to close his eyes in eternal sleep, is roused by his comrades, if possible by plain language, but should that prove unavailing, by more effective methods. The Allied Governments have to-day sent me hither on a like errand, respectfully to express their hope that you will yourself ward off the disaster which is imminent by enlarging the powers of the Duma, appointing a Parliamentary Cabinet worthy of the confidence of the Legislature, and handing over to your responsible Ministers the conduct of the war. To be effective these measures ought to be put in force without delay.

"It is practically certain, sire, that vast changes are impending in your Empire, and it is of supreme moment that they should emanate from the throne—still the centre of all power—and that their limits should not be set by anyone but yourself. You must be aware that the opposition, overt and covert, to the dynasty and the *regime*, is growing rapidly in numbers and in influence, that members of your august family are accused of being the cause of remissness in the prosecution of the war, and that these charges, being believed, supply a powerful leverage to your enemies. Happily no convincing grounds have until now been adduced in support of them; had it been otherwise, popular indignation, set ablaze, would have wrought irreparable mischief. I regret, however, to have to tell you that to-day very solid grounds for this indictment have been discovered. To reveal them to the world would be to fire the mine under the monarchical fabric. And to hinder this catastrophe is one of the objects of my mission.

"On a certain day of a certain year Your Majesty, moved no doubt by the most upright intentions, struck up a compact which, to the thinking of the average mind, Russian and foreign, admits of no justification. It exposed your Government and your people, as well as yourself, to the severest blame. It constitutes the one inexpiable sin which it was in the power of an autocratic monarch to commit. The circumstances are all known to-day. I can if you wish describe them. Knowledge, it has been said, is power; knowledge of this incident is destructive power which, wielded by the opposition, must have untoward results. By acting upon your allies' suggestion, sire, you will obviate these results, disarm your enemies, save the monarchy, raise up millions of friends at home and abroad, and render inestimable services to your people, your allies, and humanity at large. Of the alternative and its sequel you best know what to think, you who spontaneously made such large concessions to your subjects in 1905, and are reputed among your people to be a model spouse and a tender father."

To that message there could, I hold, have been but one answer, The Tsar would have deferred to the Allies' wishes, realizing as he must the dire consequences which the disclosure of his stumble would have brought forth.

What manner of skeleton, the reader may ask, lay hidden away in the Imperial cupboard, still capable of making such mischief after it had ceased to be a living force? It was a political act, was it not known long since to the British Foreign Office, and if so, was it not a Damocles' sword that might fall on the monarch's head independently of the Allied Governments' will? To these questions the answers are in the negative. Odd though it may seem, the matter alluded to had been hidden from the British and other Governments, and of the half-dozen men who were parties to it three had already died. As chance would have it, I was conversant with all that the initiated State dignitaries knew about it, but I was at first pledged to secrecy.

One day, however, I suddenly received unsolicited permission to inform the British Government of the fact.

Accordingly I approached an eminent personage, then the authorized spokesman, with whom I was personally acquainted. Hearing that I had a momentous State secret to confide to him which would throw a surprising light on familiar faces and things, he thanked me and said that my communication would have his most careful attention. But hardly had I begun my narrative when he looked dismayed, stopped me, and exclaimed: "I am afraid I didn't understand you. It's about some of the Tsar's doings that you want to tell me, is it? Hm! Something which if true would discredit his Majesty in our eyes and—and—. No, no, you really must not ask me to listen to anything that reflects on the Emperor's loyalty, on his good faith. We put absolute trust in his word. Absolute trust. You must dispense me, therefore, from listening to your story, and you, if you knew him better, would refrain from telling or believing it, whatever it may be."

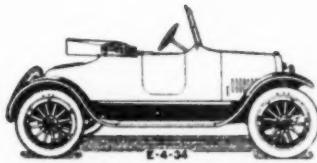
Accordingly I have kept it to myself until now. I may add that that eminent representative of the British Government has since learned that he was mistaken in his judgment and wrong in depriving not merely himself, but also the State, of a powerful lever in transacting the business of the nation. For even to-day neither he nor the Ministers of the Crown, past or present, are acquainted with the particulars of that astonishing episode. None the less, the generous trust in the Tsar's loyalty which prevented the responsible representative of the British Government from listening to a set of important facts which it concerned them to know deserves to be recorded with a feeling akin to admiration.

Neither the British nor the French Government gauged the trend of the Russian political currents which swept away the old *regime* last March, nor did they seriously attempt to canalize them. They were assured by the colleagues whom they had sent out to study the situation there that the Revolution, which would be primarily political, would not break out until the war was over. And when at last the disruptive forces which average statecraft would have made subservient to the Allies' vital interests were suddenly let loose, the chief of the British Government supplied the Allied peoples with the official clue by which to thread the revolutionary maze in the way best suited to their sanguine temperament. The uprising against the Tsardom constituted, he told them, the greatest service which the Russian people could possibly render to their admiring Allies. And the Press re-echoed the assurance. These appreciative interpreters, fancying that the upheaval at that conjuncture was essentially a war movement, a protest against the lukewarmness with which the campaign was being prosecuted, foretold miraculous military achievements during Russia's next offensive. In truth, the mainspring of the movement was not military, nor even political, but social and economic, and the people who directed it were enterprising Social Democrats.

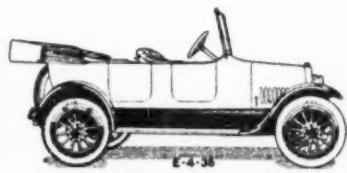
Western peoples and statesmen would seem to be constitutionally incapable of so far understanding the mechanism of the Russian mind as to be able to reckon with it as an international factor. Nor is it a facile task. For years on end the play of motives upon will may seem to differ little in the Russian from that of other peoples; then all of a sudden the wholly unexpected occurs, and the Slav appears in a new and unrehearsed part, disconcerting his friends and acquaintances. But the recent upheaval was neither sudden in point of time nor surprising in character. It could and should have been foreseen. And what is more, the events of the years 1905-6 ought to have made clear to the dullest apprehension what the sudden overthrow of the Tsardom would necessarily involve. Nothing was foreseen by the Government and those who had the knowledge and experience were not questioned.

The Russian peasant is not a warrior by nature. On the contrary, he loathes bloodshed, hates organized violence, and would fain abolish war and interest himself in rural affairs. None of the campaigns of recent date appealed to his sense of patriotism; he

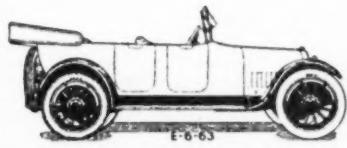
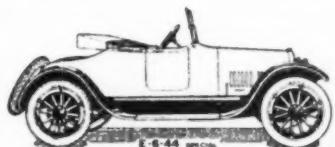
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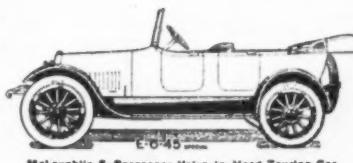
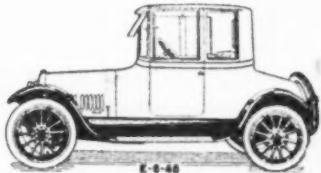
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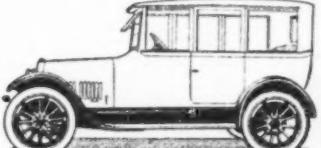
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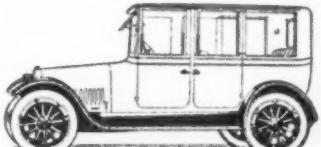
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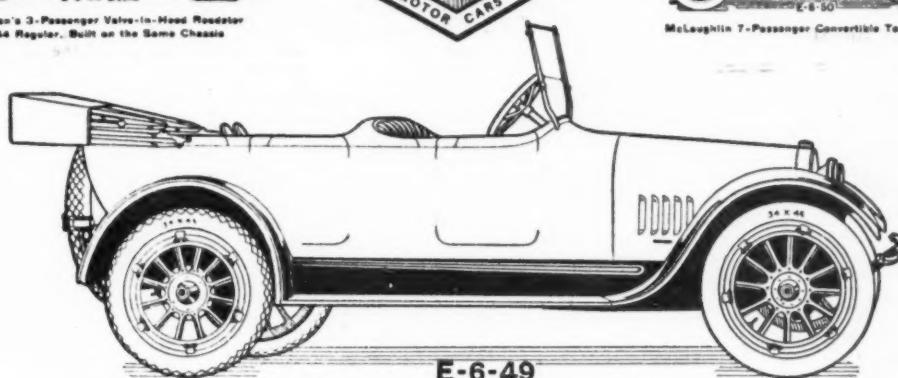
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
WORLD WIDE**

merely accepted the inevitable at the hands of Fate's lieutenant—the Tsar. Now that he himself yields the power he would fain embody his will in law. Hence capital punishment has been abolished, war solemnly denounced, and an armistice tacitly accepted on the Eastern front. It is not exactly a separate peace that new Russia yearns for, but a general cessation of hostilities, failing which a separate peace is contemplated as an alternative. The informal armistice at present existing has enabled the Germans to hurl a large number of men against our Western line and regulate the distance between our striving and achievements there. And this is one of the first-fruits of the Revolution. True, the ideals that hover above it are no wise wanting in grandeur or nobility, but they are nebulous and obviously unapproachable, while the gospel of a certain number of its champions may aptly be described as Tolstoyan anarchism harnessed to individual selfishness.

It is to be deplored that the British public is not adequately informed about the condition of things in Russia, at any rate in so far as it affects the military and political outlook of the Allies. Now and again the daily papers announce “more hopeful tidings from Petrograd,” and lead the public to expect adequate military co-operation. For example: “From all sides come indications that Russia is awakening to the necessity for an offensive campaign without delay,” one influential organ assures us. “Delegates from the soldiers of General Brusiloff's Army have passed a unanimous resolution to this effect. The congress of officer delegates in Petrograd has decided by a huge majority in favor of an immediate advance. All the cavalry regiments have sworn to march against the foe.” This is pleasant reading, because it conveys the impression that Russia is again about to gird her loins, sally forth, and pulverize the forces of the enemy. But that impression lacks depth and durability, and those optimists among us who continue to look for the reappearance of the huge steam-roller may have to make the most of the graceful Russian ballet. True, the Provisional Government has widened its base by admitting into the Cabinet representatives of various political parties who may decide to carry on the war “with unwonted vigour and without delay.” Our present criterion, however, is not words but results. The all-important point is not what the Cabinet or the officer delegates may resolve, but whether the soldiers intend to obey them. I should be delighted to come across evidences of such intention among the main armies, but the statements I have received on the subject, oral from Russia's military delegates in France, and written from other delegates in Petrograd, keep me from sharing the hopeful anticipations of so many well-informed British publicists at home; but I fervently hope that they are right.

Where, one may ask, are Russia's mighty armies of last year, where the military commanders whose strategy we admired, whose exploits we gratefully recorded, and whose future achievements we liberally discounted in all our forecasts?

To-day there are several authorities, one Cabinet, various councils, one Duma, many Ministers, and no Government in the land. Socialist rule is felt by the population as an irksome burden which gives little or nothing in return to those who endure it. Private property is no longer protected by the State. The peasants who covet the soil are impatient to enter into possession of it, and in several provinces are riotously proceeding with the work of expropriation which they carry with a high hand in utter contempt of the law.

The Provisional Government has forbidden the peasantry thus to take matters into their own hands, but it lacks power to enforce its decrees. The evidences of this are overwhelming. We learn that in the Lukyanov district of the Province of Nishny Novgorod the peasants are seizing the land and dismissing those who had charge of it. In the Gorbatskoy District violent troubles have broken out in connection with the eviction of land-owners. In the Stavropol District of the Province of Samara the peasants seized and put to death the village elder and the secretary, and were also about to make away with all the well-to-do inhabitants when some militiamen provi-

dentially arrived and put a temporary end to the disorders.

The newspaper columns are filled with telegrams from desperate landlords vainly calling on the authorities to protect them. Thus Count Keller telegraphed: "The village is subjected to a pogrom. I am arrested. My house has been gutted." In Kakhetia magnificent forests are being cut down by the peasantry. In the Knighinin district the crowd attacked the Zvantsovo estate, took the people on it prisoners, and drove away the cattle.

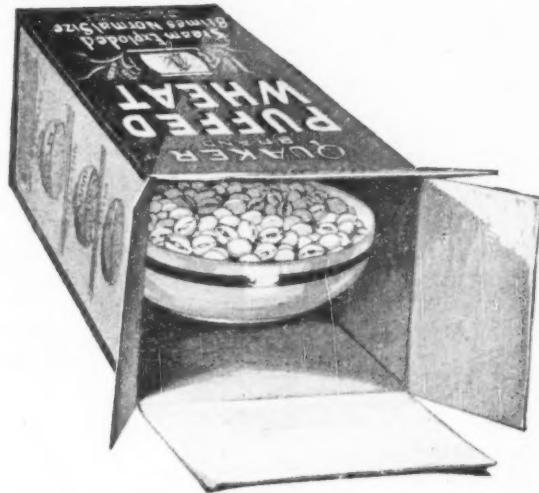
These are but a few typical instances, and by no means the most striking. Everywhere the peasants have recognized the principle of confiscation. In the Province of Penza the Peasants' Council passed a resolution in favor of socializing all land, and is showing its determination to have that decree executed. The representatives of the Provisional Government have been driven away and the marshall of the nobility arrested. In Bielozerye, Province of Simbirsk, the peasants' convention decided to seize without compensation all lands belonging to private owners, with the exception of 100 dessiatines, which each one may keep for himself and till, or, if he prefer it, let, but not for more than six roubles a dessiatine.

The respectable Moscow journal, *Russkiy Vedomosty*, writes: "The country in parts is a prey to wild propaganda, which is provoking pogroms. Private people are being arrested and deprived of liberty. Personal spite is gratified against local public men, working men, and other inhabitants. Absurd rumors are launched, such as that orders have been given to smash all crosses on churches, etc." In Bessarabia, Podolia, Mohiliv, and Kieff pogroms are imminent, may indeed have already taken place. In the Province of Saratoff the Peasants' Congress passed this resolution: "Private property in land within the boundaries of the Russian Republic is abolished for all time. Land in all its forms shall belong to the entire nation. All citizens, male and female, possess an equal right to the usufruct of the soil provided that they till it with their own hands within the normal labor limits. The land shall be withdrawn from its present owners without compensation."

But whatever course internal affairs may take, it is probable that the throes of revolutionary change will numb Russia's military arm for long years to come. Among the dangers which this temporary paralysis will render imminent there are two which merit special attention. The territory of the Great Russians situated in the North-east is separated from the Baltic Sea by Finland and the Baltic Provinces, and from the Black Sea by the territory of the Little Russians or Ukrainians. Now as the Finns and the Balts are resolved to set up under-republics for themselves, and as they are friendly to Germany and look askance upon Russia, the Baltic Sea runs the risk of becoming a German lake. The Little Russians, too, who already possess the nucleus of a national army, and have long been backed in prosecuting their patriotic designs by the Austrians and the Germans, might with their under-republic play into the Teutons' hands and bar Russia's way to the Black Sea, which would fall under the sway of the Mid-European Federation. In this way Germany would become the mistress of all Eastern Europe, treat Russia as a hinterland, and turn the Slav market into a Teuton monopoly.

To prevent this consummation a united and powerful Polish State is, I take it, the only efficacious means—a State which by incorporating Dantzig would reduce by nearly fifty per cent., the German seaboard on the Baltic. This measure would also emancipate Sweden from the Germans and raise a barrier between these and the Black Sea.

In other words, the social burst-up of Russia obviously forbids the curtailment and necessitates the extension of the Allies' war aims. For without this the essential object of all their efforts will remain beyond their reach. At the head of a Central European League Germany will become the mistress of Continental Europe, and whatever we may compel her to do in France or Belgium will not hinder her from acquiring hegemony on the entire Continent. The creation of a



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strong Polish State might have this desirable effect. But are the Allies willing and are they also able to carry it through? That is the crucial point. If they are, as it is the one thing to do, we can make a rough guess at the duration of this war, a guess that will not be more than six or eight months' out. If they are not, then it is needless to dwell upon the practical conclusions that flow from their impotence. In either case Russia's defection

has made a vast change in the outlook. On those who argue that with America's help, which is fast assuming concrete shape, we may contrive to achieve the feat, rests the burden of proving that President Wilson, his Government, and his people can be induced to fight for the readjustment of the balance of power, and also that they are able to throw the requisite fighting forces into the field in time to ensure victory.

The Treason of German-American Newspapers

Hyphenated Press is Carrying on Insidious Campaign Still.

THAT the German-American newspapers in the United States are disloyal and that they are guardedly carrying on German propaganda work still is the sensational charge made by Frank Perry Olds in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He quotes from numerous papers to show how strongly the hyphenated press stood for German interests at every stage of the negotiations that preceded war. He then proceeds to show what is being done at the present time:

"America first."

That is to-day one of the German editor's pet slogans. Under that banner he has concealed the second and most important unit of his revised propaganda—the creation of distrust in our Allies. He is afraid that the Allies will impose upon us. He points to their selfishness, their greed; and he advises us to have nothing to do with them. His aim is clear. If he can prevent all aid from this country to the allies, the Allies will be defeated and Germany, "our true friend," will be triumphant. No opportunity is lost to point out the perfidy of Albion, who "has already seen to the foundation of the United States of Great Britain and America, and appointed a colonial governor to step into the White House at the opportune moment. We must have nothing to do with such schemers." The Chicago *Abendpost* expresses the prevalent idea thus: It would be a grievous wrong, a crime against the people and the country, if the United States should now put at the disposal of the Entente Powers its money and what it has of war supplies and soldiers. For they would probably be only fruitless victims for a foreign cause and one fundamentally hostile to America. If the improbable should happen and the Entente, thanks to American aid, should gain victory over Germany and her allies, we would only ourselves put the British yoke about our necks and make ourselves dependent for all time on the British Empire."

To avoid conquest by the British we must adhere to the policy of "America first."

Just what do German-American editors mean by "America first"?

In the first place, we must not let the Allies, "that band of robbers," have any of our money. The Allies have given money to Imperial Russia, they reason. Through the revolution, they have lost that money, and they will be unable to pay back what the United States has already lent them. Any money we give the Allies, especially Russia and England, will be thrown away.

In the second place, we must not send the Allies any food; we need it all ourselves. I imagine no one will dispute the fact that our food situation is a difficult one, but it is not true we have need for everything which we produce. England certainly needs every bit we can send, but the German press realizes that a hungry England will not fight a winning war. Editorials and inciting news-items calculated to arouse the laboring classes are being printed daily in pro-German sheets. Their obvious purpose is to inflame public opinion that food-

riots will break out in all parts of the country. Often these editorials are only three or four lines long, but frequently several are printed the same day. It is asserted that the poor man may consider himself lucky to-day, since he will soon be unable to buy any provisions at all. A picture of Americans starving, while the English gorge themselves with American food, is certainly neither true nor patriotic, and must, when repeated daily, have behind it a sinister purpose.

In the third place, we must not send the Allies any men. It has been emphasized that all German-language newspapers favor conscription. It is true that they favor it as a principle, but they are not enthusiastic about it for the present war. The Chicago *Abendpost*, which does not believe that active participation is at all necessary, suggests that we let volunteers go to Europe and keep the drafted army at home. The German press is sure that "at least six months are necessary to train a soldier." It is equally sure that Germany will have won the war by then. Conscription is an excellent thing, "but the new army will not have to fight," since it "will not be sufficiently trained to send into battle."

After having made these three suggestions, the German language editor makes a fourth: We must not make any entangling alliances. Admitting that we are unaccountably co-operating with the Allies, he insists in the words of the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung*, that "There can be no coalition of the United States with the Entente group, since the latter bow to the same gods of Autocracy and of suppression of the will of the people which America is seeking to destroy. The United States is seeking to dethrone the autocracies of Central Europe; but, as soon as it aligns itself with the Allies, it permits the autocracies of Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania to revive."

"America first" and the Allies not at all! There is only one thing that can be made of such a program. If all American aid—money, food, supplies, men—were denied the Allies, the Allies would be defeated. It is not "America first" that is meant. The real words, unprinted, gradually take shape in the reader's mind: "Germany first!"

Since the sixth day of April, the German-language press of the United States has been pursuing the new propaganda. It has done its best to help Germany by throwing stumbling blocks in the way of an effective prosecution of the war by the United States. It has gloated in six-column heads over German victories and allied defeats. It has consistently refused to believe Allied and American reports when such conflicted with those emanating from Berlin. Since the sixth day of April it has done all these things, and many of them it has been doing since the beginning of the war. The cumulative effect of such a propaganda can hardly be overestimated. If it is also remembered that the dozen largest papers are read by more than a million people, it will be seen that we have here a force worthy of notice—a force that congratulates La Follette and his like for their "courage," and denounces anti-governmental agitations in Germany as conspiracies.

Not one of these papers has expressed an iota of sympathy with the purposes announced by the President as those for which we are fighting. Before the declaration of war they supported every aim of the most extreme chauvinists in Germany, and by no word has any German-American paper indicated a

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change of belief. As the Milwaukee *Germania* says,—

"Our friends know what we think and feel. This paper has courageously and consistently expressed its convictions in this matter. The fact that war has now been declared through the expediency of recognizing the existence of a state of war does not at all change our opinion and our convictions. But it forces us to keep silent from now on."

They do not dare to-day to attack directly the declared purpose of the United States, but they still can and do attack every statement of the purposes of our allies, which are now in the main outline those of the United States.

Their campaign of racial division has continued unabated. In every line is apparent the attempt to make the American citizen of German birth or descent feel that he is a man apart from the common herd of Americans: that he is of better stuff; that his ideals are different; that he is a much higher creation than the ordinary dollar-chaser of Dollarika. Almost daily admonitions are printed: "Be careful to whom you talk." "Don't express your views on the war"—the implication being that the German-American is not loyal, does not believe in the justice of the country's cause, and that, if he should speak his mind, he would be exposed to the charge of treason.

At least one million men, women and children living in the United States are being misinformed and misguided. Many of them are, no doubt, being converted to the propagandists' ways of thinking. The Constitution allows free speech. The Constitution does not allow comfort to the enemy. The case of the German-American press is between the two. What are we going to do about it? What can we do about it?

The Pigeon-blood Rubies of Perak

Continued from page 43.

little old Broadway! Something fishy about that."

"They may have kidnapped me for a ransom and got cold feet," suggested Cathew.

"Maybe!"

"Well, I'll see that crimp again some day. Corrigan, have you got any money?"

"A hundred and ten dollars. It took me three years to save it."

"A hundred and ten, and you signed on?"

"I wanted to get to Singapore the cheapest and quickest way there was."

"But why Singapore?"

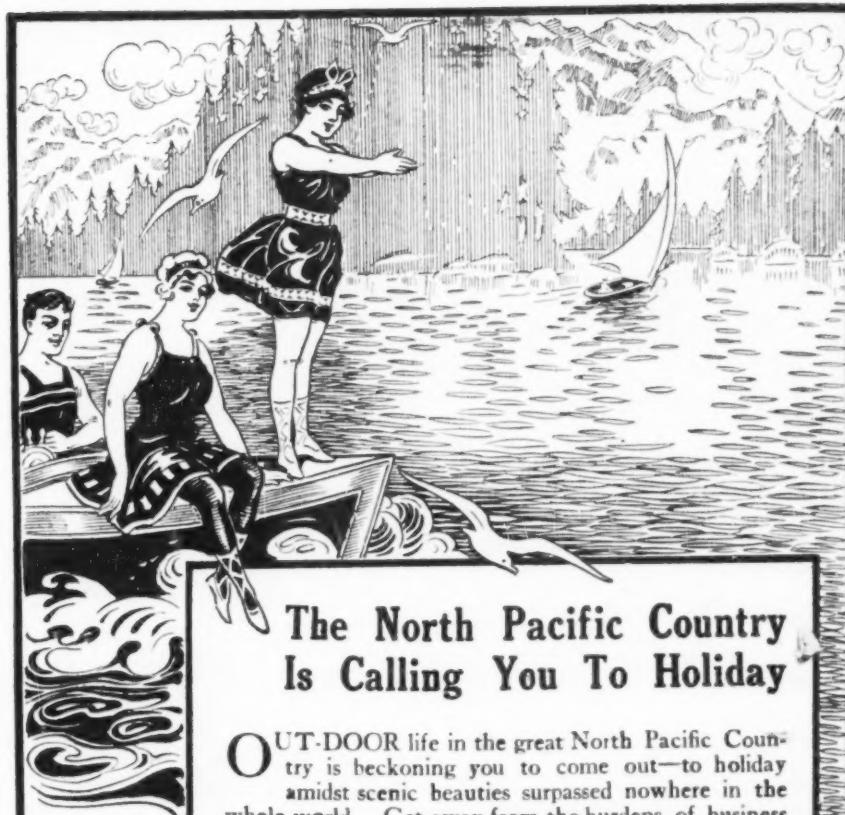
"Maybe I'll tell you some day."

"You're a puzzle. You're an educated man. I've listened to your talk. You ought to be something better than a fireman at twenty-six the month."

"Sure. I went half way through high school, and read a lot. Then I got mixed up in the fight game; later, with Old John Barleycorn; and here I am. Oh, there was a woman in it, and when she passed out of my life, everything else worth while passed out with her. She was a poor thing; and a strong man loves only once. But why this question about money?"

"I want to send a cable from Colombo. There's a mother back there," with a nod toward the west, "and I want her to know what's become of me. Besides, I want some cash waiting for me when I land at Singapore."

"Cash? Can you get some?" asked Corrigan, excitedly.



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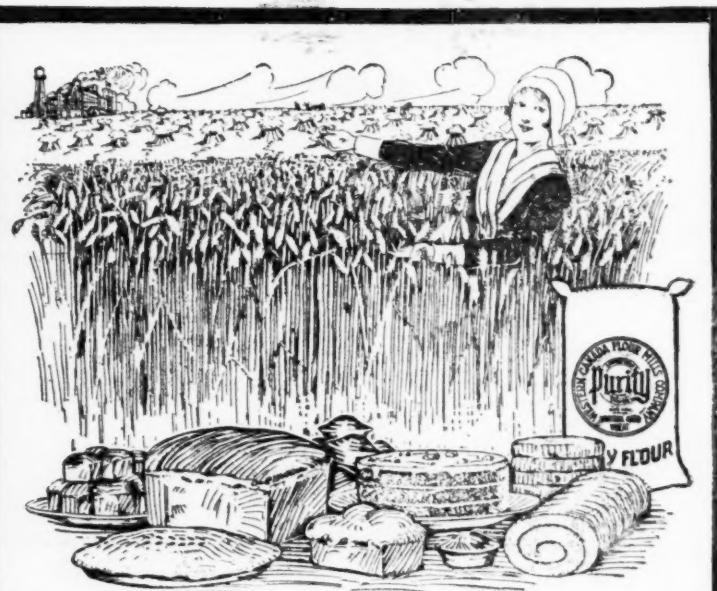
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"My allowance of two hundred a month."

"Do you mean to say your old man let you have that much for booze and cigarettes?"

Cathew laughed. "A lot more than that. The two hundred was a new deal the day I was shanghaied."

"How much can you get?"

"Six hundred, maybe eight."

Corrigan fondled his "tin-ear," single evidence of that strenuous past in the squared ring. Then he plucked at the sweltering tar in the crack beside him.

"Are you game?"

"In what way?"

"I mean, are you willing to risk death?"

"That depends upon what I go after. What have you got up your sleeve?"

"Seven pigeon-blood rubies each as big as your eye and an emerald that'll make your heart jump up in your gutlet and stick there. For some years I've known about them, but I never could get enough dough together. Fifty never looked big enough to save, so I'd booze it. But this is a game where you play death both ends from the middle."

"I'll go along if you want me."

"Shake. When we reach Colombo I'll dig up enough for your cable home. And I'll have my last souse. It'll be a good one. What'll the cable cost?"

"About twelve I should think."

"That'll leave me eight. I'll pack the other ninety in your jeans. How about your thirst?"

"I'm on the water wagon, and I'm going to stay there."

"Positive?"

"Absolutely."

"First leave ashore, and no thirst! You'll never make a sailor. But you're game, as I said you were the morning I picked you up."

"I'll stick. If you've got a drunk on your mind there's no use of arguing."

"None whatever. I haven't got any family life you have. Nobody cares. All aboard for Perak and seven pigeon-blooms as big as your eye, huh? Here comes some of those rubber-necks. Mum's the word."

AT Colombo, Cathew sent his cable, and his heart grew light at the thought of the welcome that message would receive within forty hours.

Being a man of his word, Corrigan got drunk on his twenty-four rupees. He zigzagged about town in such a haphazard way that the confusion and inattention of it reminded Cathew of the short-lines connecting his father's pet railroad. The Cingalese rickshaw boys sweated and tugged, and Corrigan shouted Hindustani at their bobbing turbans. It was midnight when they found a boat to carry them out to the *Limerick*.

"Got a rupee?" asked Corrigan drowsily.

"Not a red."

"Oh, well; give the boatman your watch."

"But I haven't got my watch," laughed Cathew.

"Well, here's mine," and Corrigan passed out to the boatman a handsome Ingersoll, worth at this period of service about twenty-seven cents. To the boatman it was a magnificent gift and in his astonishment he all but strangled on his betel-nut.

"Huzoor," the native began, "may your honored worship——"

But Corrigan shut him off, staggered to the ladder, swung himself on, and went up with occasional boosts from Cathew. Mullins was waiting. There had been several desertions.

"Oh, ye'er back, are ye?"

"Sure thing! But talk nice t' me, Mullins dear, 'r I'm li'ble to bite your ear off . . . 'r kiss you!"

"Oh, th' ship it was th' coffin,
An' the grave it was the sea!"

"Go below, ye souse!" growled Mullins.

Corrigan turned ominously, but Cathew pressed him toward the forecastle companion; and the black hole of it swallowed them up for the night. The shoveller helped the fireman into his bunk; and his interest was suddenly stirred by a strange bit of tattooing on the calf of Corrigan's right leg. It was dimly discernible in the murky light.

"What's that on your leg?" Cathew whispered.

"Huh?"

"What's that tattooing?"

"S the map . . .," and Corrigan fell asleep.

And mayhap he dreamed of seven pigeon-bloods and an emerald fit for a rajah's ceremonial turban; of bleached bones grown over with slithering jungle-grass on the road winding down to Perak.

III.

"I T'S like this," said Corrigan. "You can lose a piece of paper, but you can't very well lose a leg. You can talk and brag when you're soused, but so long as you take the leg back to your bunk, nobody's any the wiser. I read a yarn once of a woman hawing a will tattooed on her back, and that gave me the idea. I did the tattooing. Many's the half-dollar I've stowed away for that kind of work. Those dots tell me just where to go, while another man, having my leg in his dunnage-bag, couldn't get within a hundred miles of the spot. But it's a game with death, both ends from the middle."

"You know Malacca?"

"A little," answered Corrigan, looking down at the flying-fish.

"I'll go."

"And I'll teach you all I know about the country. I had a royal souse last night, eh? All inside of eight dollars. 'Twas the bhang on top of the champagne that did the work. Well, I've got it off my mind. And now, no more about Perak till we leave this old hooker at Singapore. Wish I was sure about your money coming."

"Wish I had nothing else to worry about," sighed Cathew.

When the *Limerick's* mudhook eventually went clattering down into the smiling shark-infested harbor of Singapore, Cathew felt a strange wobbling in his knees. Supposing the money had not come from home? He sought out the purser, but the purser declined to advance him any money for the simple reason that his pay would not begin until after the ship had left Manila.

"Do you mean to say I've nothing coming?"

"You gave an order to Fall for three months' pay."

"That crimp? Look here, Mr. Spoor,

you know as well as I do that I was drugged and shanghaied."

"They all say that," replied the purser, closing the shutter of his window.

Cathew was sorely tempted to smash the shutter with his fist. Some day he would make them all pay for this, from Fall, the crimp, to Bannerman, the Captain.

"It's an old game," said Corrigan. "He wouldn't give me a nickel either. They'll need white men below before they get to Manila. Where's your dunnage?"

"On my back," said Cathew surlily.

"Then come on. Any one of these bum-boats will row us ashore."

They weren't a very prepossessing pair to the Consul-General, who instantly suspected that they wanted the government to ship them home, to lend them money, or to give them a square meal.

They were both in need of a hair-cut and a shave, and their ears and necks and the rims of their eyelids explained the character of work in which they had been engaged. But the moment Cathew spoke, the Consul-General reversed his opinion.

"My name is Arthur Cathew, and I am expecting a cable with money from New York. Is there anything here for me?"

"Yes, Mr. Cathew. There are two cablegrams. Here they are."

Cathew tore open the first with trembling fingers. Corrigan hunched himself against the young man's shoulder over which he peered. It was an order on the cable-office for twenty-four hundred rupees. The second cable was from the father. 'Take care of yourself. All well at home. Write. Father.'

They cashed the order, and arm in arm they returned to Raffles hotel. After the shave and hair-cut followed a fine shower-bath, with soap which did not bite holes in a man's skin or put his eyes out of commission if he washed his face. Cathew wrote a long letter home; and after that they went about for clothes, though the outfit for the expedition was to be purchased at Perak; guns, ammunition, canned foods, medicines and horses. Corrigan did not care to attract attention in Singapore by making such purchases, at Perak there would be no governmental red-tape regarding side-arms. They sailed at dawn on the copra-boat, and it was only when Singapore became a rim of pale sapphire did Cathew remember. And he struck the rail savagely with his caloused fist.

"What's worrying you" asked Corrigan, lowering his pipe.

"Mullins. I forgot all about him."

"As I intended you should," said Corrigan chuckling. "Man, he would have made mincemeat of you; and I need a whole man with me when I leave Perak behind. He could break me if he got his arms around me; but he knew I was too quick for him, and that's why we never clashed. Bad luck to the big lumox! But this is good. All these weary years I've been trying to get here; but never could save the dough. The outfit will tally up to about fifteen hundred rupees. We go, just the two of us, no coolies, only two horses, a mule and light dunnage. And one day you'll see, sticking out above a big banyan tree, the top of a temple, yellow as a storkie with the jaundice. And 'tis there; only, we've got to crawl on our bell-

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Department A

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The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By C. G. Percival, M. D.

DO you know that over five hundred thousand Americans and Canadians are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious, enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times.

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestines has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many

conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At the Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J.B.L." Cascade, and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject: these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 244, 163 College St.,

Toronto, and mention having read this in MacLean's Magazine.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.—Advt.

The Pigeon-blood Rubies of Perak

Continued from page 59.

lies to get there. It's a little Hindu idol, not much bigger than your hand; and what we're going after resides in his tummy."

"Suppose some one had already been there?"

"You lop-sided son-of-a-seacock, doubtin' like that! There was only one white man who knew what that idol contained, and he, poor devil, is soaking his bones in the Gulf of Siam. I can lay my hands on it in the dark. But the yellow cusses who worship in that ruined temple are a cross between a Malay amok and a Paythan's woman after a shindy. They don't kill you. Maybe they put out your eyes, or roast your toes, or hamstring you and let you go. I'm telling you these things so's you can back out when we reach Perak. You've got to have bowels, son, or it's no go."

HEY left Perak at night and took the winding road toward the east, toward the unknown, following the river as far as they could. In order to avoid observation and the curiosity of the natives, they decided to travel at night while it was possible, and rest during the day. Though the hot weather had laid hold of this part of the world, the sun in no wise bothered them. They had both become inured to a heat quite as enervating; and there was a chance to dodge the sun. Ninety miles out of Perak—three days to be precise—the road ended abruptly, an Oriental habit roads have in the East, and became a mere beaten path through a bewildering tropical jungle. Now they must travel by day and make camp at night.

ON THE evening of the twelfth day Corrigan tethered the horse and mule and put on his ammunition-belt, motioning Cathew to do the same, and in a whisper said:

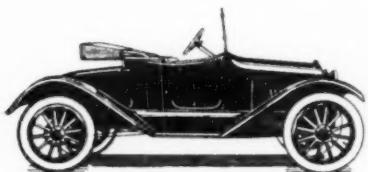
"No talkin' from now on. No fire. When the moon rises I'll show you a picture that'll make your heart thump like a bilge-pump. We'll lay low till ten o'clock; and then— Well, Gawd help us if we're caught. Now I'm going t' give you the right dope. I told you the other night that the other man's bones were bleachin' in the Gulf of Siam. I lied. They're bleachin' up yonder, half a mile away. They hamstrung him, but I got away. Those rubies and the emerald were his—honestly his. He wasn't a thief; no more am I. The old Sultan had promised these priests the idol upon his death, because the idol meant nothing to him, he being a Mohammedan. My pal saved his son's life. And when the old boy croaked, the young chap gave Heine—he was a German—the idol, the rubies and the emerald, not carin' a hoot about what the priests wanted. Heine opened the bottom of the

The New

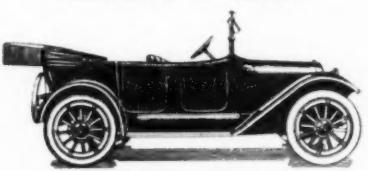
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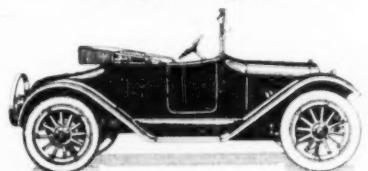
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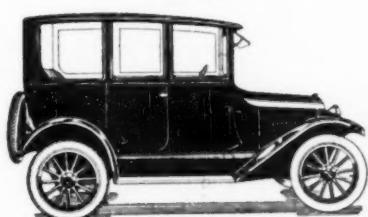
Chevrolet 490 "A" Roadster.



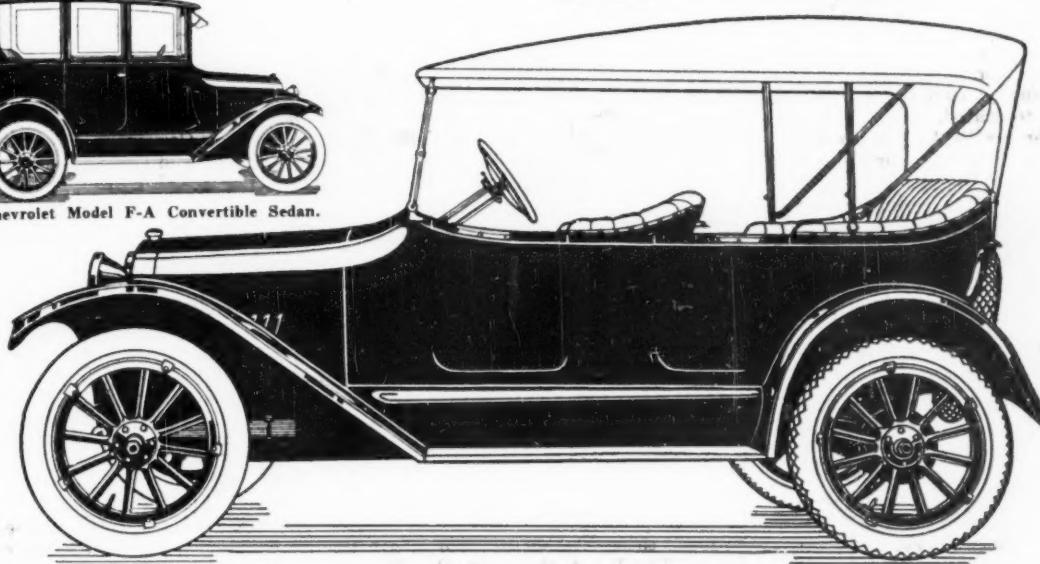
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idol and took out the prayers and put in the stones. He was going back to Bavaria, t' live comfortable the rest of his days. But the dirty beggars stole the idol, not then knowin' what was inside. Heine got away by the skin of his teeth. Four years later he told me, and we went back. An' that's the Gawd's truth; for this ain't no time to lie. Y' can go with me with an easy conscience."

Cathew nodded.

"Now, listen t' what I say. If I'm caught," went on Corrigan, "you hump yourself. No tried and true stuff. You'd not save me an' only chop your own head off. And' if you're caught, I'll hoof it. It's goin' to be each man for himself, an' death both ways from the middle. There's the horse. All y' got to do is t' get on his back an' hike back t' Perak, an' I'll go it alone. You won't find the trail back hard. What d' say?"

Cathew took hold of Corrigan's hand, pressed it, and pointed east.

"There's another thing," pursued Corrigan. "We'll have to leave the horse and mule here. A panther may smell them. In that case, good-night. We're tough, but we can't walk back to Perak. It would take us more than a month, not counting the fever, which you're more likely to get on foot, than on the back of a horse. There's my cards, boy. Five hundred devils over there, a possible loss of the nags—Never mind, let's eat and drink hearty. I'm glad I had that souse in Colombo."

"Seven pigeon-bloods and an emerald."

"Worth a hundred thousand if a cent. Our shoes are hollow-heeled. We'll divide. I'll take five rubies and you take two and the emerald."

All this conversation was held in the softest of whispers.

At nine the two climbed a tree, and Corrigan swung his binoculars. Cathew heard a faint curse.

"On this night of all nights!"

"What is it?"

"Look and see for yourself."

Cathew beheld through the glasses the ruined facade of a temple. Before this there was a clearing, covered with gneflecting bodies.

"Some rotten fete, and it may hold us up for hours. We get in at the back. Same way we got in before. We weren't quick enough. Never laid hands on the idol. God! I can hear his cries yet, and they were all for me to run. I found one of the horses alive, and I rode him till he dropped dead. I walked sixty-two miles. What blasted fools men are! Well, we're born that way. Always wanting to get something for nothing. We might as well roost here and watch the proceedings."

FROM time to time the slight east wind carried to them a wailing of tom-toms and a vague spicy incense. Occasionally a flicker of light appeared beyond the temple doors. Higher rose the moon; and deeper and deeper became Cathew's conviction that this was not real, only a figment of some dream, and that presently he would wake as of old, in his bedroom at home.

It was fully eleven o'clock when the devotees rose and departed for the village. Still Corrigan gave no sign that he was ready to descend. All the while he was straining his ears for any unusual noises. The time passed, and Cathew began to grow restless.

"It is twelve, Corrigan," he whispered,

holding his new watch under a bat of moonshine.

"It's a fine thing to be young and born with fighting blood. Well, then—follow me. I've taught you how to walk without cracking twigs. Remember that and keep your eye on my back. And if I turn quickly run like all hell was after you."

THE final detour took perhaps three-quarters of an hour. The rear of the temple was shrub-and-vine grown. It was evident that none of the natives ever went in or came out that way. Suddenly Corrigan raised his hand. For a moment Cathew understood it as a sign to fly; but immediately after he saw Corrigan stoop and vanish. He followed, taking great care that his rifle touched no stone. Corrigan drew him close and whispered in his ear.

"We'll squat here for ten minutes. If we hear no sound, take hold of my coat and lift your feet at each step."

Those ten minutes were very long to Cathew.

"Now!" whispered Corrigan.

Cathew took hold of the other's coat and walked like a cat in wet grass. Presently Corrigan touched the key of his electric-torch, and a white patch of light darted here and there over a beautiful marble cavern. From this cavern they entered a small hall, full of grotesque gods; or, to be exact, one god in many grotesque poses. Corrigan stopped. The patch of light wavered and finally settled upon a central figure, draped with fresh flowers. Resting upon one of its hands was a little golden statue perhaps ten inches high, and toward this Corrigan moved without a sound.

It was the work of a moment to lift it off the gilded palm upon which it stood. It is a strange but invariable fact that he who stumbles upon treasure throws cautions to the wind. It had been Corrigan's plan to take the little idol and hasten back to the banyan-tree, to fly westward as if all the devils were at his heels. Instead, he set the key of the torch and squatted down upon the temple floor, pried out the inlay in the base and shook the golden idol. Into his hand tinkled eight stones, all polished, seven exquisite pigeon-blood rubies and an emerald the like of which Cathew had never seen.

"What did I tell you?" whispered Corrigan hoarsely. "Off with your heel while I hold the torch. Hustle!"

Cathew worked feverishly. The heel came off, the two rubies and the emerald were packed in cotton, placed in the hollow and the heel-tap hammered on again. Then in turn he held the torch, still possessed with the idea that all this was a dream. As Corrigan thrust his foot back into his shoe, his leg paused in mid-air, one hand against the sole and the other curled about the strap.

"What is it?" asked Cathew.

"Listen! What do you hear?"

Cathew put his hand to his ear. "Sounds like tom-toms—"

"Then, God help us, it's the priests coming back!"

THEY cared not what noise they made thereafter. They ran, stumbled, fell, rose and ran again toward the hole through which they had come. Beyond, in the moonlight, they saw a dozen priests, motionless but expectant. It did not matter where they had come from or how

they had selected this spot. An ordinary man would have turned and desperately made for the front of the temple. But Corrigan had been a fighting sailor. All in that bitter moment he weighed his chances. There would naturally be less men here than on the other side.

"Follow me!" he cried, leaping out. "Fight on your own. If you have a chance take it; don't worry about me."

He clubbed his gun and swung it as the yelling priests closed in. Instantly the dozen became ten dozen. They came from nowhere, like kites at the smell of meat—carrion. Corrigan went down five times and five times he rose. The priests billeted over him like waves and he bore up through them like a hardy swimmer. He never had a chance to use his revolver. Once he found himself free, and he started to run; but a dozen yards marked the extent of his victory. When he went down the sixth time he stayed down. Strewn about his path were eight priests as quiet and still as he was.

"Corrigan, Corrigan?" sobbed Cathew, clubbing, kicking, dodging. "Corrigan?"

He fought with a savagery that topped Corrigan's, but he possessed neither the strength nor the endurance of the brave Irishman; and by the time the tom-toms arrived, he was a prisoner. He was pushed and buffeted to the clearing on the other side of the temple, flung to the turf, bound securely and left there. He fainted; and in that fate was kind to him, for he did not witness Corrigan's end. He never knew how they had been discovered. Only the shades of other luckless adventurers, hovering over their nameless tombs, could have told him.

WHEN he recovered his senses, pale dawn was moving across the face of the world. Brighter and brighter it grew. Suddenly the tree tops burst into a flame, and slowly this flame crept downward. A flock of noisy parakeets sailed about the old pavilion. It was morning.

The priests were moving about. They were bringing fagots for a fire. Cathew stirred a little, but only a little, as the thongs were of elephant-hide. There was not a bone in his body that did not ache. Somewhere during the melee he had been struck upon the mouth. His lips were cracked and puffed; and he could barely see out of one eye.

Where was Corrigan? He craned his neck but he could see no sign of him. Torture! Now he remembered all of Corrigan's warnings, that it was far better to die than to fall into the hands of these religious fanatics. They were building the fire for him! Then it was that fear entered his heart and never left it for many a day. Still he wriggled his toes to make sure that his shoes were still on his feet!

Later they came to him and rolled him toward the fire. Two sat upon his body while a third bound his arms at the elbows and freed his wrists. How he struggled, twisted and writhed, choking sometimes as the pungent smoke drifted into his face! Slowly and deliberately the priest pushed the strong hands into the heart of the glowing fagots. Cathew screamed in agony. The tom-toms began to beat furiously. Here and there they chanted dolorously. In the midst of all this powwow came the sharp crack of a rifle. The priest holding Cathew's hands toppled over into the fire, scattering it.

"Corrigan!" murmured the victim, and

sank down, down into a soundless world of utter darkness.

IV.

DR. NORFELDT, at the head of a botanical exploring party from Johore, with a hunting expedition as a side-issue, was very well pleased with himself. He had gathered some unusual flora which sustained his claim that Borneo and Malacca had many things in common. And he had no less than seven tiger and black panther skins. Rather fair work for three months. He travelled with five elephants, nine mules, twenty-three servants and beaters and six assistants, his personal friends. Later, the various northern botanical gardens would receive many benefits. But he had an adventure, a most amazing adventure. He had seen what white men rarely see and still more rarely live to tell; ceremonial torture. Half a dozen shots had broken up the affair. His elephants had evidently convinced the priests that there was an army behind. One white man he had buried; the other lay at one side of the hunting-howdah, his hand in enormous white bandages. He looked like a dead man, but he was only under the influence of opiates. Sometimes a low groan issued from his swollen purple lips.

"We came just in time, Nash," said the Doctor. "In another moment his hands would have been useless forever. As it is a finger or two may be drawn. God! did you get a whiff of the air about that fire? The devils! I have heard that up here they still follow some of their abominable ancient rites. Take a Hindu and mix a little Chinese and Malay in his blood, and you'll have something that'll make a Tibetan blush for his tenderness."

Cathew opened his eyes.

"Don't stir, young man," said the Doctor. "The longer you lie quiet as the elephant-jog will let you, the quicker your hands will come about."

Cathew tried to speak.

"What? Give him a little cocoanut-milk. Now, what is it you're trying to say?"

"Corrigan," in a tone which was without inflection.

"Your friend? We buried him. He wasn't a pleasant sight to look at. But I think he was already dead when they mutilated him."

Tears welled up into Cathew's eyes and rolled down his cheeks. For now he knew that he had loved the derelict.

"Did you bury him—with his shoes on?"

"God save us, Nash, did you hear that? With his shoes on? Just as we found him; but I don't remember whether he had any shoes on or not."

AND sleep twenty-four hours he did. It was the best thing in the world for him, too. The Doctor was very kind, and his treatment of the poor hands undoubtedly saved them. At the end of two months—for the Doctor refused to let his chance patient interfere with his researches—the expedition returned to Johore, where the Sultan re-established his state elephants and celebrated the occasion as beffited a Malay monarch.

During these two months Cathew kept his tongue behind his teeth. His saviors respected his silence. When his hands healed sufficiently to cast off the bandages he was given a pair of cotton gloves which

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he wore habitually. And night after night he slept with his shoes under his rude pillow. Often they would hear him call out in his sleep—"Corrigan, Corrigan!"

Cathew bade them farewell at Johore.

"Have you any money?"

"A little, perhaps three hundred rupees. You're a good man, Doctor."

"You won't tell us what it was about?"

"I'd rather not."

The Doctor smiled. "Be very careful of your shoes, and don't fall into the habit of talking in your sleep. Good-bye."

CATHEW bought a first-class ticket to Singapore—fourteen miles away—in order that he might have a compartment alone. Travel was light, and he had a first-class car all to himself. It was only on Sundays that the traffic was heavy. One could go over from Singapore and find a miniature Monte Carlo in Johore. When the train was fairly out of the city, Cathew took off his shoe and wrenched loose the heel. Two rubies and an emerald; they had not been touched. Sweat trickled down the end of his nose and spattered on the gems. He wrapped them up in cotton again and put them into the watch-pocket at the trouser-band. And now to sell them.

Three hundred rupees would carry him along for a few days. A North German Lloyder sailed at ten that night for Bremen. If he missed that he would be compelled to wait a week later and take the P. & O. boat.

Singapore at night. Cathew, in a fresh suit of drill (fifteen rupees) and a cheap helmet of pith (six rupees), started out upon his singular quest. Vaguely he recalled that Corrigan had said something about a man by the name of Vaal, a Dutchman in the pawnbroking business, who knocked you down a lot, but generally gave you something worth while. He was to be found somewhere near the Street of the Big Numbers—the haunt of unfortunates. He had to go through the Chinese quarters, and the wonder of it did not touch his interest or curiosity tonight. He was leaving this district when he ran full tilt into a Sikh policeman.

"Vaal," he said, "pawnshop."

The Sikh spoke a little English and gave the direction affably. Next to being the best native soldier, the Sikh was the finest policeman in the Orient.

IT WAS a dingy shop. The show windows had not been washed in ages. They were filled, rather cluttered, with arms, musical instruments, golfsticks, dried sharks' heads, pottery, skins, and some cheap jewelry. It did not look to Cathew like a place where a man might dispose of fine gems. There were no lights in front; an oil-hanging lamp over the counting-deck was the sole illumination. Finally he mustered up courage enough to enter.

He saw a huge bearded man behind the desk, talking to a pretty woman. Suddenly he caught her by the arm and flung her against the reed partition. It was evident to Cathew that he had entered upon a scene of domestic infelicity. A family row, however, was nothing to him. He wanted to sell the stones and make the *Prince Ludwig*. It was nine o'clock.

"Is this Vaal?" he inquired.

"Ah, coom in, coom in, sir," said the proprietor. The new drill-suit and the showy helmet suggested a purchase.

The young woman remained with her back to the partition, sullenly rubbing her bruised arm. In the swift glance, Cathew noted that she had been weeping recently, but that there was something unpleasant in the set expression of the great dark eyes. Her skin was tawny and her hair was black; but she was patently a white woman.

"Do you buy stones?" demanded Cathew. He was impatient to have done and be gone.

"Sometimes," with sudden aloofness.

"I don't mean on the pawn-ticket basis," went on Cathew. "A lump sum outright."

"It depends."

"Come over here under the light."

The huge Dutchman and his visitor stepped under the lamp, and Cathew dug into his watch-pocket.

"What will you give me for these?"

"Ethel, hant me der glass."

The woman obeyed, but she looked with new interest at this young man who had doubtless saved her a beating.

"Where dit you get dese?"

"None of your business," answered Cathew sharply.

Vaal turned them over and over.

"I will give you fif-hunert rupees for dem—or I vill call in der police."

"Give them back. We can't do business. Those stones are mine. I've gone through hell for them."

"Yes, yes, dey all say that. Fife-hunert und no questions asked?"

Wild with fury Cathew struck the man on the mouth. The gems went tinkling to the floor. Excruciating pain ran up and down Cathew's arm. The Dutchman roared and closed in. The fight was short and decisive. Cathew was borne to the floor and there he might have died but for the unexpected aid from the young woman. She seized the desk-stool, ran out from behind the counter and swung the chair down with full strength. An ordinary man's skull would have cracked like an eggshell. Vaal rolled over and lay still, while Cathew crawled about on his hands and knees in search of his possessions. He found one ruby and the emerald. During this time the young woman had foraged about and found some ropes.

"Help me tie him."

"He may be dead."

"If there is any God he is dead. But he has a head like a gorilla. Come!"

They bound the pawnbroker and pushed him into a dark corner. Then she opened the cash drawer, took out a roll of rupee notes and a little chamois bag and stuffed them into her bosom. She disappeared for a moment, and Cathew renewed his search for the missing ruby, occasionally throwing a glance toward the door. When the woman returned, a straw hat was perched on her head and her mouth was full of hatpins. She could think of hatpins! Cathew stared at her in amazement.

"You are English?"

"American."

"So am I. And I'm going on the *Ludwig* this very night."

"The *Ludwig*?" he echoed dully.

She blew out the light, locked the door and flung the key into the gutter. She seized Cathew by the hand and he followed her dumbly. There are some catastrophes so swift and undreamt of that they hypnotize us; and Cathew was hypnotized. After all those terrible weeks in the jungle, to plunge headlong into crime and

perhaps murder! After awhile he found his tongue.

"What was that brute to you?"

"He was my husband. I have a right to the things I took. For more than a year he has beaten and kicked me. He has called me all the vile names he could lay his tongue to. If you had not come in just as you did, he would have beaten me again; and then I would have stabbed him."

"For God's sake, not so loud!"

"Was I talking loud? You saw him fling me against the wall. . . . Here are two rickshaws. Get in."

He obeyed. He would have done anything she asked, absurd or tragic. The rickshaws ran side by side. He never looked at her but straight ahead.

"Have you got any money?" she called across to him.

He shook his head, meaning that he hadn't enough to take him to Europe. A moment later she passed a roll of notes towards him. He accepted them, and they were held tightly in his poor scarred hands till they reached the Lloyd dock.

FIVE minutes later they went on board, and the *Prince Ludwig* slipped her cables.

"You go to the purser right away and buy your ticket to Naples. I'll buy mine later for Colombo. I have an uncle there. Why do you wear gloves when it is so hot?" she asked suddenly.

"I'm dizzy," was all he said.

"He hurt you?"

He nodded, and sank into the nearest steamer chair, caring not who owned it.

"I'm sorry," she said, timidly touching his arm. "Perhaps I have got you into trouble when all I meant was to help you. If I hadn't hit him he would have killed you."

"What's done is done. But if he's dead, we'll never get further than Colombo."

"I was a bit wild last night. But I'd do it all over again. Are the stones safe?"

"Good Lord!" He clapped his hand to the little watch-pocket. The stones were there. And for hours he had forgotten!

The voyage was uneventful; but when the *Prince Ludwig* dropped her anchor in the harbor at Colombo and the quarantine boat came out jauntily, the two outcasts drew together, oppressed with forebodings which had in perspective a stuffy Oriental courtroom and all the drab paraphernalia of a trial for murder. But God, while He never forgets, often relents; and they went ashore without let or hindrance.

Eight hours later she stepped aboard the tender. In his pocket there was an order on a New York bank for fourteen thousand dollars. Besides this he had in rupee-notes a thousand more. It was a fortune, and he had earned every dollar of it by struggle, privation, in the face of overwhelming odds.

AND so the involuntary Odysseus went back to his Ithaca, home to his mother, his father, and the girl, a clear-eyed, brown-skinned vigorous young prodigal; and his *Odyssey* had a touch of the Homeric.

Life is also full of anti-climaxes; if you doubt it, wait a little.

Two months after Cathew's return, his father received from San Francisco (at his personal request) a fine photograph of the most recent addition to his new fleet of Oriental freighters. Of the twelve ships, eleven had Oriental names. This

one, the twelfth, retained the name by which she had been launched. It was distinctly Irish. After studying the photograph for a while, Cathew senior chuckled and drew out of a certain pigeonhole in his desk two cancelled cheques. The first, for five thousand, was made out to Captain Bannerman, of the Limerick; the second, for a smaller sum, was made payable to James Fall, ostensibly a waterfront saloon-keeper, but in reality a crimp of the first water.

And there you are!

The Smuggler and His Drum

Continued from page 36.

Williams tacitly admitted their accuracy, and, after he had promised consideration, the conversation turned to other topics. They even discussed books before the two officers left. On Williams' suggestion they agreed to meet him and his lawyer at their hotel the following day to consider some proposition.

It looked as though the man meant to play square. The Canadian officers felt convinced of this when they happened to learn that Johnson, the lawyer, was in reality working in the interests of the mortgagees. But they little knew Williams—or Johnson, for that matter.

DUNCAN attended the conference next day with the evidence that had been gathered up, including the papers found in the safe at Diamondville, in a small black grip. The four men got together in one of the hotel rooms. Williams appeared nervous and refused to take a seat, pacing up and down the room while the three others talked. The grip, with the documents, had been placed on the table. Williams kept getting closer to the table with each turn that he took. Finally, when he believed the others were too engrossed in conversation to be paying any attention, he pounced upon the grip, whirled quickly and made for the door. Duncan, who had been half reclining on the bed, had been watching the inventor out of the corner of his eye and observed the manoeuvre. He was up like a flash and started down the hall in pursuit. Within twenty feet he got close enough to trip the fleeing Williams, who pitched headfirst with a yelp and a loud clatter.

Johnson took a hand at this stage. He had been following close after Duncan, and, when the grip went spinning from the hand of the sprawling Williams, the lawyer got it.

It was a great scramble, a free-for-all, the outcome of which was that Williams and the grip went down the stairs in the lead with Duncan close on his heels again. The two officers felt that they were "in wrong." They were employees of the Canadian Government, and so were devoid of all power and right. If they injured either of the two welchers in regaining the grip, they were liable to be held for assault. Nevertheless, when Williams, groggy and panting hard, reached the rotunda, Duncan did not hesitate to take him by the shoulder and force him into a private parlor.

Here Williams stood at bay and refused to hand over the papers. They were his, he contended, and he was at home in his own country. Duncan, he said in a voice

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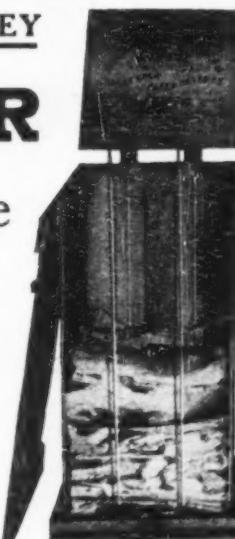
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pitched to a falsetto with excitement, could go to the devil. It was a situation where both men felt decidedly uncomfortable; Duncan because he had no legal right, Williams because he wanted to avoid publicity above everything else.

It ended in a compromise. Duncan got the papers back, but Williams made copies of them first. When Duncan emerged from the parlor with the grip in his hand, Edwards was sitting not ten feet away. He jumped up and grabbed the grip with a hurried, "Come on!" Duncan followed without asking questions and in a few seconds they were seated in a taxi that Edwards had retained at a rear entrance. The driver shot off for the depot.

"What did you do to him?" asked Edwards.

"I got the papers back," replied Duncan, "without resorting to violence."

"Well, we had better get out of this burg right away," said Edwards, "before they can arrest us for hammering that pair up. As soon as I got clear of that lawyer crook, I got our luggage and checked it out. Then I got the taxi and waited for you. We'll have to get out pretty quick before Johnson gets the police on us."

In due course and in the usual way, the equipment in the factory at Diamondville was taken over by the customs and sold for a sum which allowed the full duty and paid all expenses. No one was anything out but Williams and the men who had backed him.

Diamondville was out an industry, but the loss was a temporary one. The enterprising town council had soon secured another concern to use the factory. This time they landed a real one.

the next. A few nights after, I said goodbye to Wile and I left for Ostend. Twenty-four hours later Wile was locked up in Spandau with a battered head inflicted by the Adlon's *maitre d'hôtel*. Wile was supposed to be English, but proved he came from Indiana and was released about four a.m. by U.S. Ambassador Gerrard going personally to the fortress and carrying him off in safety.

My cable, slightly amended, was given to the operator, who insisted on charging 75 cents a word to Toronto. Some later cables I sent from outside the hotel, and was charged much less. On inquiry I found that the only rate they knew at the Adlon was to British Columbia. To them Canada was B.C., for to B.C. went many cables from Berlin. Our old friend Baron Alvon Von Alvon Sloben, of Vancouver, I had learned in Berlin the year before, had made millions for the Kaiser and others in the Court Circle. One young man was pointed out to me who had come home with \$4,000,000. Many of their cables had gone through the Adlon's operator.

JUST after I had completed this article, I read that Sam. Carter, a socialist-labor leader, who represents in the Ontario Legislature, one of the most important manufacturing and farming constituencies, in a public address said that we should form a war cabinet of five or six of our ablest business executives to organize and conduct our affairs. Mr. Carter's speeches remind one of Lloyd George. He seems to be a man of superior ability and independent thought. He said he was born in England, brought up in poverty, hates war; but we are in and can't help it, and the shortest and most effective way out is to give the job to the men who know how, not to the present politicians.

Last week, chatting with one of the most successful Montreal financiers, a man who has made an international reputation among bankers and industrial leaders, he said exactly the same thing to me. He spoke for the so-called big interests.

Here we have two extremes in the life of our country. Their opinion is worth while. They are in perfect agreement. They show the Prime Minister—now in complete control of our national affairs—the way the country first wants him to go. The way he would have taken long ago but for the helpless associates a party government forced upon him.

Professional politicians do not know how to deal with the public. Could anything be worse than the Quebec conscription situation which may develop, unless firmly and tactfully handled, into the most dangerous that has ever happened in Canada? It is the direct work of small politicians. Suppose that, instead, our national affairs had been directed by big business men like the tactful Irish Roman Catholic Shaughnessy and that dictatorial, but extremely able, Methodist Flavelle. Let us have expert leadership and we increase the hope of defeating Germany and of arranging such a peace as would ensure Canada becoming one of the most prosperous countries in the world. If we don't the outlook is too gloomy to contemplate. Our soldiers are doing their share for Canada and the empire gloriously. Our leaders at home are doing their work damably. Will they, by their neglect to call in experts, forfeit the aims for which our young men are shedding their blood?

A Frank Talk About the War

Continued from page 38.

zelos, an able, ambitious, rising young politician, living in a little island and quite unknown. Like an illustrious character in Biblical history, the Irish schoolmaster took his victim up into a high mountain, and pointed out country that might be his. The inspiration worked more successfully than the irrepressible schoolmaster's best dreams. Back he rushed to Bulgaria and suggested a scrap with Turkey. I would like to add—and I am writing from memory—for the information of any of his old boys who may possibly read these lines, this Irish walking delegate was J. D. Bouchier, and he was classical master in a famous English public school.

AMONG my most valued acquaintances is an Austrian banker, a Jew. His name is seldom heard outside of Europe; but one of the great international bankers told me that in his grasp of the financial situation, he was regarded as the soundest man in Europe. The Canadian Pacific had begun that year, the running of an observation train in Austria. My friend was unusually interested, not in the C.P.R., but in the Grand Trunk and the Canadian investment situation as a whole. He asked many questions. I remember telling him that as long as the control of the G.T.R. remained with such men as Sir Rivers Wilson it would be unwise to put any money in its securities; but that, under capable management with a Canadian directorate, with politicians letting it alone, its underlying securities ought to be safe and should improve greatly in value. I saw that he was deeply impressed. I had given him fully fifteen minutes straight talk that morning, as we were climbing up over the mountain's path on our way to breakfast in the valley on the other side; and I thought it was time he reciprocated and told me something. He was a very quiet man, always under perfect control. I have seen him entertaining at dinner without saying more than a few words all evening. I asked him to tell me, what I most wanted to know. What was on the other side of the stone wall, that always stopped my inquiries, as to what was ahead of us financially. He stopped, turned on me suddenly. He became excited. He was dramatic, impressive. He seized me by

the lapel of my coat and almost hissed: "The outlook is very, very bad, we are going to have a severe money stringency."

As quickly he regained control of himself. He had given me the information I sought. I had absolute confidence in him. He had passed the excitement on to me. I had learned something of the greatest importance.

Shortly after I conveyed the information to our readers in the columns of *The Financial Post*, August, 1912, I think. The article urged immediate preparations for strenuous times ahead; to collect and save; to stop borrowing; to stop extensions to buildings and plants. It was decidedly unpopular. It was against the preconceived opinions and wishes of our readers. The stringency came sure enough. It hit our real estate friends very hard. But, we of the business and financial press, are the specialists in journalism and are paid to give the real facts, as far as we can get them, whether they are favorable or otherwise to ourselves or our readers. In these times, particularly we gather and publish many unpleasant truths.

It was this same Austrian Jew, who, in Berlin, on July 25th, 1914, gave me the first definite, accurate, information that a general European war was certain, that only a miracle could stop it; that he, with others, were then engaged night and day doing all they could to turn aside such a fearful catastrophe. Further, he said he did not see how we, the British, could keep out of it.

IHAD promised, my next door neighbor, Sir Henry Pellatt, to cable him personally if I got any definite news on the situation. I wrote "Outlook very bad; general European war certain." On my way to the office of the Adlon Hotel, with the message in my hand, I encountered F. W. Wile, whose series of articles on Germany appeared some years ago in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, and another acquaintance, the head of a Franco-American banking house, and we all sat in the garden to discuss the situation. They were more optimistic. The Kaiser was in the wilds of Norway, where he would not have gone if any crisis was imminent. Von Moltke was at Karlsbad. As a matter of fact he returned that day and the Kaiser

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 26.

ing men. Two of them fell and the others escaped into the timber."

"You did not see any whisky in the possession of these Indians?" asked Corporal Ripley. "You merely surmised they were drunk by their actions?"

Chloe nodded. "Yes," she admitted, "but certainly there can be no doubt that they were drunk. Men who are not drunk do not—"

MacNair interrupted her. "They were drunk," he said quietly, "very drunk."

"You admit that?" asked the officer in surprise. "I must warn you, MacNair, that anything you say may be used against you." MacNair nodded.

"And, as to the killing of the men," continued Chloe, "I charge MacNair with their murder."

"Murder is a very serious charge, Miss Elliston. Let's go over the facts again. You say you were in a canoe near the shore—you saw a man you say was MacNair grab a rifle from an Indian and kill two men. Stop and think, now—it was night and you saw all this by firelight—are you sure the man who fired the shots was MacNair?"

"Absolutely!" cried the girl, with a trace of irritation.

"It was I who shot," interrupted MacNair.

THE officer regarded him curiously and again addressed the girl. "Once more, Miss Elliston, do you know that the men you saw fall are dead? Mere shooting won't sustain a charge of murder."

Chloe hesitated. "No," she admitted reluctantly. "I did not examine their dead bodies, if that is what you mean. But MacNair afterward told me that he killed them, and I can swear to having seen them fall."

"The men are dead," said MacNair.

The officer stared in astonishment. Chloe also was puzzled by the frank admission of the man, and she gazed into his face as though striving to pierce its mask and discover an ulterior motive. MacNair returned her gaze unflinchingly, and again the girl felt an indescribable sense of smallness—of helplessness before this man of the north, whose very presence breathed strength and indomitable man-power.

"Was it possible," she wondered, "that he would dare to flaunt this strength in the very face of the law?" She turned to Corporal Ripley, who was making notes with a pencil in a little note-book. "Well," she asked, "is my evidence specific enough to warrant this man's arrest?"

The officer nodded slowly. "Yes," he answered gravely. "The evidence warrants an arrest. Very probably several arrests."

"You mean," asked the girl, "that you think he may have—an accomplice?"

"No, Miss Elliston, I don't mean that. In spite of your evidence and his own words, I don't think MacNair is guilty. There is something queer here. I guess there is no doubt that whisky has been run into the territory, and that it has been supplied to the Indians. You charge MacNair with these crimes, and I've got to arrest him."

Chloe was about to retort when the officer interrupted her with a gesture.

"Just a moment, please," he said quietly.

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ly, "I'm not sure I can make myself plain to you, but you see, in the north we know something of MacNair's work. Of what he has done in spite of the odds. We know the north needs men like MacNair. You claim to be a friend of the Indians. Do you realize that up on Snare Lake, right now, are a bunch of Indians who depend on MacNair for their existence? MacNair's absence will cause suffering among them and even death. If his storehouse has been burned what are they going to eat? On your statements I've got to enter charges against MacNair. First and foremost the charge of murder. He will also be charged with importing liquor, having liquor in prohibited territory, smuggling whisky, and supplying liquor to the Indians.

"Now, Miss Elliston, for the good of those Indians on Snare Lake, I want you to withdraw the charge of murder. The other offences are bailable ones, and in my judgment he should be allowed to return to his Indians. Then, when his trial comes up at the spring assizes, the charge of murder can be placed against him. I'll bet a year's pay MacNair isn't to blame. In the mean time we will get busy and comb the barrens for the real criminals. I've got a hunch. And you can take my word that justice shall be done, no matter where the blow falls."

SUDDENLY, through Chloe's mind flashed the memory of what Lapierre had told her of the Mounted. She arose to her feet and, drawing herself up haughtily, glared into the face of the officer. When she spoke, her voice rang hard with scorn.

"It is very evident that you don't want to arrest MacNair. I have heard that he is a law unto himself—that he would defy arrest—that he has the Mounted subsidized. I did not believe it at the time. I regarded it merely as the exaggerated statement of a man who justly hates him. But it seems this man was right. You need not trouble yourself about MacNair's Indians. I will stand sponsor, for their welfare. They are my Indians now. I warn you that the day of MacNair is past. I refuse to withdraw a single word of my charges against him, and you will either arrest him, or I shall go straight to Ottawa. And I shall never rest until I have blazoned before the world the whole truth about your rotten system! What will Canada say, when she learns that the Mounted—the men who have been held up before all the world as models of bravery, efficiency, and honor—are as crooked and grafting as—as the police of New York?"

Corporal Ripley's face showed red through the tan, and he started to his feet with an exclamation of anger. "Hold on corporal." The voice of MacNair was the quiet voice with which one soothes a petulant child. He remained seated and pushed the Stetson toward the back of his head. "She really believes it. Don't hold it against her. It is not her fault. When the smoke has cleared away and she gets her bearings, we're all going to like her. In fact, I'm thinking that the time is coming when the only one who will hate her will be herself. I like her now; though she is not what you'd call my friend. I mean—not yet."

Corporal Ripley gazed in astonishment at MacNair and then very frigidly he turned to Chloe. "Then the charge of murder stands?"

"Yes, it does," answered the girl. "If

he were allowed to go free now there would be three murders instead of two by the time of the spring assizes, or whatever you call them, for he is even now upon the trail of a man he has threatened to kill. I can give you his exact words. He said: 'I have taken the man-trail . . . and at the end of that trial will lie a dead man—myself or Pierre Lapierre!'" "Lapierre!" exclaimed the officer. "What has he got to do with it?" He turned to MacNair as if expecting an answer. But MacNair remained silent. "Why don't you charge Lapierre with the crimes you told me he was guilty of?" taunted the girl. Again she saw that baffling twinkle in the gray eyes of the man. Then the eyes hardened.

"The last thing I desire is the arrest of Lapierre," he answered. "Lapierre must answer to me." The words, pronounced slowly and distinctly, rasped hard. In spite of herself Chloe shuddered.

Corporal Ripley shifted uneasily. "We'd better be going, MacNair," he said. "There's something queer about this whole business—something I don't quite understand. It's up to me to take you up the river; but, believe me, I'm coming back! I'll get at the bottom of this thing if it takes me five years. Are you ready?"

MacNair nodded.

"I can let you have some Indians," suggested the girl.

"What for?"

"Why, for a guard, of course; to help you with your prisoner."

Ripley drew himself up and answered abruptly: "The Mounted is quite capable of managing its own affairs, Miss Elliston. I don't need your Indians, thank you."

Chloe glanced wrathfully into the boyish face of the officer. "Suit yourself," she answered sweetly. "But if I were you, I'd want a whole regiment of Indians. Because if MacNair wants to, he'll eat you up."

"He won't want to," snapped Ripley. "I don't taste good."

As they passed out of the door, MacNair turned. "Good-by, Miss Elliston," he said gravely. "Beware of Pierre Lapierre." Chloe made no reply, and as MacNair turned to go, he chanced to glance into the wide, expressionless face of Big Lena, who had stood throughout the interview leaning heavily against the jamb of the kitchen door. Something inscrutable in the stare of the fishlike, china-blue eyes clung in his memory, and, try as he would in the days that followed, MacNair could not fathom the meaning of that stare, if indeed it had any meaning. MacNair did not know why, but in some inexplicable manner the memory of that look eased many a weary mile.

CHAPTER XVII

A FRAME-UP.

NEWS, of a kind, travels on the wings of the wind across wastes of the farther land. Principalities may fall, nations crash, and kingdoms sink into oblivion, and the north will neither know nor care. For the north has its own problems—vital problems, human problems—and therefore big, elemental, portentous problems, having to do with life and the eating of meat.

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man-constituted authority, and man-gathered surplus of increment, the north has no part. On the cold side of sixty there is no surplus, and men think in terms of meat, and their possessions are meat-getting possessions. Guns, nets, and traps, even of the best, insure but a bare existence. And in the lean years, which are the seventh years—the years of the rabbit plague—starvation stalks in the teepees, and gaunt, sunken-eyed forms, dry lipped, and with the skin drawn tightly over protruding ribs, stiffen between shoddy blankets. For even the philosophers of the land of God and the H. B. C. must eat to live—if not this week, at least once next week.

The H. B. C., taking wise cognizance of the seventh year, extends its credit—“debts” it is called in the outlands—but it puts no more wool in its blankets, and for lack of food the body-fires burn low. But the cold remains inexorable. And with the thermometer at seventy degrees below zero, even in the years of plenty, when the philosophers eat almost daily, there is little of comfort. With the thermometer at seventy in the lean years, the suffering is diminished by the passing of many philosophers.

The arrest of Bob MacNair was a matter of sovereign import to the dwellers of the frozen places, and word of it swept like wildfire through the land of the lakes and rivers. Yet in all the north those upon whom it made the least impression were those most vitally concerned—MacNair's own Indians. So quietly had the incident passed that not one of them realized its importance.

With them MacNair was *God*. He was the *law*. He had taught them to work, so that even in the lean years they and their wives and their babies ate twice each day. He had said that they should continue to eat twice each day, and therefore his departure was a matter of no moment. They knew only that he had gone southward with the man of the soldier-police. This was doubtless as he had commanded. They could conceive of MacNair only as commanding. Therefore the soldier-policeman had obeyed and accompanied him to the southward.

With no such complacency, however, was the arrest of MacNair regarded by the henchmen of Lapierre. To them MacNair was not *God*, nor was he the *law*. For these men knew well the long arm of the Mounted and what lay at the end of the trail. Lean forms sped through the woods, and the word passed from lip to lip in far places. It was whispered upon the Slave, the Mackenzie, and the Athabasca, and it was told in the provinces before MacNair and Ripley reached Fort Chippewyan. Along the river men talked excitedly, and impatiently awaited word from Lapierre, while their eyes snapped with greed and their thoughts flew to the gold in the sands of the barren grounds.

In the Bastile du Mort, a hundred miles to the eastward, Lapierre heard the news from the lips of a breathless runner, but a scant ten hours after Corporal Ripley and MacNair stepped from the door of the cottage. And within the hour the quarter-breed was upon the trail, traveling light, in company with Lefroy, who, fearing swift vengeance, had also sought safety in the stronghold of the outlaws.

Chloe Elliston stood in the doorway and watched the broad form of Bob MacNair swing across the clearing in

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in company with Corporal Ripley. As the men disappeared in the timber a fierce joy of victory surged through her veins. She had bared the mailed fist! Had wrested a people from the hand of their oppressors! The Snare Lake Indians were henceforth to be *her* Indians! She had rid the north of MacNair! Every fiber of her sang with the exultation of it as she turned into the room and encountered the fishlike stare of Big Lena.

The woman leaned, ponderous and silent, against the jamb of the door giving into the kitchen. Her huge arms were folded tightly across her breast, and for some inexplicable reason, Chloe found the stare disconcerting. The enthusiasm of her victory damped perceptibly. For if the fish-eyed stare held nothing of reproach, it certainly held nothing of probation. Almost the girl read a descending pity in the stare of the chin-blue eyes. The thought stung, and she faced the other wrathfully.

"Well, for Heaven's sake say something! Don't stand there and stare like a—a billikin! Can't you talk?"

"Yah, Ay tank Ay kin; but Ay von't—not yat."

"What do you mean?" cried the exasperated girl, as she flung herself into a chair. But without deigning to answer, Big Lena turned heavily into the kitchen, and closed the door with a bang that impoverished invective. For volumes may be spoken in the banging of a door; and thus the moment was inauspicious for the entrance of Harriet Penny. At best, Chloe merely endured the little spinster, with her whining, hysterical outbursts, and abject, unreasoning fear of God, man, the devil, and everything else. "Oh, my dear, I am so glad!" piped the little woman, rushing to the girl's side; "we need never fear him again, need we?"

"Nobody ever did fear him but you," retorted Chloe.

"But, Mr. Lapierre said—"

The girl arose with a gesture of impatience, and Miss Penny returned to MacNair. "He is so big, and coarse, and horrible! I am sure even his looks are enough to frighten a person to death."

Chloe sniffed. "I think he is handsome, and he is big and strong. I like big people."

"But, my dear!" cried the horrified Miss Penny. "He—he kills Indians!"

"So do I!" snapped the girl, and stamped angrily into her own room, where she threw herself upon the bed and gave way to bitter reflections. She hated every one. She hated MacNair, and Big Lena, and Harriet Penny, and the officer of the Mounted. She hated Lapierre and the Indians, too. And then, realizing the folly of her blind hatred, she hated herself for hating. With an effort she regained her poise.

"MacNair is out of the way; and that's the main thing," she murmured. She remembered his last words: "Beware of Pierre Lapierre," and her eyes sought the man's hastily scribbled note that lay upon the table where he had left it. She reread the note, and crumpling it in her hand, threw it to the floor. "He always manages to be some place else when anything happens!" she exclaimed. "Oh, why couldn't it have been the other way around? Why couldn't MacNair have been the one to have the interest of the Indians at heart? And why couldn't La-

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pierre have been the one to browbeat and bully them?"

She paced angrily up and down the room, and kicked viciously at the little ball of paper that was Lapierre's note. "He couldn't browbeat anything!" she exclaimed. "He's—he's—sometimes, I think, he's almost *sneaking*, with his bland, courtly manners, and his suave tongue. Oh, how I could hate that man! And how I—" she stopped suddenly, and with clenched fists fixed her gaze upon the portrait of Tiger Elliston, and as she looked the thin features that returned her stare seemed to resolve into the rugged outlines of the face of Bob MacNair.

"He's big and strong, and he's not afraid," she murmured, and started nervously at the knock with which Big Lena announced supper.

When Chloe appeared at the table five minutes later she was quite her usual self. She even laughed at Harriet Penny's horrified narrative of the fact that she had discovered several Indians in the act of affixing runners to the collapsible bathtubs in anticipation of the coming snow.

CHLOE spent an almost sleepless night, and it was with a feeling of distinct relief that she arose to find Lapierre upon the verandah. She noted a certain intense eagerness in the quarter-breed's voice as he greeted her.

"Ah, Miss Elliston!" he cried, seizing both her hands. "It seems that during my brief absence you have accomplished wonders! May I ask how you managed to bring about the downfall of that brute of the north, and at the same time win his Indians to your school?"

Under the enthusiasm of his words the girl's heart once more quickened with the sense of victory. She withdrew her hands from his clasp and gave a brief account of all that had happened since their parting on Snare Lake.

"Wonderful," breathed Lapierre at the conclusion of the recital. "And you are sure he was duly charged with the murder of the two Indians?"

Chloe nodded. "Yes, indeed I am sure!" she exclaimed. "The officer, Corporal Ripley, tried to get me to put off this charge until his other trial came up at the spring assizes. He said McNair could give bail and secure his liberty on the liquor charges, and thus return to the north—and to his Indians."

Lapierre nodded eagerly. "Ah, did I not tell you, Miss Elliston, that the men of the Mounted are with him heart and soul? He owns them! You have done well not to withdraw the charge of murder."

"I offered to furnish him with an escort of Indians, but he refused them. I don't see how in the world he can expect to take MacNair to jail. He's a mere boy."

Lapierre laughed. "He'll take him to jail all right, you may rest assured as to that. He will not dare to allow him to escape, nor will MacNair try to escape. We have nothing to fear now until the trial. It is extremely doubtful if we can make the murder charge stick, but it will serve to hold him during the winter, and I have no doubt when his case comes up in the spring we will be able to produce evidence that will insure conviction on the whiskey charges which will mean at least a year or two in jail and the exactation of a heavy fine."

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zation of the fact that they owe allegiance to no man. MacNair's power is broken. He will be discredited by the authorities, and hated by his own Indians—a veritable pariah of the wilderness. And now, Miss Elliston, I must hasten at once to the rivers. My interests there have long been neglected. I shall return as soon as possible, but my absence will necessarily be prolonged, for beside my own trading affairs and the getting out of the timber for new scows, I hope to procure such additional evidence as will insure the conviction of MacNair. Lefroy will remain with you here."

"Did you catch the whisky-runners?" Chloe asked.

Lapierre shook his head. "No," he answered, "they succeeded in eluding us among the islands at the eastern end of the lake. We were about to push our search to a conclusion when news reached us of MacNair's arrest, and we returned with all speed to the Yellow Knife."

Somehow, the man's words sounded unconvincing—the glib reply was too ready—too like the studied answer to an anticipated question. She regarded him searchingly, but the simple directness of his gaze caused her own eyes to falter, and she turned into the house with a deep breath that was very like a sigh.

The sense of elation and self-confidence inspired by Lapierre's first words ebbed as it had ebbed before the unspoken rebuke of Big Lena, leaving her strangely depressed. With the joy of accomplishment dead within her, she drove herself to work without enthusiasm. In all the world, nothing seemed worth while. She was unsure—unsure of Lapierre; unsure of herself; unsure of Big Lena—and, worst of all, unbelievable and preposterous as it seemed in the light of what she had witnessed with her own eyes, unsure of MacNair—of his villainy!

Before noon the first snow of the season started in a fall of light, feathery flakes, which gradually resolved themselves into fine, hard particles that were hurled and buffeted about by the blasts of a fitful wind.

FOR three days the blizzard raged—days in which Lapierre contrived to spend much time in Chloe's company, and during which the girl set about deliberately to study the quarter-breed, in hope of placing definitely the defect in his makeup, the tangible reason for the growing sense of distrust with which she was coming to regard him. But, try as she would, she could find no cause, no justification, for the uncomfortable and indefinable *something* that was gradually developing into an actual doubt of his sincerity. She knew that the man had himself well in hand, for never by word or look did he express any open avowal of love, although a dozen times a day he managed subtly to show that his love had in no wise abated.

On the morning of the fourth day, with forest and lake and river buried beneath three feet of snow, Lapierre took the trail for the southward. Before leaving, he sought out Lefroy in the storehouse.

"We have things our own way, but we must lie low for a while, at least. MacNair is not licked yet—by a damn sight! He knows we furnished the booze to his Indians, and he will yell his head off to the Mounted, and we will have them dropping in on us all the winter. In the meantime leave the liquor where it is. Don't bring a gallon of it into this clear-

ing. It will keep and we can't take chances with the Mounted. There will be enough in it for us, with what we can knock down here, and what the boys can take out of MacNair's diggings. They know the gold is there; most of them were in on the stampede when MacNair drove them back a few years ago. And when they find out that MacNair is in jail, there will be another stampede. And we will clean up big all around.

Lefroy, a man of few words, nodded somberly, and Lapierre, who was impatient to be off to the rivers, failed to note that the nod was far more somber than usual—failed, also, to note the pair of china-blue, fishlike eyes that stared impassively at him from behind the goods piled high upon the huge counter.

Once upon the trail, Lapierre lost no time. He passed the word upon the Mackenzie, where the men who had heard of the arrest of MacNair waited in a frenzy of impatience for the signal that would send them flying over the snow to Snare Lake. Day and night the man traveled; from the Mackenzie southward the length of Slave and up the Athabasca. And in his wake men, whose eyes fairly bulged with the greed of gold, jammed their outfits into packs and headed into the north.

At Athabasca Landing he sent a crew into the timber, and hastened on to Edmonton, where he purchased a railway ticket for a point that had nothing whatever to do with his destination. That same night he boarded an east-bound train, and in an early hour of the morning, when the engine paused for water beside a tank that was the most conspicuous building of a little flat town in the heart of a peaceful farming community, he stepped unnoticed from the day coach and proceeded at once to the low, wooden hotel, where he was cautiously admitted through a rear door by the landlord himself, who was incidentally, Lapierre's shrewdest and most effective whisky-runner.

It was this Tostoff, Russian by birth, and a crook by nature, whose business it was to disguise the contraband whisky into innocent-looking freight pieces. And it was Tostoff who selected the men and stood responsible for the contraband's safe conduct over the first stage of its journey into the north.

Tostoff objected strenuously to the running of a consignment in winter, but Lapierre persisted, covering the ground step by step while the other listened with a scowl.

"It's this way, Tostoff, for years MacNair has been our chief stumbling block. God knows we have trouble enough running the stuff past the Dominion police and the Mounted. But the danger from the authorities is small in comparison with the danger from MacNair." Tostoff growled an assent. "And now," continued Lapierre, "for the first time we have him where we want him."

The Russian looked skeptical. "We got MacNair where we want him if he's dead," he grunted. "Who killed him?"

Lapierre made a gesture of impatience. "He is not dead. He's locked up in the Fort Saskatchewan jail."

For the first time Tostoff showed real interest. "What's against him?" he asked eagerly.

"Murder, for one thing," answered Lapierre. "That will hold him without bail until the spring assizes. He will probably get out of that, though. But they are

holding him also on four or five liquor charges."

"Liquor charges!" cried Tostoff, with angry snort. "Oh-o! so that's his game? That's why he's been bucking us—because he's got a line of his own!"

Lapierre laughed. "Not so fast, Tostoff, not so fast. It is a frame-up. That is, the charges are not, but the evidence is. I attended to that myself. I think we have enough on him to keep him out of the cold for a couple of winters to come. But you can't tell. And while we have him we will put the screws to him for all there is in it. It is the chance of a lifetime. What we want now is evidence—and more evidence.

"Here is the scheme: You fix up a consignment, five or ten gallons, the usual way, and instead of shooting it in by the Athabasca, cut into the old trail on the Beaver, and take it across the Methye portage to a *cache* on the Clearwater. Brown's old cabin will about fill the bill. We ought to be able to *cache* the stuff by Christmas.

"In the mean time, I will slip up the river and tip it off to the Mounted at Fort McMurray that I got it straight from down below that MacNair is going to run in a batch over the Methye trail, and that it is to be *cached* on the bank of the Clearwater on New Year's Day. That will give your packers a week to make their getaway. And on New Year's Day the Mounted will find the stuff in the *cache*. There will be nobody to arrest, but they will have the evidence that will clinch the case against MacNair. And with MacNair behind the bars we will have things our own way north of sixty."

Tostoff shook his head dubiously. "Bad business, Lapierre," he warned. "Winter trailering is bad business. The snow tells tales. We haven't been caught yet. Why? Not because we've been lucky, but because we've been careful. Water leaves no trail. We've always run our stuff in the summer. You say you've got the goods on MacNair. I say, let well enough alone. The Mounted ain't fools—they can read the sign in the snow."

Lapierre arose with a curse. "You white-livered clod!" he cried. "Who is running this scheme? You or I. Who delivers the whisky to the Indians? And who pays you your money? I do the thinking for this outfit. I didn't come down here to *ask* you to run this consignment. I came here to *tell* you to do it. This thing of playing safe is alright. I never told you to run a batch in the winter before, but this time you have got to take the chance."

Lapierre leaned closer and fixed the heavy-faced Russian with his gleaming black eyes. He spoke slowly so that the words fell distinctly from his lips. "You *cache* that liquor on the Clearwater on Christmas Day. If you fail—well, you will join the others that have been dismissed from my service—see?"

Tostoff's only reply was a ponderous but expressive shrug, and without a word Lapierre turned and stepped out into the night.

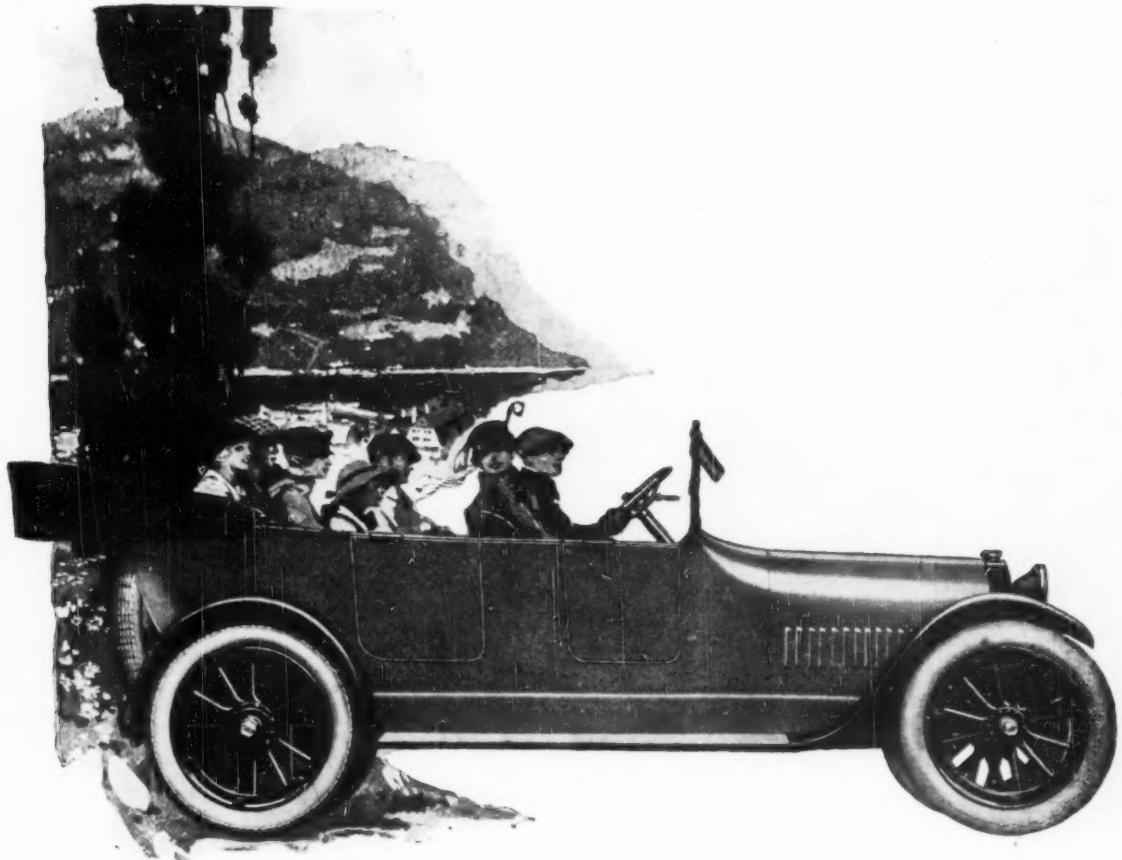
CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT HAPPENED AT BROWN'S.

IT was the middle of December. Storm after storm had left the north cold and silent beneath its white covering of snow. A dog-team swung across the surface of the ice-locked Athabasca, and

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took the steep slope at Fort McMurray on a long slant.

Leaving the dogs in care of the musher, Pierre Lapierre loosened the thongs of his rackets, and, pushing open the door, stamped noisily into the detachment quarters of the Mounted and advanced to the stove where two men were mending dog-harness. The men looked up.

"Speaking of the devil," grinned Constable Craig, with a glance toward Corporal Ripley, who greeted the newcomer with a curt nod, "Well, Lapierre, where d' you come from?"

Lapierre jerked his thumb toward the southward. "Up river," he answered. "Getting out timber for my scows." Removing his cap and mittens, the quarter-breed loosened his heavy moose-hide parka, beat the clinging snow from the coarse hair, and drew a chair to the stove.

"Come through from the Landing on the river?" asked Ripley, as he filled a short black pipe with the tobacco he shaved from a plug. "How's the trail?"

"Good and hard, except for the slush at the Boiler and another stretch just below the Cascade." Lapierre rolled a cigarette. "Hear you caught MacNair with the goods at last," he ventured.

Ripley nodded.

"Looks like it," he admitted. "But what do you mean, 'at last'?"

The quarter-breed laughed lightly and blew a cloud of cigarette-smoke ceiling-ward. "I mean he has had things pretty much his own way the last six or eight years."

"Meanin' he's been runnin' whisky all that time?" asked Craig.

Lapierre nodded. "He has run booze enough into the north to float a canoe from here to Fort Chippewyan."

It was Ripley's turn to laugh. "If you are so all-fired wise, why haven't you made a complaint?" he asked. "Seems like I never heard you and MacNair were such good friends."

Lapierre shrugged. "I know a whole lot of men who have got their full growth because they minded their own business," he answered. "I am not in the Mounted. That's what you are paid for."

Ripley flushed. "We'll earn our pay on this job all right. We've got the goods on him this time. And, by the way, Lapierre, if you've got anything in the way of evidence, we'll be wanting it at the trial. Better show up in May, and save somebody goin' after you. If you run on to any Indians that know anything, bring them along."

"I will be there," smiled the other. "And since we are on the subject, I can put you wise to a little deal that will net you some first-hand evidence." The officers looked interested, and Lapierre continued: "You know where Brown's old cabin is, just this side of the Methye portage?" Ripley nodded. "Well, if you should happen to be at Brown's on New Year's Day, just pull up the puncheons under the bunk and see what you find."

"What will we find?" asked Craig.

Lapierre shrugged. "If I were you fellows I wouldn't overlook any bets," he answered meaningfully.

"Why New Year's Day any more than Christmas, or any other day?"

"Because," answered Lapierre, "on Christmas Day, or any other day before New Year's Day, you won't find a damned thing but an empty hole—that is why. Well, I must be going." He fastened the throat of his parka and drew on his cap and mittens. "So long! See you

in the spring. Shouldn't wonder if I will run onto some Indians, this winter, who will tell what they know, now that MacNair is out of the way. I know plenty of them that can talk, if they will."

"So long!" answered Ripley as Lapierre left the room. "Much obliged for the tip. Hope your hunch is good."

"Play it and see," smiled Lapierre, and banged the door behind him.

MO VING slowly northward upon a course that paralleled but studiously avoided the Methye trail, two men and a dog team plodded heavily through the snow at the close of a shortening day. Ostensibly, these men were trappers; and, save for a single freight piece bound securely upon the sled, their outfit varied in no particular from the outfits of others who each winter fare into the north to engage in the taking of fur. A close observer might have noted that the eyes of these men were hard, and the frequent glances they cast over the backtrail were tense with concern.

The larger and stronger of the two, one Xavier, a sullen riverman of evil countenance, paused at the top of a ridge and pointed across a snow-swept beaver meadow. "T'night we camp on dees side. T'mor' we cross to de mout' of de leetle creek, and two pipe beyon' we com' on de cabin of Baptiste Chambre."

The smaller man frowned. He, too, was a riverman, tough and wiry and small. A man whose pinched, wizened body was a fitting cloister for the warped soul that flashed malignantly from the beady, snake-like eyes.

"Non, non!" he cried, and the venomous glance of the beady eyes was not unmixed with fear. "We ke'p straight on pas' de beeg swamp. Me—I'm no lak' dees wintaire trail." He pointed meaningly toward the marks of the sled in the snow.

The other laughed derisively. "Sacre! you leetle man, you DuMont, you 'fraid!"

The other shrugged. "I'm 'fraid. Oui, I'm lak' I ke'p out de jail. Tostoff, she say, you com' on de cabin of Brown de Chrees'mas Day. Bien!. Tostoff, she sma' mans. Lapierre, too. Tostoff, she 'fraid for de wintaire trail, but she 'fraid for Lapierre mor'."

Xavier interrupted him. "Tra la, Chrees'mas Day! Ain't we got de easy trail? Two days befor' Chrees'mas we com' on de cabin of Brown. Baptiste Chambre, she got the beeg jug rum. We mak' de grand dronk — one day — one night. Den we hit de trail and com' on de Clearwater Chrees'mas Day sam' lak' now. Tostoff, de Russ, she nevar know, Lapierre she nevar know. Voila!"

Still the other objected. "Mebe so com' de storm. What den? We was'e de time wit Baptiste Chamber. We no mak' de Clearwater de Chrees'mas Day eh?"

Xavier growled. "De Chrees'mas Day, damn! We no mak' de Chrees'mas Day. we mak' som' odder day. Lapierre's damn' Injuns com' for de wheesky on Chrees'mas Day, she haf to wait. Me — I'm goin' to Baptiste Chambre. I'm goin' for mak' de beeg dronk. If de snow com' and de dog can't pull. I'm tak' dees leetle piece on ma back to the Clearwater."

He reached down contemptuously and swung the piece containing ten gallons of whisky to his shoulder with one hand, then lowered it again to the sled.

"You know w'at I'm hear on de



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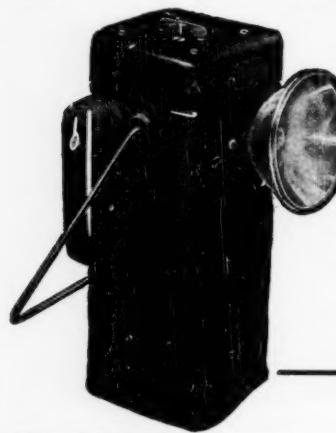


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revair?" he asked, stepping closer to Du Mont's side and lowering his voice. "I'm hearin' McNair ees een de jail. I'm hearin' Lapierre she pass de word to hit for Snare Lake, for deeg de gol!"

"Did Lapierre tell you to deeg de gol', or me? *Non.* He say you go to Tostoff." The snakelike eyes of the smaller man glittered at the mention of gold. He clutched at the other's arm and cried out sharply:

"MacNair arres! *Sacre!* Com', we tak' de wheesky to de Clearwater an' go on to Snare Lake."

This time it was Xavier's eyes that flashed a hint of fear. "*Non!*" he answered quickly. "Lapierre, she—"

The other silenced him, speaking rapidly. "Lapierre, she t'ink she mak' us w'at you call, de double cross!" Xavier noted that the malignant eyes flashed dangerously—"Lapierre, she sma't but me—I'm sma't too. Dere's plent' men 'lon de revair lak' to see de las' of Pierre Lapierre. And plent' Injun in de nort' dey lak' dat to. But dey 'fraid to keel him. We do de work—Lapierre she tak' de money. *Sacre!* Me—I'm 'fraid too." He paused and shrugged significantly. "But som' day I'm git de chance an' den leetle Du Mont she dismees Lapierre from de servee. Den me—I'm de bos'. *Bien!*"

The other glanced at him in admiration. "Me, I'm goin' long to Snare Lake," he said, "but firs' we stop on Baptiste Chambre an' mak' de beeg dronk, eh!"

The smaller man nodded, and the two sought their blankets and were soon sleeping silently beside the blazing fire.

A WEEK later the two rivermen paused at the edge of a thicket that commanded the approach to Brown's cabin on the Clearwater. The threatened storm had broken while they were still at Baptiste Chambre's cabin, and the two days' debauch had lengthened into five.

Chambre's jug had been emptied and several times refilled from the contents of Tostoff's concealed cask, which had been skilfully tapped and as skilfully replenished as to weight by the addition of snow water.

The effect of their protracted orgy was plainly visible in the bloodshot eyes and heavy movement of both men. And it was more from force of long habit than from any sense of alertness or premonition of danger that they crouched in the thicket and watched the smoke curl from the little iron stovepipe that protruded above the roof of the cabin.

"Dem Injun she wait," growled Xavier. "Com' on, me—I'm lak' for ketch som' sleep." The two swung boldly into the open and, pausing only long enough to remove their rackets, pushed open the door of the cabin.

An instant later Du Mont, who was in the lead, leaped swiftly backward and, crashing into the heavier and clumsier Xavier, bowled him over into the snow, where both wallowed helplessly, held down by Xavier's heavy pack.

It was but the work of a moment for the wiry Du Mont to free himself, and when he leaped to his feet, cursing like a fiend, it was to look squarely into the muzzle of Corporal Ripley's service revolver, while Constable Craig loosened the pack straps and allowed Xavier to arise.

"Caught with the goods, eh?" grinned

Ripley, when the two prisoners were seated side by side upon the pole bunk.

The sullen-faced Xavier glowered in surly silence, but the malignant, beady eyes of Du Mont regarded the officer keenly. "You patrol de Clearwater now, eh?"

Ripley laughed. "When there's anything doin', we do."

"How you fin' dat out? Dem Injun she squeal? I'm lak' to know 'bout dat."

"Well, it wasn't exactly an Indian this time," answered Ripley: "that is, it wasn't a regular Indian. Pierre Lapierre put us on to this little deal."

"Pierre—LAPIERRE!"

The little wizened man fairly shrieked the name and, leaping to his feet, bounded about the room like an animated rubber ball, while from his lips poured a steady stream of vile epithets, mingled with every curse of profanity known to two languages.

"That's goin' some," enthused Constable Craig when the other finally paused for breath. "An' come to think about it, I believe you're right. I like to hear a man speak his mind, an' from your remarks it seems like you're on common peevish with this here little deal. It ain't nothin' to get so worked up over. You'll serve your time an' in a couple of years or so they'll turn you loose again."

At the mention of the prison term the burly Xavier moved uneasily upon the bunk. He seemed about to speak, but was forestalled by the quicker witted Du Mont.

"Two years, eh?" asked the outraged Metis, addressing Ripley. "Mebe so you mak' w'at you call de deal. Mebe so I'm tell you who's de boss. Mebe so I'm name de man dat run de wheeskey into de nort'. De man dat plans de cattle raids on de border. De man dat keels mor' Injuns dan mos' men keels deer, eh! W'at den? Mebe so den you turn us loose, eh?"

Ripley laughed. "You think I'm goin' to pay you to tell me the name of the man we've already got locked up?"

"You got MacNair locked up," Du Mont leered knowingly. "Bien! You think MacNair run de wheeskey. But MacNair, she ain't run no wheeskey. You mak' de deal wit' me. Ba Gos! I'm not just tell you de name, I'm tell you so you fin' w'at you call de proof! I no fin' de proof—you no turn me loose. Voila!"

Corporal Ripley was a keen judge of men, and he knew that the vindictive and outraged Metis was in just the right mood to tell all he knew. Also Ripley believed that the man knew much. Therefore, he made the deal. And it is a tribute to the Mounted that the crafty and suspicious Metis accepted without question the word of the corporal when he promised to do all in his power to secure their liberty in return for the evidence that would convict "the man higher up."

Corporal Ripley was a man of quick decision; with him to decide was to act. Within an hour from the time Du Mont concluded his story the two officers with their prisoners were headed for Fort Saskatchewan. Both Du Mont and Xavier realized that their only hope for clemency lay in the ability to aid the authorities in building up a clear case against Lapierre, and during the ten days of snow-trail that ended at Athabasca Landing, each tried to outdo the other in ex-

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plaining what he knew of the workings of Lapierre's intricate system.

At the landing, Ripley reported to the superintendent commanding N Division, who immediately sent for the prisoners and submitted them to a cross-examination that lasted far into the night, and the following morning the corporal escorted them to Fort Saskatchewan, where they were to remain in jail to await the verification of their story.

Division commanders are a law unto themselves, and much to his surprise, two days later, Bob MacNair was released upon his own recognizance. Whereupon, without a moment's delay, he bought the best dog-team obtainable and headed into the north accompanied by Corporal Ripley, who was armed with a warrant for the arrest of Pierre Lapierre.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOUCHOUX GIRL

WINTER laid a heavy hand upon the country of the Great Slave. Blizzard after howling blizzard came out of the north until the buildings of Chloe Elliston's school lay drifted to the eaves in the centre of the snow-swept clearing.

With the drifting snows and the bitter, intense cold that isolated the little colony from the great world to the southward, came a sense of peace and quietude that contrasted sharply with the turbulent, surcharged atmosphere with which the girl had been surrounded from the moment she had unwittingly become a factor in the machinations of the warring masters of wolfland.

With MacNair safely behind the bars of a jail far to the southward, and Lapierre somewhere upon the distant rivers, the Indians for the first time relaxed from the strain of tense expectancy. Of her own original Indians, those who had remained at the school by command of the crafty Lapierre, there remained only Lefroy and a few of the older men who were unfit to go on the trap-lines, together with the women and children.

MacNair's Indians, who had long since laid down their traps to pick up the white man's tools, remained at the school. And much to the girl's surprise, under the direction of the refractory Sotenah, and Old Elk, and Wee Johnnie Tamarack, not only performed with a will the necessary work of the camp—the chopping and storing of firewood, the shovelling of paths through the huge drifts, and the drawing of water from the river—but took upon themselves numerous other labors of their own initiative.

An ice-house was built and filled upon the banks of the river. Trees were felled, *Continued on page 83.*

Their Wives Went Along

Continued from page 33.

"Got it in its worst form, too. Suppressed. There's not one of them got a mark on him. It's all inside."

"Well, I'm damned," said the skipper, as the crew groaned despairingly.

"What else did you expect?" enquired the doctor wrathfully. "Well, they can't be moved now; they must all go to bed,

and you and the mate must nurse them." "And s'pose we catch it?" said the mate feebly.

"You must take your chance," said the doctor; then he relented a little. "I'll try and send a couple of nurses down this afternoon," he added. "In the meantime you must do what you can for them." "Very good, sir," said the skipper, brokenly.

"All you can do at present," said the doctor as he slowly mounted the steps, "is to sponge them all over with cold water. Do it every half hour till the rash comes out."

"Very good," said the skipper again. "But you'll hurry up with the nurses, sir?"

He stood in a state of bewilderment until the doctor was out of sight, and then, with a heavy sigh, took his coat off and set to work.

HE AND the mate, after warning off the men who had come down to work, spent all the morning in sponging their crew, waiting with an impatience born of fatigue for the rash to come out. This impatience was shared by the crew, the state of mind of the cook after the fifth sponging, calling for severe rebuke on the part of the skipper.

"I wish the nurses 'ud come, George," he said as they sat on the deck panting after their exertions. "This is a pretty mess if you like."

"Seems like a judgment," said the mate wearily.

"Halloo, there," came a voice from the quay.

Both men turned and looked up at the speaker.

"Halloo," said the skipper dully.

"What's all this about smallpox?" demanded the newcomer abruptly.

The skipper waved his hand languidly towards the fo'c'sle. "Five of 'em down with it," he said quietly. "Are you another doctor, sir?"

Without troubling to reply, their visitor jumped on board and went nimbly below, followed by the other two.

"Stand out of the light," he said brusquely. "Now, my lads, let's have a look at you."

He examined them in a state of bewilderment, grunting strangely as the washed-men submitted to his scrutiny.

"They've had the best of cold sponging," said the skipper, not without a little pride.

"Best of what?" demanded the other.

THE skipper told him, drawing back indignantly as the doctor suddenly sat down and burst into a hoarse roar of laughter. The unfeeling noise grated harshly on the sensitive ears of the sick men, and Joe Burrows, raising himself in his bunk, made a feeble attempt to hit him.

"You've been sold," said the doctor, wiping his eyes.

"I don't take your meaning," said the skipper, with dignity.

"Somebody's been having a joke with you," said the doctor. "Get up, you fools, you've got about as much smallpox as I have."

"Do you mean to tell me—" began the skipper.

"Somebody's been having a joke with you, I tell you," repeated the doctor as the men, with sundry oaths, half of relief, half of dudgeon, got out of bed and



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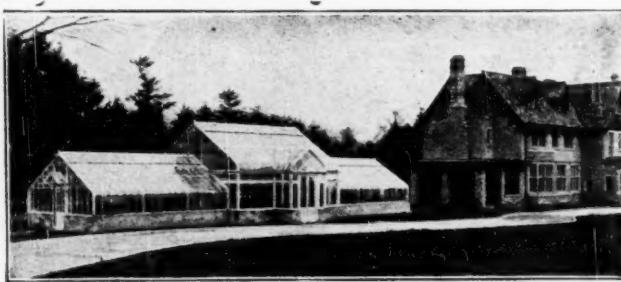
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began groping for their clothes. "Who is it, do you think?"

The skipper shook his head, and the mate, following his lead, in duty bound, shook his; but a little while after, as they sat by the wheel smoking and waiting for the men to return to work the cargo out, they were more confidential. The skipper removed his pipe from his mouth, and, having eyed the mate for some time in silence, jerked his thumb in the direction of the railway station. The mate, with a woe-begone nod, assented.

Their Tents Like the Arabs

Continued from page 20.

birthright for a mess o' Jake Bellamy's dirty money— Where's that \$200 he paid you?" I demands. "You'd better hand it over to Mr. Hazlitt to avoid trouble," I suggests. An' darned if Cassandra don't make a dive for her jacket an' fish out a roll o' bills, the which she hands over meek as a lamb. I'm so surprised I just stands starin' at that there "independent" female editor what refuses to let her long shavin' o' husband be the guest o' the licker interests—stands starin' while Jeff counts the roll an' finds it all there but five dollars, the which has been spent.

"If you has any personal belongin's on these here premises," I goes on, "you gets 'em immediate; for you now proceeds to pass out into the crool world an' we takes the key o' this outfit here an' now."

They starts pickin' up a few odds an' ends as fast as they can. An' I notes Cassandra pull Cephus down till she can whisper loud in his ear.

"I hears voices callin'," says she. "Let us depart in peace."

Just then Jimmy arrives with the basket o' grub, the which I hands over with my compliments. Cephus takes charge o' same an' hand in hand the Crabtrees goes slinkin' past us to the door without a word. An' they aint no sooner got outside than they starts to run an' we watches 'em through the winder, makin' for the valley trail where their tent is nestlin' back in the aspens.

"What'n catnip d'you make o' that?" I puzzles.

"Search me!" grins Jeff. I indites a short note to Bellamy, enclosin' his money, an' sends Jimmy down with it.

IT'S a couple o' days later when a stranger walks into the Silver Dollar an' in the course o' conversation asts me if I've seen anythin' o' a lanky literary freak in a flowin' bow tie an' his wife dressed in cow-girl costume.

"They was here; but two days ago they folds their tents like the Arabs," I admits. "Their souls started languishin' an' they must be some miles up the valley, passin' an' repassin' yell'er leaves an' so forth."

"That's them," nods the feller. "Them two nuts escaped from the asylum back in Alberta some time sinst — went looney, both o' 'em, tryin' to run a noospaper. I been trailin' 'em for months."

"Well, you go down an' see Jake Bellamy," I grins. "He'll be glad to take you out an' show you where they was campin' an' tell you about 'em. Him an' them got pretty thick while they was here."

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 80.

and the logs banked upon miniature roll-ways, where all through the short days the Indians busied themselves in the rude whip-sawing of lumber.

Their women and children daily attended the school and worked faithfully under the untiring tutelage of Chloe and Harriet Penny, who entered into the work with new enthusiasm engendered by the interest and the aptness of the Snare Lake Indians—absent qualities among the wives and children of Lapierre's trappers.

Lefroy was kept busy in the storehouse, and with the passing of the days Chloe noted that he managed to spend more and more time in company with Big Lena. At first she gave the matter no thought. But when night after night she heard the voices of the two as they sat about the kitchen-stove long after she had retired, she began to consider the matter seriously.

At first she dismissed it with a laugh. Of all people in the world, she thought, these two, the heavy, unimaginative Swedish woman, and the leathern-skinned, taciturn wood-rover, would be the last to listen to the call of romance.

Chloe was really fond of the huge, silent woman who had followed without question into the unknown wilderness of the northland, even as she had accompanied her without protest through the maze of the far south seas. With all her averseness to speech and her vacuous, fishy stare, the girl had long since learned that Big Lena was both loyal and efficient, and shrewd. But, Big Lena as a wife! Chloe smiled broadly at the thought.

"Poor Lefroy," she pitied. "But it would be the best thing in the world for him. 'The perpetuity of the red race will be attained only through its amalgamation with the white,'" she quoted; the trite banality of one of the numerous theorists she had studied before starting into the north.

Of Lefroy she knew little. He seemed a half-breed of more than average intelligence, and as for the rest—she would leave that to Lena. On the whole, she rather approved of the arrangement, not alone upon the amalgamation theory, but because she entertained not the slightest doubt as to who would rule the prospective family. She could depend upon Big Lena's loyalty, and her marriage to one of their number would therefore become a very important factor in the attitude of the Indians toward the school.

GRADUALLY, the women of the Slave Lake Indians, taking the cue from their northern sister, began to show an appreciation of the girl's efforts in their behalf. An appreciation that manifested itself in little tokens of friendship, exquisitely beaded moccasins, shyly presented, and a pair of quill-embroidered leggings laid upon her desk by a squaw who slipped hurriedly away. Thus the way was paved for a closer intimacy which quickly grew into an eager willingness among the Indians to help her in the mastering of their own language.

As this intimacy grew, the barrier which is the chief stumbling block of missionaries and teachers who seek to carry enlightenment into the lean lone land,

gradually dissolved. The women with whom Chloe came in contact ceased to be Indians *en masse*, they became *people*—personalities—each with her own capability and propensity for the working of good or harm. With this realization vanished the last vestige of aloofness and reserve. And, thereafter, many of the women broke bread by invitation at Chloe's own table.

The one thing that remained incomprehensible to the girl was the idolatrous regard in which MacNair was held by his own Indians. To them he was a superman—the one great man among all white men. His word was accepted without question. Upon leaving for the southward MacNair had told the men to work, therefore they worked unceasingly. Also he had told the women and children to obey without question the words of the white *kloochman*, and therefore they absorbed her teachings with painstaking care.

Time and again the girl tried to obtain the admission that MacNair was in the habit of supplying his Indians with whisky, and always she received the same answer. "MacNair sells no whisky. He hates whisky. And many times has he killed men for selling whisky to his people."

At first these replies exasperated the girl beyond measure. She set them down as stereotyped answers in which they had been carefully coached. But as time went on and the women, whose word she had come to hold in regard, remained unshaken in her statements, an uncomfortable doubt assailed her—a doubt that, despite herself, she fostered. A doubt that caused her to ponder long of nights as she lay in her little room listening to the droning voices of Lefroy and Big Lena as they talked by the stove in the kitchen.

Strange fancies and pictures the girl built up as she lay, half waking, half dreaming between her blankets. Pictures in which MacNair, misjudged, hated, fighting against fearful odds, came clean through the ruck and muck with which his enemies had endeavored to smother him, and proved himself the man he might have been; fancies and pictures that dulled into a pain that was very like a heart-ache, as the vivid picture—the real picture—which she herself had seen with her own eyes that night on Snare Lake, arose always to her mind.

The tang of the northern air bit into the girl's blood. She spent much time in the open and became proficient and tireless in the use of snowshoes and skis. Daily her excursions into the surrounding timber grew longer, and she was never so happy as when swinging with strong, wide strides on her fat thong-strung rackets, or sliding with the speed of the wind down some steep slope of the riverbank, on her smoothly polished skis.

IT was upon one of these solitary excursions when her steps had carried her many miles along the winding course of a small tributary of the Yellow Knife, that the girl became so fascinated in her exploration she failed utterly to note the passage of time until a sharp bend of the little river brought her face to face with the low-hung winter sun, which was just

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on the point of disappearing behind the scrub pine of a long, low ridge.

With a start she brought up short and glanced fearfully about her. Darkness was very near, and she had traveled straight into the wilderness almost since early dawn. Without a moment's delay she turned and retraced her steps. But even as her hurrying feet carried her over the back-trail she realized that night would overtake her before she could hope to reach the larger river.

The thought of a night spent alone in the timber at first terrified her. She sought to increase her pace, but her muscles were tired, her footsteps dragged, and the rackets clung to her feet like inexorable weights which sought to drag her down, down into the soft whiteness of the snow.

Darkness gathered, and the back-trail dimmed. Twice she fell and regained her feet with an effort. Suddenly rounding a sharp bend, she crashed heavily among the dead branches of a fallen tree. When at length she regained her feet, the last vestige of daylight had vanished. Her own racket tracks were indiscernible upon the white snow. She was off the trail!

Something long and wet trickled along her cheek. She jerked off her mittens and with fingers tingling in the cold, keen air, picked bits of bark from the edges of the ragged wound where the end of a broken branch had snagged the soft flesh of her face. The wound stung, and she held a handful of snow against it until the pain dulled under the numbing chill.

Stories of the night-prowling wolf-pack, and the sinister, man-eating *loup cervier*, crowded her brain. She must build a fire. She felt through her pockets for the glass bottle of matches, only to find that her fingers were too numb to remove the cork. She replaced the vial and, drawing on her mittens, beat her hands together until the blood tingled to her finger tips. How she wished now that she had heeded the advice of Lefroy, who cautioned against venturing into the woods without a light camp ax slung to her belt.

Laboriously she set about gathering bark and light twigs which she piled in the shelter of a cut-bank, and when at last a feeble flame flickered weakly among the thin twigs she added larger branches which she broke and twisted from the limbs of the dead trees. Her camp-fire assumed a healthy proportion, and the flare of it upon the snow was encouraging.

At the end of an hour, Chloe removed her rackets and dropped wearily onto the snow beside the fire-wood which she had piled conveniently close to the blaze. Never in her life had she been so utterly weary, but she realized that for her that night there could be no sleep. And no sooner had the realization forced itself upon her than she fell sound asleep with her head upon the pile of fire-wood.

HE awoke with a start, sitting bolt upright, staring in bewilderment at her fire—and beyond the fire where, only a few feet distant, a hooded shape stood dimly outlined against the snow. Chloe's garments, dampened by the exertion of the earlier hours, had chilled her through as she slept, and as she stared wide-eyed at the apparition beyond the fire, the figure drew closer and the chill of the dampened garments seemed to clutch with icy

fingers at her heart. She nerved herself for a supreme effort and arose stiffly to her knees, and then suddenly the figure resolved itself into the form of a girl—an Indian girl—but a girl as different from the Indians of her school as day is different from night.

As the girl advanced she smiled, and Chloe noted that her teeth were strong and even and white, and that dark eyes glowed softly from a face as light almost as her own.

"Do not 'fraid," said the girl in a low, rich voice, "I'm not hurt you. I'm see you fire, I'm com' cross to fin'. Den, ver' queek you com' wake, an' I'm see you de one I'm want."

"The one you want!" cried Chloe, edging closer to the fire. "What do you mean? Who are you? And why should you want me?"

"Me—I'm Mary. I'm com' ver' far. I'm com' from de people of my modder. De Louchoux on de lower Mackenzie. I'm com' to fin' de school. I'm hear about dat school."

"The lower Mackenzie!" cried Chloe in astonishment. "I should think you have come very far."

The girl nodded. "Ver' far," she repeated. "T'irty-two sleep I'm on de trail."

"Alone!"

"Alone," she assented. "I'm com' for learn de ways of de white women."

Chloe motioned the girl closer, and then, seized by a sudden chill, shivered violently. The girl noticed the paroxysm, and, dropping to her knees by Chloe's side, spoke hurriedly.

"You col'," she said. "You got no blanket. You los'."

Without waiting for a reply, she hurried to a light pack-sled which stood near by upon the snow. A moment later she returned with a heavy pair of blankets which she spread at Chloe's side, and then, throwing more wood upon the fire, began rapidly to remove the girl's clothing. Within a very short space of time, Chloe found herself lying warm and comfortable between the blankets, while her damp garments were drying upon sticks thrust close to the blaze. She watched the Indian girl as she moved swiftly and capably about her task, and when the last garment was hung upon its stick she motioned the girl to her side.

"Why did you come so far to my school?" she asked. "Surely you have been to school. You speak English. You are not a full-blood Indian."

The girl's eyes sought the shadows beyond the firelight, and as her lips framed a reply, Chloe marveled at the weird beauty of her.

"I go to school on de Mission, two years at Fort MacPherson. I learn to speak de Englis'. My fadder, heem Englis', but I'm never see heem. Many years ago he com' in de beeg boat dat com' for ketch de whale an' got lock in de ice in de Bu-fort Sea. In de spring de boat go 'way, an' my fadder go 'long, too. He tell my modder he com' back nex' winter. Dat many years ago—nineteen years. Many boats com' every year, but my fadder no com' back. My modder she t'ink he com' back som' day, an' every fall my modder she tak' me 'way from Fort MacPherson and we go up on de coast an' build de igloo. An' every day she set an' watch while de ships com' in, but my fadder no com' back. My modder t'ink he sure com' back, he fin' her waitin' when he com'. She

say, mebe so he ketch 'm many whale. Mebe so he get reech so we got plen' money to buy de grub."

The girl paused and her brows contracted thoughtfully. She threw a fresh stick upon the fire and shook her head slowly. "I don't know," she said softly, "mebe so he com' back—but heem been gone long tam."

"Where is your mother now?" asked Chloe, when the girl had finished.

"She up on de coast in de little *igloo*. Many ships com' into Bufort Sea las' fall. She say, sure dis winter my fadder com' back. She got to wait for heem."

Chloe cleared her throat sharply. "And you?" she asked, "why did you come clear to the Yellow Knife? Why did you not go back to school at the Mission?"

A troubled expression crept into the eyes of the Louchoix girl, and she seemed at a loss to explain. "Eet ees," she answered at length, "dat my man, too, he not com' back lak my fadder."

"Your man!" cried Chloe in astonishment. "Do you mean you are married? Why, you are nothing but a child!"

The girl regarded her gravely. "Yes," she answered, "I'm marry. Two years ago I git marry, up on de Anderson Reeve. My man, heem free-trader, an' all summer we got plent' to eat. In de fall he tak' me back to de *igloo*. He say, he mus' got to go to de land of de white man to buy supplies. I lak to go, too, to de land of de white man, but he say no, you Injun, you stay in de nort' an' by-m-by I com' back again. Den he go up de reever, an' all winter I stay in de *igloo* wit' my modder an' look out over de ice-pack at de boats in the Bufort Sea. In de spring my man he don' com' back, my fadder he don' com' back neider. We not have got much grub to eat dat winter, and den we go to Fort McPherson. I go back to de school, and I'm tell de pries' my man he no com' back. De pries' he ver' angry. He say, I'm not got marry, but he pries' he ees a man—he don' un'-stan'."

"All summer I'm stay on de Mackenzie, an' I'm watch de canoes an' I'm wait for my man to com' back, but he don' com' back. An' in de fall my modder she go nort' again to watch de ships in the Bufort Sea. She say, com' long, but I don' go, so she go 'lone and I'm stay on de Mackenzie. I'm stay 'til de reever freeze, an' no more canoe can com'. Den I'm wait for de snow. Mebe so my man com' wit' de dog team. Den I'm hear 'bout de school de white woman build on de Yellow Knife. Always I'm hear 'bout de white women, but I'm never seen none—only de white men. My man, he mos' white."

"Den I'm say, mebe so my man lak de white women more dan de Injun. He not com' back dis winter, an' I'm go to de school and learn de ways of de white women, an' in de spring when my man com' back he lak me good, an' nex' winter mebe he tak' me 'long to de land of de white women. But, eet's a long trail to de Yellow Knife, an' I'm got no money to buy de grub an' de outfit. I'm go once more to de pries' an' I'm tell heem 'bout dat school. An' I'm say, mebe so I'm learn de ways of de white women, my man tak' me 'long nex' tam."

"De pries' de t'ink 'bout dat a long tam. Den he go over to de Hudson Bay Post an' talk to McTavish, de factor, an' by-m-by he com' back and tak' me over to de post store an' give me de outfit so I'm com' to de school on de Yellow Knife."

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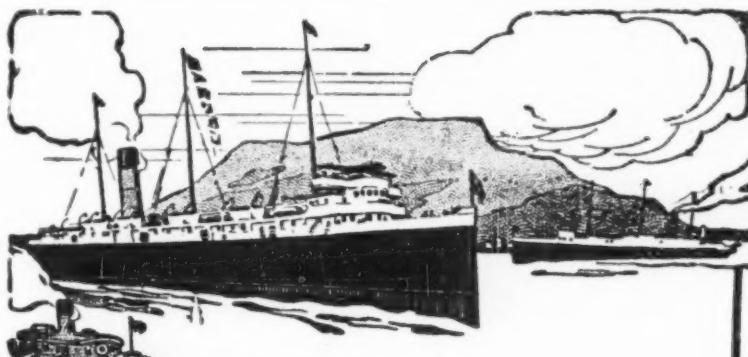
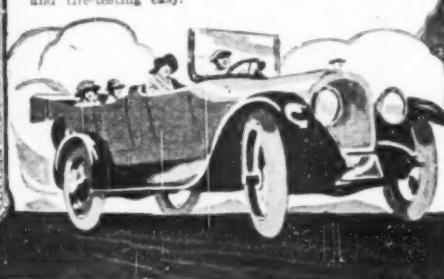
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Plent' grub an' warm blankets dey give me. An' 'irty-two sleep I'm travel de snow-trail. Las' night I'm mak' my camp in de scrub cross de reever. I'm go 'sleep, an' by-ma-by I'm wake up an' see you fire an' I'm com' long to fin' out who camp here."

AS she listened, Chloe's hand stole from beneath the blankets and closed softly about the fingers of the Louchoux girl. "And so you have come to live with me?" she whispered softly.

The girl's face lighted up. "Will you let me com'?" she asked eagerly, "an' will you teach me de ways of de white women, so I ain't jus' be Injun girl? So when my man com' back, he lak me an' I have plent' to eat in de winter?"

"Yes, dear," answered Chloe, "you shall come to live with me always."

Followed then a long silence which was broken at last by the Indian girl.

"You don' say lak de pries?" she asked, "you not marry, you bad?"

"No! No! No! You poor child" cried Chloe, "of course you are not bad! You are going to live with me. You will learn many things."

"An' som' tam we fin' my man?" she asked eagerly.

Chloe's voice sounded suddenly harsh. "Yes, indeed, we will find him!" she cried. "We will find him and bring him back—" she stopped suddenly. "We will speak of that later. And now that my clothes are dry you can help me put them on, and if you have any grub left in your pack let's eat. I'm starving."

While Chloe finished dressing, the Louchoux girl boiled a pot of tea and fried some bacon, and an hour later the two girls were fast asleep in each other's arms, beneath the warm folds of the big Hudson Bay blankets.

The following morning they had proceeded but a short distance upon the back-trail when they were met by a searching party from the school. The return was made without incident, and Chloe, who had taken a great fancy to the Louchoux girl, immediately established her as a member of her own household.

DURING the days which followed, the girl plunged with an intense eagerness into the task of learning the ways of the white women. Nothing was too trivial or unimportant to escape the girl's attention. She learned to copy with almost pathetic exactness each of Chloe's little acts and mannerisms, even to the fixing of her hair. With the other two inmates of the cottage the girl became hardly less a favorite than with Chloe herself.

Her progress in learning to speak English, her skill with the needle and the rapidity with which she learned to make her own clothing delighted Harriet Penny. While Big Lena never tired of instructing her in the mysteries of the culinary department. In return the girl looked upon the three women with an adoration that bordered upon idolatry. She would sit by the hour listening to Chloe's accounts of the wondrous cities of the white men and of the doings of the white men's women.

Chloe never mentioned the girl's secret to either Harriet Penny or Big Lena, and carefully avoided any allusion to the subject to the girl herself. Nothing could be done, she reasoned, until the ice went out of the rivers, and in the meantime she

would do all in her power to instil into the girl's mind an understanding of the white women's ethics, so that when the time came she would be able to choose intelligently for herself whether she would return to her free-trader lover or prosecute him for his treachery.

Chloe knew that the girl had done no wrong, and in her heart she hoped that she could be brought to a realization of the true character of the man and repudiate him. If not—if she really loved him, and was determined to remain his wife—Chloe made up her mind to insist upon a ceremony which should meet the sanction of church and state.

Christmas and New Year's passed, and Lapierre did not return to the school. Chloe was not surprised at this, for he had told her that his absence would be prolonged; and in her heart of hearts she was really glad, for the veiled suspicion of the man's sincerity had grown into an actual distrust of him—a distrust that would have been increased a thousand-fold could she have known that the quarter-breed was even then upon Snare Lake at the head of a gang of outlaws who were thawing out MacNair's gravel and shoveling it into dumps for an early clean-up; instead of looking after his "neglected interests" upon the rivers.

But she did not know that, nor did she know of his midnight visit to Tostoff, nor of what happened at Brown's cabin, nor of the release of MacNair.

CHAPTER XX

ON THE TRAIL OF PIERRE LAPIERRE

BOB MACNAIR drove a terrific trail. He was known throughout the northland as a hard man to follow at any time. His huge muscles were tireless at the paddle, and upon the rackets his long swinging stride ate up the miles of the snow-trails. And when Bob MacNair was in a hurry the man who undertook to keep up with him had his work cut out.

When he headed northward after his release from the Fort Saskatchewan jail, MacNair was in very much of a hurry. From daylight until far into the dark he urged his *malamutes* to their utmost. And Corporal Ripley, who was by no means a *chechako*, found himself taxed to the limit of his endurance, although never by word or sign did he indicate that the pace was other than of his own choosing.

Fort McMurray, a ten to fourteen day trip under good conditions, was reached in seven days. Fort Chippewyan in three days more, and Fort Resolution a week later—seventeen days from Athabasca Landing to Fort Resolution—a record trip for a dog-train!

MacNair was known as a man of few words, but Ripley wondered at the ominous silence with which his every attempt at conversation was met. During the whole seventeen days of the snow-trail, MacNair scarcely addressed a word to him—seemed almost oblivious to his presence.

Upon the last day, with the log buildings of Fort Resolution in sight, MacNair suddenly halted the dogs and faced Corporal Ripley.

"Well, what's your program?" he asked shortly.

"My program," returned the other, "is to arrest Pierre Lapierre."

"How are you going to do it?"

"I've got to locate him first, the de-

tails will work out later. I've been counting a lot on your help and judgment in the matter."

"Don't do it!" snapped MacNair.

The other gazed at him in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm not going to help you arrest Lapierre. He's mine! I have sworn to get him, and, by God, I will get him! From now on we are working against each other."

Ripley flushed, and his eyes narrowed. "You mean," he exclaimed, "that you defy the Mounted! That you refuse to help when you're ralled on?"

MacNair laughed. "You might put it that way, I suppose, but it don't sound well. You know me, Ripley. You know when my word has passed—when I've once started a thing—I'll see it through to the limit. I've sworn to get Lapierre. And I tell you, he's mine! Unless you get him first. You're a good man, Ripley, and you may do it—but if you do, when you get back with him, you'll know you've been somewhere."

The lines of Ripley's face softened; as a sporting proposition the situation appealed to him. He thrust out his hand. "It's a go, MacNair," he said, "and let the best man win!"

MACNAIR wrung the officer's hand in a mighty grip, and then just as he was on the point of starting his dogs, paused and gazed thoughtfully after the other who was making his way toward the little buildings of Fort Resolution.

"Oh, Ripley," he called. The officer turned and retraced his steps. "You've heard of Lapierre's fort to the eastward. Have you ever been there?"

Ripley shook his head. "No, but I've heard he has one somewhere around the east end of the lake."

MacNair laughed. "Yes, and if you hunted the east end of the lake for it you could hunt a year without finding it. If you really want to know where it is come along, I'll show you. I happen to be going there."

"What's the idea?" asked the officer, regarding MacNair quizzically.

"The idea is just this. Lapierre's no fool. He's got as good a chance of getting me as I have of getting him. And if anything happens to me you fellows will lose a lot of valuable time before you can locate that fort. I don't know myself exactly why I'm taking you there, except that—well, if anything should happen to me, Lapierre would—you see, he might—that is—Damn it!" he broke out wrathfully. "Can't you see he'll have things his own way with her?"

Ripley grinned broadly. "Oh! So that's it, eh? Well, a fellow ought to look out for his friends. She seemed right anxious to have you put where nothing would hurt you."

"Shut up!" growled MacNair shortly. "And before we start there's one little condition you must agree to. If we find Lapierre at the fort, in return for my showing you the place, you've got to promise to make no attempt to arrest him without first returning to Fort Resolution. If I can't get him in the meantime I ought to lose."

"You're on," grinned Ripley, "I promise. But, man, if he's there he won't be alone! What chance will you have single-handed against a whole gang of outlaws?"

MacNair smiled grimly. "That's my



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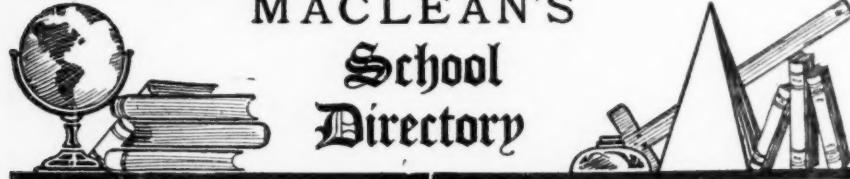
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lookout. Remember, your word has passed, and when we locate Lapierre, you head back for Fort Resolution."

The other nodded regretfully, and when MacNair turned away from the fort and headed eastward along the south shore of the lake, the officer fell silently in behind the dogs.

THEY camped late in a thicket on the shore of South Bay, and at daylight headed straight across the vast snow-level, that stretched for sixty miles in an unbroken surface of white. That night they camped on the ice, and toward noon of the following day drew into the scrub timber directly north of the extremity of Peththenne Island.

Long after dark they made a fireless camp directly opposite the stronghold of the outlaws on the shore of Lac du Mort. Circling the lake next morning, they reconnoitered the black spruce swamp, and working their way, inch by inch, passed cautiously between the dense evergreens in the direction of the high promontory upon which Lapierre had built his "Bastille du Mort."

Silence enveloped the swamp. An intense, all-pervading stillness, accentuated by the low-hung snow-weighted branches through which the men moved like dark phantoms in the gray half-light of the dawn. They moved not with the stealthy, gliding movement of the Indian, but with the slow, caution of trained woodsmen, pausing every few moments to scrutinize their surroundings, and to strain their ears for a sound that would tell them that other lurking forms glided among the silent aisles and vistas of the snow-shrouded swamp. But no sounds came to them through the motionless air, and after an hour of stealthy advance, they drew into the shelter of a huge spruce and peered through the interstices of its snow-laden branches toward the log stockade that Lapierre had thrown across the neck of his lofty peninsula.

To be continued.

Federation? After the War?

Continued from page 14.

influence upon the mind of the world goes, America is, as Professor Hugo Munsterberg called her, "a power for peace and for ethical ideals."

But so long as the country to which Prof. Munsterberg belonged continues to disbelieve utterly in any ideals but those of the ruffian and the bully and the thief, it is useless to hope that this influence will prevail, it is useless to reckon upon wars coming to an end. "War is the national industry of Prussia," said Mirabeau. It is still. Not only do the generals of Prussia proclaim the benefits of war; the professors are equally loud, and even those of other parts of Germany have been infected by the poison. There is in Munich a Dr. Kerschensteiner who became known by the good work he did in connection with Continuation Schools. Such a man one would suppose to be in favor of anything which could sweeten the relations between man and man. What is the whole object of education, if not

that? Yet this Dr. Kerschensteiner, in a book published last year on the Future of Germany, writes:

"It is useless, it is dangerous to rely upon the affection and loyalty of any ally. . . . If the war has done no more than awake the German people out of love's young dream, that is, out of its reliance on the goodwill and honest dealing of peoples and states, it will have done us a great service."

In other words, trust nobody, and, as a corollary, behave so that nobody will be tempted to trust you.

It is hopelessly out-of-date, this cynic philosophy. It is well known that modern business could not continue a day if men did not trust one another. Why should professors assume that those who govern states cannot be swayed by the same motives, the same ideals of conduct which influence private individuals? Why? Because they live under an Absolutist system of government, a system which claims to have "Divine Right" behind it. Such systems have always shown the utmost contempt for justice and equity. They have always relied on blood and iron, and so long as they can find men like Professor Kerschensteiner to support them, and sheep like the Germans to fight for them, they will continue to disturb the world, unless the world determines to deal with them as dangerous criminals and to fall upon them with all its force as soon as they become troublesome.

If the world should decide to do that, the chief part in the League of Repression would fall to the British Empire and the United States. Their power united could accomplish the aim of the League. Whether there would be further advantages in an alliance between them, in a Federation of the English-speaking peoples, I shall not attempt to decide here. All that I see clearly at present is that, if Prussian Absolutism remains intact after the war, the two peoples will be forced to come together for mutual protection against it. This is understood in Germany. The Socialist deputy, Max Cohen, urged a few days ago in *The Voss Gazette*, that every effort should be made to bring about a Russo-German solidarity in order to "oppose the enormous power of Anglo-American alliance." Such an alliance could prevent Prussia and her dupes from becoming again dangerous. If this should not be prevented, neither the United States nor the British Empire could be for a moment secure.

Flutter in Diamonds

Continued from page 17.

"Jiminy! You didn't take me up?" asked Dave, a little startled.

"You bet I did," replied Forsythe. "Fifteen hundred please. You should have enough diamond stuff in those lands to make every bartender politician happy, from Halifax to Vancouver."

FOR an instant the educator, watching Dave draw the cheque, relented. Then he froze hard again. The man who aspired to guard Grace's welfare had to be taught tricks. He wished the cheque covered the boy's last sou. His conscience smote him again when he saw Grace and Dave in earnest conversation. The twelve hundred and fifty in his wallet

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G. J. DESBARATS.
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service.
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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seemed tainted. Doubtless they were discussing diamond crops. Poor kids!

The next day Dave disappeared on one of his irritatingly mysterious trips. This time he was gone a week, and when he came back the cold had set in and broken up the colony for the year. The day after the Forsythes left, he dropped into Maxson's office.

"I've been up at the Frampton Place," he said. "I see you've dumped some rock there. I'd be ever so much obliged if you'd take it away."

"Do you really mean it?" asked Maxson, uneasily. "It will be an awkward and expensive job."

"You should have figured that before you put it there," replied the visitor, bluntly.

"It was done before my time," said Will. "Is there really much damage done? The place is waste, I understand. You'll find nothing there."

"What I want to find is a covered up tract of land," answered Eglinton. "I might take a notion to fill in the hole and use the place."

"There's your filling right at hand," said the other. "Tell you what I'll do, for I don't like these affairs. We'll transfer the dump to you, and give you a couple of hundreds to help the shovelling. It's more than the land is worth, but we have undoubtedly trespassed. I'll give you a cheque now and fix the thing up formally."

Forsythe came back to the mines after he had seen his people home.

"By the way," said Dave to him. "I settled that trespass affair with Maxson. He met me pleasantly enough, and it seemed the neighborly thing to do."

The other sniffed. He knew Maxson, and suspected over-amiable deals.

"I took the rock over, with a two hundred dollar plaster. It isn't a whole lot, but it's so much better than fussing. The old man was a cut-throat, but the son's different," said Dave.

"You'll find it a pretty good rule, when you get on top of the man who tried to throttle you, to give him the best whaling you know how, first, and sing that 'jolly good fellow' tune later on," observed the mine man. "This's no kid glove country. The French-Canadian is French at the core, and oozes money by drops, but collects with a bucket. The settler's an Ulster Scotsman who'd take clothes and hide off a Jew, and grudge him his bones. Hello! There's Dalrymple stepping off the train. What brings him into this country these days?"

He rose and went over to the station. When he returned with his friend Dalrymple, Dave had vanished, leaving word that he was going down the line and might not be back for a day or two. The run down the line terminated in New York City. Dave displayed no undue anxiety to return, made one or two out of town trips, dallied a few days in the city, and then leisurely went off.

WHEN he reappeared at the Ste. Cécile hotel, he found Forsythe absent, so he loafed round waiting for him. He was deep in an armchair, busy with pipe and paper-backed novel, when Maxson found him.

"Back again, Dave?" he said. "Forsythe was thinking about sending a posse into the woods to look for you. I say, Dave, about our dicker of the other day. I find I can use that rock and it occurred

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to me that you'd just as soon be rid of it."

Before Eglinton could reply, in burst Forsythe. He looked at the young man in extreme disgust. A lusty fellow, on a bustling working morning, loafing over pipe and novel! The thing was outrageous to every business instinct.

"Where the deuce have you been, Dave?" he asked irritably.

"New York City on a business trip," was the reply.

Something was clearly afoot, for Maxson and Forsythe withdrew to an adjoining room, and were presently in close consultation. They were away for half an hour, then the latter came out, breezily amiable, a paper in his hand.

"Dave," he said. "I'll be obliged if you'll let me take back those options. Maxson and I have got into some business deals we didn't foresee, and we want the properties clear from leasehold encumbrances. Business is business, and you've a right to make your bit on the accommodation. I'll give you five hundred dollars for the Frampton and what's on it, and another five hundred for the cancellation of the options. If you insist we might give you diamond rights for the optioned lease term. Maxson tells me you were dickering about the dump when I butted in. Sign here. It's a blanket agreement covering everything. By the way, Grace was enquiring about you in a letter I had this morning."

DAVE shut the novel, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and got lazily to his feet. Dalrymple and Maxson entered the room by opposite doors.

"I don't hock my golf prizes, and I am not turning golf professional," he said in an injured tone. "I guess I'll pass up my profits on the cancellation. I always had the funniest luck on foolish long shots."

"You don't mean to tell me that you'll let joke agreements block serious business?" protested Forsythe.

"Serious men don't make joke agreements in business," said Dave rebukingly.

"Huh!" grunted the other, as if he had been punched. "A thousand isn't to be sneezed at, and you've got to wake up from that diamond pipe dream."

"I am not sneezing," grinned Dave. "And I am awake all right. I am selling nothing these days but—chrome."

There was silence in the room that could have been chipped with a chisel.

"Some old papers of my father's did the waking," continued Dave. "I also have a friend who used to freight chrome from Asia Minor, and once I made a trip out there with him. I looked him up and learned what war had done to the foreign chrome supply. Then I did a bit of travelling, and found steel mills booming, and getting uneasy about the lessening supply of chrome for the linings of their blast furnaces, so it seemed to me about time that Ste. Cecile should come on the map in bigger letters with its monopoly. I got busy nailing down chrome properties that were owned by whiskered rubes—and others."

"For diamond dust, you insulting pup!" shouted Forsythe. "You tricky, get-rich-quick robber." Maxson began to laugh.

"I've got more hungry flies buzzing round me than ever haunted a honey jar, and every buzz says 'Chrome.' Eh! Mr. Dalrymple?" said Dave. "Saw your folks in Pittsburgh and did business with them.

Guess you know." Dalrymple had the newly arrived mail in his hand.

"I control absolutely Forsythe's, Maxson's, Brogan's, and a list as long as my arm, and if there's one left out, he's a little one the comb didn't catch," continued Dave. "For four years they are mine. At the end of that time I guess the war will be over, and Canadian chrome will be off again. But while it lasts, things look pretty good, eh, Mr. Dalrymple? I like this skittles game with live men for pins."

"Lord! Dave," said Forsythe wilting. "Maxson and I have sold Dalrymple twenty thousand tons."

"So I heard in Pittsburgh. You are not the first mine gamblers to be caught short," rebuked Dave. "Still, I'll be reasonable. You sold at sixteen dollars a ton, and I am getting twenty. I'll take your contracts over and deliver, you paying me the difference."

"You gouging thug!" stormed Forsythe.

"Just as you like," smiled the autocrat. "I'd much rather not, as I am being torn to shreds for the stuff."

"He has us roped, Forsythe," said Maxson with a dry laugh. "I don't know where I can buy a pound elsewhere, so I'm going to settle my end before the price boosts. I hope, though, Dave, you'll take me on that proposition I made just now."

"Oh, the old dump?" said Dave. "Sorry, Will. It isn't top notch stuff, but mostly fair grade chrome ore, as you know, and I sold it to a chap in Philadelphia at fifteen. He starts to load it into the cars to-morrow. Guess there's about five thousands tons of it."

"Seventy-five thousand dollars! And I gave it away with two hundred to boot!" groaned Maxson.

"Here's notice to you gentlemen that I am taking up the leases under my options, with certified cheque for the first year's rental, as called for in our agreements," said Dave handing over a cheque to each.

Forsythe dropped into a chair, and Dalrymple went out to hide his indecent mirth, but Maxson stood his ground.

"I've just one thing to ask, Dave," he said. "Will you shake hands, man way, with an infant like me, and I'll feel it isn't all loss."

Dave's hand shot out, and the big sons buried forever the father's feuds.

"YOU poor old sleepy dear!" And Grace ruffled her father's hair caressingly, as he sat meditatively before the fire.

"And you were in the flutter? My only child!" he said reproachfully.

"We just had to do it," she replied. "Dave had to prove up, but then you know, daddy, it isn't as if the money were going out of the family."

"Oh, it isn't?" he snapped.

"No, the war bride is to be a June bride," she replied.

"Grace!" he said. "When I woke up and saw that Dave had us between the nippers, I was scared stiff he'd let up. I needn't have been. He's a two-fisted, long-headed, bulldog-jawed, impudent-tongued scrapper, the kind of man I always fancied I'd like for a son. There's one thing, though, you've got to do. Promise me you'll never mention diamonds in my hearing—I'm sore on the very word—and I'll take you out to-morrow and buy you your pick of the darned things."

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WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

How I Keep My Expenses Down

By Kate Kearney.



parcels post) to her toes, and to address gloves to her cold finger-tips at Christime, that she might not get entirely "out of touch" with them.

Eating cakes—with currants—has to-day something the same effect on the connecting links between our appetites and incomes, and the power to pay our bills. But Alas! This is no idle dream.

Our papers and magazines are full of helpful and inspiring suggestions for the people whose incomes vary from sixty, to one hundred dollars a month, "How I feed a family of four on four-forty-four per week," and similar articles, make the housekeeper of the larger allowance (which is never JUST enough) feel ashamed to confess her own struggles.

Yet her struggles are real enough. Even the government has recognized that the salaried married man on \$2,999 dollars a year, has none too much money for the bills that he has to pay; and has not taxed that income.

The really rich will doubtless forego much—and pay more dearly for the rest of the comforts, luxuries, or necessities of life. But they will not suffer. The really poor—the working man—has never before commanded such good wages, nor such varieties of work, for himself, and all his family. But the salaried man—with a salary under three thousand dollars per year—is in the unpleasant position of having many more calls on his purse, than ever before, while, for all practical

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The writer of this article is the wife of a prominent man in a small Canadian city. His salary is not a large one, as things go nowadays, but she maintains the pace with the best people of the town, entertains frequently and succeeds at the same time in maintaining everyday comfort for her family. She tells here how she does it. The name signed to the article is, of course, fictitious.*

purposes, the purchasing power of his salary has been reduced by at least one third.

On "the plains of Timbuctoo," in the dim distant days of early married life (eight years ago) I could buy the very best cuts of meat for from twelve and a half, to sixteen cents per lb. Bread was five cents a loaf; milk seven cents a quart; and whipping cream was forty cents per quart. Butter and eggs (in that district) were expensive out of proportion. We were very particular about our butter, and paid thirty cents per pound for it, the whole year round.

Eggs varied—from twenty cents per dozen up—'way up, in winter, to as high as sixty cents for new laid; the storage eggs, or "Ontario fresh" as they were libelously called (we lived out West) could be bought in December for 35 cents per dozen. The best bacon was considered dear at twenty-five cents a pound. Coal cost four-fifty per ton; and I had a very satisfactory "General" for sixteen dollars a month. I had two dollars worth of washerwoman every two weeks, and paid about \$1.50 per month for starched shirts and collars, etc. The rest of the laundry was done at home; and I put the personal touch on the ironing.

My husband's position, in a small but "live" western town, obliged us to entertain, informally, it is true, but with that ready, and almost constant hospitality that is characteristic of the West. We also went out a good deal, perhaps an average of three times a week. If we got six free meals during the week, we certainly served twelve extra ones.

My housekeeping allowance, and a

small income of my own, gave me about \$115.00 per month for fuel, light, water, food, clothes, doctors, dentists, druggists, telephone, amusements, improvements, wages, washing, carfare, stationery, books, travelling and personal, church and charity subscriptions, my husband paying our family subscriptions, and his own personal expenses, and the rent out of the remainder of his salary.

Since then, living expenses have risen out of all proportion to salaries, in our business. Washing costs ten to twelve dollars a month. Coal is \$9.50 per ton. Servants' wages vary from twenty to forty dollars a month depending (partly) on the (in) competence of the labor supplied. The "Women-by-the-day" plan costs about twenty-five dollars a month (if one dispenses with servants) and does not give a very great deal of satisfaction.

WITH a boy of six, and a girl of four, to dress and feed (lively children, with healthy appetites, for which Heaven be thanked) and an allowance of one hundred and eighty-five dollars per month, I am far poorer than I was eight years ago.

I do not quote present prices of food. Every woman knows them—to her cost! The harried housewife feels as though she were trying to shin up a greased pole, to that pinnacle where the Cost of Living perches like a prize at the top. Can she reach it? Is there any sand to put on her hands?

I have, however, managed to cater for my family so that the cost per meal has not doubled, though it has certainly risen much higher than I could wish! As late as March, 1916, I was still able to feed my family at an average cost of ten dol-



lars to \$10.75 a month per head. In April, 1917, each member of the household ate up twelve dollars and twenty-four cents. This cost included twelve dozen eggs for packing (at 34 cents a dozen) for next winter.

In May, our personal Budget bounded upwards, to \$17.10 per head. But thirty dozen of eggs for packing, and one hundred pounds of sugar for preserves, were included in that price. In June the food thermometer sank a little (in spite of the last five dozen of eggs for packing purposes, and another hundred pounds of sugar) and registered \$16.13 for each person. In July it steadied so as to be almost normal, at \$12.76 for each person. Giving an average cost for each member of our family (of five) of \$14.55 for the four months; or about sixteen and a sixth cents per person per meal—as against eleven cents, sixteen months ago.

What do we have at this price?

There are oranges (probably twice a week) for breakfast. I find that the cheaper grades are usually the best value, as they are juicy, but there is not so much skin to be paid for. Half an orange (prepared exactly like a grapefruit, but without sugar) is almost as satisfying as a whole one, prepared any other way. Al-

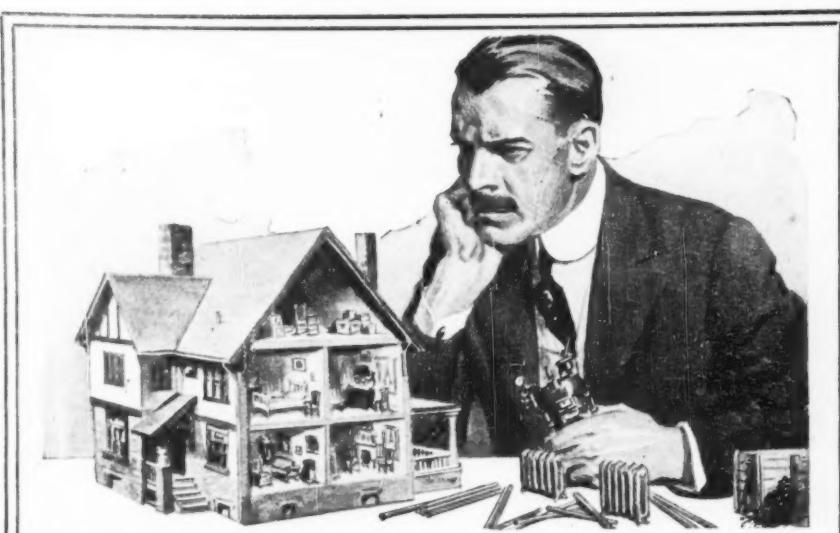


ways there is a cereal—oatmeal, cornmeal, cream of wheat, or whole wheat, five days out of the seven, with one of the prepared cereals, for a change, on other days. We buy about three pints of cream a week, so there is usually some for the porridge; but if not, we use "top milk." Both children usually manage two good plates of cereal. Then there are eggs—fried, boiled, poached or scrambled—for the Man of the House, who spares a taste for the children, if they want it. Perhaps four times a week, three or four slices of bacon go with the eggs. There is tea; plenty of milk; white and brown bread for toast; butter of course; and marmalade or honey.

Lunch (in winter) may consist of a good thick soup, a dish of eggs, a made over fish dish ("Kedgeree" being elastic—and popular); cold meat occasionally, with baked potatoes, or scalloped vegetables for the children, or macaroni and cheese. For a second course, there are brown and white breads, (or hot biscuits, or Graham gems) and homemade jams preserves or bottled fruit. And always there is a big jug of milk. Sometimes this dessert is varied by serving a rechauffed pudding from the last night's dinner. The children have tea at five. Plenty of good milk, and bread and butter—or toast—with perhaps an egg for each; boiled custard; milk or custard puddings; stewed fruit; wheat biscuits, with jam and hot milk; cornmeal (porridge); porridge (always a treat, with brown sugar and cream); sliced bananas; jam sandwiches, and plain cake.

Afternoon tea, for the grown-ups, with bread and butter and cake, is to be had, if wanted.

Our dinner is at seven. We seldom have soup, unless there is no special meat, but a very light "made" dish instead. There is generally meat (with



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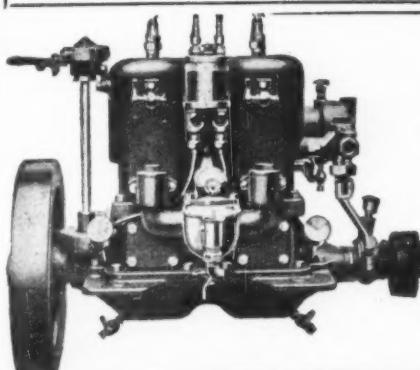
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Walkerville - Ontario

plenty of good gravy) or fish; potatoes or rice, and another vegetable with pudding or pie, fruit salad, or custard and cake, to follow.

On Sunday, breakfast is served an hour later than on week-days, and we take more time over it. Coffee is a Sunday treat; and fish, fishcakes, or sausages, are the principal dish.

That relic of Barbarism "a Sunday dinner" is unknown in our house. We eat bread and jam, or stewed fruit, with milk, eggnoggs, or iced coffee, if we are hungry at mid-day. At four-thirty we have tea, with bread and butter, sandwiches or toast, and cake. Supper is (in the main) a cold, and movable, feast. Sometimes there is hot soup; or potatoes. Otherwise it consists of cold meat, salad, and dessert.

Summer breakfasts are much the same as the winter ones. But lunch (except on a rainy day) is usually of the picnic variety, and eaten out of doors. Hard boiled eggs and bread and butter, are as natural to us as "Maconochie" is to the soldier in the trenches. Sandwiches of course, of every variety, egg, meat, bacon, cheese, fish, or fowl. Salads are plentiful, with lettuce as the main ingredient, and any cold vegetables that anybody wishes to add; with French, or boiled, dressing; or mayonnaise.

Sometimes, if the sandwiches are "mild" there is iced bouillon to go with them.

There is always milk—and fresh fruit in season.

The evening meal may be dinner or supper, varied to suit the weather. Iced soup is a favourite dish—or cup. Very little meat, plenty of vegetables, and sumptuous desserts. A quart of ice-cream twice a week, makes "a teaparty" for the children, as well as a dessert for the grown-ups.

Our living is simple, but good.

Not to waste—either the materials for meals, or the time, in "fussing them up"—that is the First of the National Service Commandments. It is an equally Patriotic Duty (as an aid to good digestion, and therefore to consequent physical fitness) to cook and serve meals so that they are pleasing to the eye and the palate.

Meals at sixteen and one-sixth cents each, need not be "dull" or tasteless.

It is true that we do not eat much meat—but we are far from being starved. I have never—I confess it humbly—had much success with those mysterious things "the cheaper cuts." When we have meat, T-bone steak is usually our portion. I have it cut very thick, with plenty of fat. Broiled—very brown outside, and very rosy and juicy inside.

The only equal to such steak eaten very hot, with gravy, is the same steak, eaten cold.

American gourmets think that cold, broiled steak, is superior to cold roast beef.

From a three pound steak, two to four "Salisbury steaks" may be made of that limp thing "the flap end," if it is cut off before broiling. Or that same scrap of "cheaper cut" may be pounded, and made into a meat pie, shepherd's pie, a stew, or a Spanish steak. The bone, and every scrap of fat (when the soup is strained and cold, the fat is skimmed and rendered) and every snippet of unused meat, goes into the stock pot; with vegetable, raw and cooked, a teaspoonful of gravy, a scrap of porridge, rice, barley, macaroni, a few breadcrumbs—a general clean-up from the pantry and refrigerator, in fact! So that is not such an expensive cut in the end, as the price leads one to suppose.

Potatoes are usually boiled in their skins. When they are not, the water in which they are cooked, goes into the soup too; with the water from any other vegetables (except cabbage water, which should be used very sparingly) or from rice or macaroni. When properly coloured and flavoured, these soups are excellent. If too weak, I boil barley or rice in the stock after straining, which reduces the liquid, and conserves the goodness of the cereal.

Any scraps of meat, or chicken from soup, minced with the vegetables, may be made into a tiny mold, with stiffened stock; or mixed with gravy, and used for sandwiches, or as a stuffing for savoury eggs.

We eat a good deal of bread—but we waste none. In winter the birds get the crumbs, from the bread board, because the feathered friends of the garden must not go unfed. In summer, they go into the crumb-box, with the few dry crusts that we collect at stray moments—to be dried, rolled and sifted, for one of the dozen uses to which they may profitably be put.

Careful buying—and still more careful using—are the things that will reduce the cost of living—and the work of the Waste-gatherer.

We, at last, can never qualify for the social standing of that family of whom it was said (by one refuse collector to another):

"Wouldn't you jes' KNOW they wus bank managers? They have the swellest garbage in town!"

Whoso preaches the Gospel of the Clean Plate, is also teaching the companion doctrine of the Destitute Garbage tin.

The Care of Children

By a Well-known Child's Specialist

THE MOST PERFECT FOOD FOR THE INFANT
ONE often wonders on seeing the extensive advertising in our newspapers, etc., of various patented foods how many mothers are tempted because of some minor disturbance in her baby, to think that patented foods are the best foods. Of course such is entirely erroneous. Not only is it true that mother's milk is by far the best food, but it is also true that cow's milk properly prepared is the next best. Patented foods should be avoided.

Mother's milk is the most perfect food because:

(1) *It is the natural food.*

Nature's way is always the best. Man cannot improve on that. In this connection one must remember that nature, to do her work requires the mother to do this in nature's way as much as possible if the proper results are to be obtained. This means leading the simple life before and after the birth of the child. One cannot expect normal phenomena unless everything conductive to them is lived up to. The mother must sleep normally, getting to bed at proper hours. Exercise, fresh air and sunshine mean healthier bodies and the proper condition of the mind, a balance which is necessary for

the successful mothers. This is no time for selfishness. Everything must be done with the baby's welfare in view. If this be the case, then the mother will provide the proper food.

(2) *It contains the proper elements for growth.*

In the past two years a great deal of discussion and research work has been centred about substances called *Vitamines*. Here it is only necessary to know that they are the essential elements of proper growth. Mother's milk is abundantly supplied with them. Patented foods have none. Their absence is productive of a series of disorders called deficiency diseases (scurvy and rickets are examples). Mother's milk has this most important factor, that is one reason why a breast fed infant looks and is a real baby, healthy, robust and strong. It gets the necessary elements in its food.

(3) *Mother's milk produces infants that can resist disease. Below is a fact to think about and keep before you, namely,—*

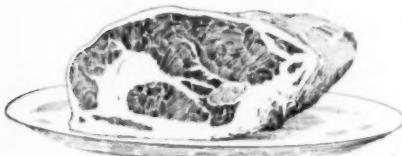
That a breast-fed baby has five times as many chances of living and of growing up as a bottle-fed baby. When you wean your baby before the proper time, you lessen its chances of living fivefold. Surely this is a strong reason for calling Moth-

er's milk the perfect milk. Then these reasons should be sufficient to intensify the desire in every mother to nurse her own infant. *What should a mother do toward reaching this end?*

The mother should expect to nurse her infant. To be able to do this, she must train herself. Aim at being healthy. A healthy woman can nurse her infant better than a sickly woman. The diet should consist of everything conductive of good health. Meals should be at regular hours, and slowly eaten, the tannin in tea and coffee interferes with the digestion. Avoid salads, etc. Eat plain foods, meat moderately: of vegetables and fruit freely. Get eight hours sleep with a nap after lunch if possible. Don't worry or get angry, the psychological effect on the supply of milk is very great. A moderate amount of exercise is necessary, too much is as bad as not enough. Don't let yourself get too tired, rest often. When a mother says she cannot nurse her infant, it is usually because she has not played the game square. It can be done in 90% of the cases. The reason most women have trouble in nursing their infants is that they do not follow the proper technique, and do not know what to do to accomplish the desired end.

Cooking the Cheaper Cuts

By Elizabeth Atwood



"I KNOW," complained a neighbor to whom I was preaching economy, "everyone tells me that the cheaper cuts of meat are really better flavored and more nourishing than the more expensive parts. But I've tried, and you cannot make me believe that it is true." "What did you try?" I asked her.

"A pot roast. My husband is extremely fond of them, but I always get just as good a piece of beef for a pot roast as for a standing rib roast. I tried a cheaper cut once, top of the round, and my husband asked me who cooked it. He said he didn't believe I did because it wasn't as good as mine."

"How did you cook it?" I demanded.

"Exactly as I would cook a sirloin piece of beef for pot roast," was her triumphant answer.

And that was right where her trouble was. She didn't allow for the fact that the cheaper cuts are not as tender as the more expensive. However, they had quite as much good meat juice and they actually have better flavor and more nourishment or calories to the pound than the cuts which cost top prices.

Long and slow cooking is necessary for the cheaper cuts. That is one of the great secrets. A hot, quick fire will toughen the meat. The top of the round, which I have mentioned, is one of the most desirable cuts of beef, it is much cheaper than most of the other cuts, yet it is really best for stews, pot roasts, corned and similar dishes.

For a pot roast put several heaping tablespoonfuls of beef dripping or fresh lard into an iron pot and when hot, but not smoking, put in the roast and brown slowly. Turn till all sides are browned. The meat can be ruined, at the very beginning by too hot a fire, for it is the high temperature that toughens the meat. The purpose of browning the meat is to sear over the pores so that all juice will remain in the meat.

If one were using the same cut of meat for soup, the pores should be left open for the escape of the juice. It is easy to see, then, that the browning temperature must be between a very hot one and a very low one. After the meat is browned nicely, the heat should be lowered very considerably. The liquid in which the meat cooks should merely ripple. This is the test for cooking all meats in liquids, soups included.

Some excellent cooks start the roast the night before and allow it to stand on the back of the range and barely ripple all night. They also use olive oil for browning, but that is a matter of taste. When browned, they add one or two tomatoes, an onion sliced, salt, a tiny piece of bay leaf and any savory herbs like sweet basil, a bit of parsley and a few leaves or a stalk of celery.

The one who knows most slips into the

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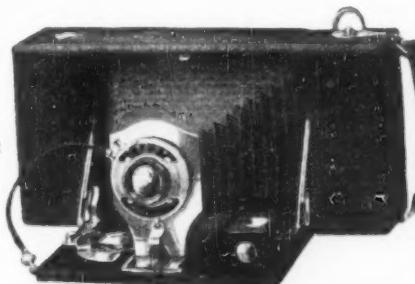
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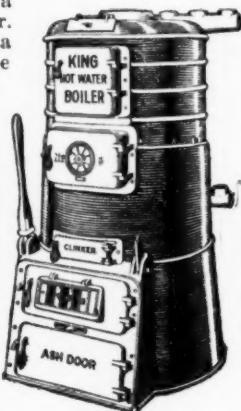
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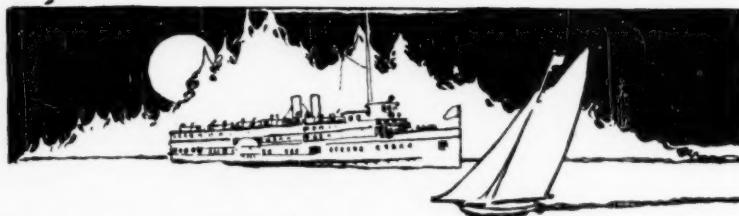
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ing the River Rapids at Montreal—Quaint Old Quebec, with its old-world charm, and the River Saguenay—deep as the height of its tallest promontories—Capes Trinity and Eternity—higher than Gibraltar.

pot a clove of garlic sliced thin. She keeps that fact to herself and merely smiles when her pot roast is praised. To all of this she adds water enough to cover the meat.

The pot is then covered closely and put in its proper place and let alone for hours. If the time is necessarily shortened, it is possible to hurry matters a little (without spoiling the meat) by raising it just out of the water on a rack and allowing it to cook in the steam. This necessitates keeping the water at boiling point.

For Hamburger steak, form the meat into balls, allowing eight to a pound of ground meat. Before forming into balls, flatten out and season with salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of minced onion and one-fourth teaspoonful of ground nutmeg. Squeeze and knead till thoroughly mixed, then form into balls. Try out pieces of suet for frying, or use lard, drippings or bacon fat. Place the balls in the fat and use care in browning, turning so that both sides are seared. Lower the fire and cook for eight or ten minutes slowly. Drop two tablespoonfuls of flour into the pan with the meat and a pinch of salt. Stir with a fork and when browned, add water or milk enough to half cover the meat. Cook till the gravy is thick and then dish up, pouring the gravy around the balls.

A meat stew should be started exactly like the pot roast. It may be made of either lamb, mutton or beef. If one can obtain the trimmings from steaks and roasts, the meat is more tender, but, as a rule, the stewing pieces are from the round. If mutton is used, trim off all fat, as it is strong. Cut the meat into strips three or four inches long and half as wide.

Beef roll. Chop one and a half pounds of round, one-half pound of salt pork, and one small onion. Spread flat and add pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, minced parsley and one egg, well beaten. Mix with the hands, shape into a loaf and dredge with flour. Put into a pan and cover with two slices of the salt pork saved from the half pound. Put into a hot oven and as soon as the meat begins to brown, baste it with just enough water to moisten it well. Pour a cup of hot water into the pan and continue basting with this every ten minutes. Lower the oven after the meat browns. Cook forty minutes. Drain the liquid from the pan and add two tablespoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt. When nice and brown, add two cupfuls of hot water and cook till thick enough. Place the meat in a dish and pour the gravy around.

The sweetest meat in the beef is the flank steak. The thick part can be boiled and the thin end used for stews. There are several variations of the stew possible with this steak. Cut into four-inch squares. Sear lightly as already directed. Spread each square with finely minced carrot and onion, a bit of celery and minced parsley, salt and pepper. Roll and tie at both ends with clean twine. Place in a granite pot. Between each layer of meat put several inches of lentils which have been soaked over night and parboiled with soda. Here and there place a slice of onion and a pinch of salt. Cover with water and simmer or bake in the oven till the lentils are done. This should take six or more hours to prepare.

Stuffed cabbage. Use the larger leaves of cabbage for this dish. Spread each

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leaf out smooth and place on it a piece of lean fresh pork. The pieces of meat should be about three inches long and half as thick. Season nicely with salt and pepper. Wrap in the leaf, folding it in such a manner that the meat will be covered during cooking. Place carefully in a granite kettle and cover with water or stock. If pure water is used, throw in a few slices of carrots, onion and sweet herbs to flavor. Also add a little fat of some kind. Stew slowly for two hours.

Another way to prepare stuffed cabbage is to parboil the head entire after removing the outer imperfect leaves. Drain and cut out the heart. Squeeze out all the water and fill the center with a mixture of sausage meat, the yolks of four eggs, and a little beef marrow, all well mixed. Also spread a spoonful of the mixture under each leaf. Press the cabbage into shape and tie with a soft string, not too tight. Put into a granite kettle with a little sausage meat, carrots, onion, grated nutmeg and sweet herbs. Cover with water or stock. When done, remove the string and serve with the gravy. This is called Russian cabbage.

Spice beef should be served cold with pickles and parsley. Take fifteen pounds of the round and rub with one cup of sugar. Put in a glazed jar for twelve hours. Then rub with the following mixture; one teaspoonful each of grated allspice, thyme, and nutmeg; half a teaspoonful each of ground ginger, black pepper, bay leaf, and cloves; and half an ounce of saltpepper. After twelve hours rub in a pound of salt and let the beef stay in the jar for six days, rubbing it well with the mixture twice each day. Soak for two hours and then cover with water. Add two sliced carrots, two onions, two stalks of celery, two cloves of garlic and a bunch of parsley. Let the water boil for five minutes and then set in the oven for two and a half hours. Turn the meat often and, if it is not tender at the end of time given, continue the cooking. Let it cool in the water it was cooked in. When cold, wrap tightly in a cloth in order to press into shape for slicing.

Chile con carne is made by cooking two pounds of beef till it falls in pieces. Then add six large sweet red peppers, cut in long narrow strips, one large onion minced, one small clove of garlic, and a large cupful of ripe chopped tomatoes. When the vegetables are done, add salt to taste, and serve.

Beef is best for preserved beef, from the shin, round or neck. Cook in clear water till tender and the meat falls apart. Chop it very fine, add salt, pepper, and sour cucumber pickles chopped fine. Put a teaspoonful of gelatin in enough of the water in which the meat was cooked to moisten the chopped meat. Heat the water after soaking the gelatin in it for a few minutes. Press the meat into a brick-shaped mold and set away to harden. Slice thin and serve cold.

This is the best way to make corned beef. To one gallon of water add one and a half pounds of salt, three-fourths of a cupful of molasses, and one-half ounce of saltpepper. Boil and skim; when cold, put in the meat with a weight on top. Cover closely and keep in the pickle a week or more.

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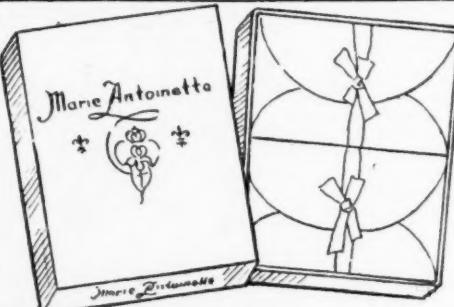
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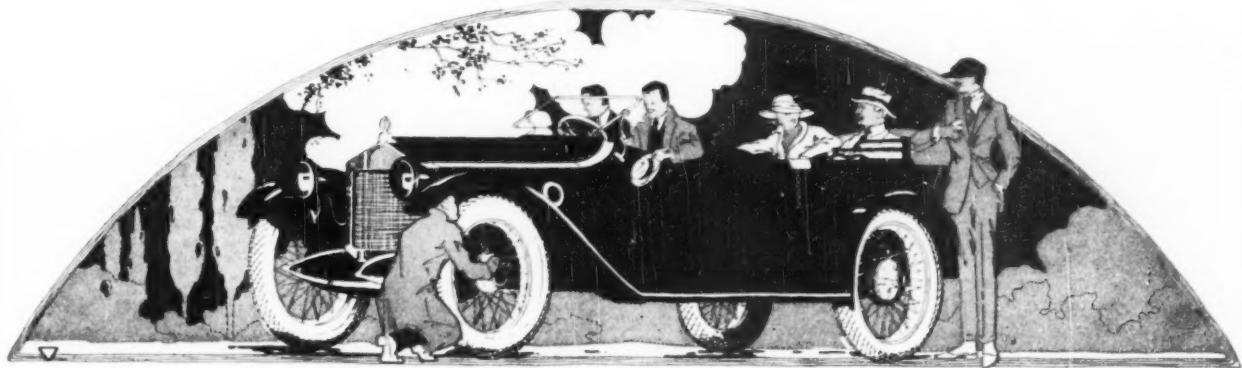
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